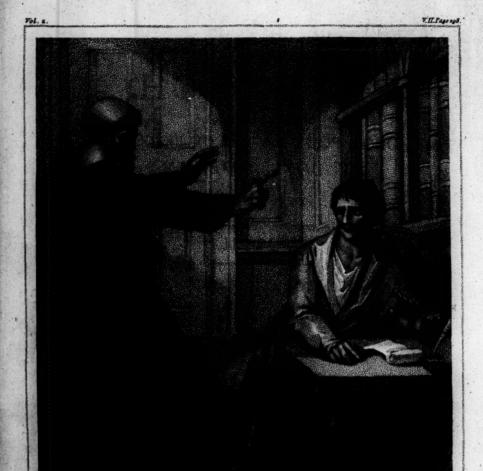


Rut delin.

Ridley sculp.

Boccace threaten'd by a farthusian Friar ?



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THE

LIFE

OF

PETRARCH.

COLLECTED FROM

MEMOIRES POUR LA VIE DE PETRARCH,
BY MRS. DOBSON.

in two volumes.

And raile their land all callow

As Heroe the val

THE FOURTH EDITION,

EMBELLISHED WITH EIGHT COPPER-PLATES, DESIGNED BY KIRK, AND ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY.



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Rarò magni errores nîsi ex magnis ingeniis prodiêre.

Petrarch.

THRICE happy minds that feel the power of friendship!
Oft do the Muses on a beauteous eve,
The sky serene, and drowsy nature hush'd,
Vouchsafe celestial sounds to friendly ears,
And raise their kindred minds with such
Warm sancy, and ethereal forms
As 'scape the vulgar intellectual eye.
Why need I launch into the praise of friendship?
Friendship, that best support of wretched man!
Which gives us, when our life is painful to us,
A sweet existence in another's being.

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Punil Which gives us, when our life is painful to us, BOOK IV.

WE have seen in the life of Petrarch that his forrows feldom came fingle. His eyes were still wet with tears for the death of Laura. when (the 3d of July, 1348) he loft cardinal Colonna, the man who had been fo many years his friend and protector. Petrarch feems to think he was destroyed by grief, brought on by the difasters in his family. By some it was faid he died of the plague. He loft in the fpace of five years his mother and fix of his brothers. Some time before the tragical death of his brother Etienne, he had a conversation with Petrarch, in which he deplored the losses he had fustained. 'Your father predicted them,' said Petrarch. The cardinal demanded an account of this prediction. Petrarch was unwilling to comply with this request: but the cardinal insisted. Struck with what he heard, 'Alas!' says he, 'I fear my father will prove too good a prophet.' This venerable old man was yet alive, and had attained almost the age of an hundred years. Petrarch wrote him a letter of condolence, as follows:

'Unfortunate old man! What crime have you committed? How have you merited the punishment of a tedious life? You refemble Metellus in your country, birth, riches, figure, and other qualities of mind and body, in an illustrious and fruitful wife, in the consular dignity, in the command of the Roman armies, in victories, and triumphs; in fine, in a great age, and a fortune fustained to the end: for the diffresses you have undergone serve only to raise your glory. But Metellus had no brother: you had five, more famed for their virtue than for their birth. He had four fons, who exercifed the offices of cenfors, priefts, and confuls, and enjoyed the honours of triumph: you had feven fons; one a cardinal; another who would have borne a higher rank, had he lived to receive it; three bishops, and two generals; who, to

fay all in one word, have almost equalled their father's reputation: and fix daughters, worthy of the greatest praise. From this numerous and flourishing family there has arisen a multitude of children and grand-children, which cause you to resemble the patriarchs of old. Wherever the Roman name is known, you pass for the happiest of men. But, as Solon said to the king of Lydia, "No man can be called happy before death. The ashes and the tomb are the only faithful witnesses of the happiness of life." You would have been the greatest example of human felicity, if the end of your life had answered the course of it. A long life is like a voyage of a few days. The heavens alter, the wind changes; the rudder must be turned, and the fails folded up. Human life, like the fea, is exposed to frequent hurricanes, and the evening of the brightest day is often obscured and tempestuous. The wife ought to fay of the world, as Palinurus, that famous pilot in Virgil, did of the fea, "Shall I confide in that monfter?"

'You alone bear the weight of your losses, and you prove your fortitude and courage. Your beloved wife was happy as the wife of Evander, in that death spared her the grief to behold her children perish. And as you re-

fembled Metellus in the beginning, fo you may compare yourself to Priam in the end of life. The former was buried by his children; the latter lived to bury his whole family. The inconstancy of fortune is fuch, that we know not what we ought to fear or to hope. Shall I advise you to hope or to despair? I will do neither: there would be too much prefumption in the one, and too much weakness in the other. You cannot hope for more children. When old age is the feafon of marriage, it is as unnatural as harvest in winter. You need not despair on this account; for have you not yourfelf? What poffession is more delightful than the enjoyment of a man's own foul? There have been fathers who have had an hundred children: Herotimes, king of Arabia, had that number. But, rare as is fuch an inftance, it is still more so to find men who enjoy themfelves. You have loft the conversation of your children; converse with yourself. In a life long and glorious like yours, how many things may you recall, honourable and agreeable to reflect on! You forefaw all that has happened to you. Recollect the conversation we had together at Rome: I have before my eyes that ancient monument on which we leaned as we conversed on this subject. Tears are due to nature, but time should dry them up. Collect all the strength of your soul, and sustain with courage this last assault of fortune. She triumphs more frequently by terror than by strength. You have lost the pleasures you enjoyed, but in their stead you have gained a real happiness. You have learned to distinguish the felicities of nature from the chimeras of the world; to discover truth in the midst of the shades that surround it; to be convinced that the advantages of life were not your own; and to despise the empire of a blind goddess, the idol of vulgar minds. The more you have lost, the less you have to lose hereafter. You came naked into the world, and naked shall you go out of it.

Petrarch, exhausted by grief, addresses himfelf to Death in these lines:

'Thou hast taken from me the two treafures who were my joy and my confidence; that stately column which served me for support, and that green laurel under whose shade my weary soul reposed! Nothing can restore to me what I have lost. What remains for me, but to bemoan, all my future days, such irreparable losses? Our life is like the shadow of the sun passing over the plain. We lose in a moment what we have been years in acquiring.' Soon after this letter of Petrarch's, old Etienne Colonna funk under the weight of age, and of grief for the total extinction of his illustrious family.

The death of the cardinal was extremely felt at Avignon, where it left a great void, his house being the rendezvous of men of letters and of genius. Those Italians who composed his court could not bear Avignon after they had lost their Mecænas. They dispersed. Three of these were the particular friends of Petrarch; Socrates, Luke Christien, and Mainard Accuise. Socrates was extremely embarrassed by the death of the cardinal: he felt it was impossible to live further from his dear Petrarch, and yet he could not determine to quit France for Italy: he wrote, without ceasing, the most pressing letters to Petrarch to return and settle in France.

Luke Christien was of a noble family at Rome. He had a benefice at Plaisance, and Petrarch had given him the canonship of Modena. He was a good companion, and had a very cultivated understanding. Mainard Accuife was descended from the great civilian of Florence, whom they styled the Idol of the Law. He was abbe of St. Antoine de Plaisance: an illiterate man, but of a most amiable, candid, and generous temper; and possessed as the same part of the same possessed and possesse

kind and gentle qualities which contribute to the comfort of life. He determined with Luke to go to Italy to Petrarch, and fettle with him the life they should lead, and the place in which they should fix their residence. They fet out from Avignon in March, 1349, and arrived at Parma in April; but they did not find their friend; he was gone a little journey to Padua and Verona. Luke and Mainard paffed a day in his house, to rest themselves; and when they went away, left a letter in his library, wherein they told him they had taken the route of the Alps, to come and fee him at Parma; that they were going to make a tour through Italy, to fettle their affairs, and would then return, and concert with him the means of living together. They begged him not to yield to the folicitations of Socrates, who wanted, above all things, to bring him back to Vaucluse. The property of the live being his

When Petrarch returned to Parma, what was his concern to find the loss he had suftained! He wrote to his friends to testify his regret:

'You appear anxious lest Socrates should engage me to return to Vaucluse. Moved by the repeated solicitations of this dear friend, it is true I did give him hopes of it, if what I

proposed succeeded: that is, had I gained an establishment which should furnish me with a just pretext to remain there, and procure me at the same time the means of living with my friends, and receiving conveniently all those persons who are used to visit me. But when I wrote with this view, our master was alive. You was at Avignon with Luke, Lelius, and the fmall number of friends death had yet left me: thefe were fo many lovers who drew me thither. Since that time the face of things has changed: our master is dead; you are all dispersed, and poor Socrates remains alone in that city: he is attached to it by the force of habit. I doubt not he wishes to be with us, and to fee me above all: but how can he have the courage to propose our coming into a country where the bond of union is broken, and we should be as strangers without fupport, and without habitation? If we were like those happy fouls, disengaged from the ties of the body, who inhabit the Elyfian fields, who require only flady woods, beds of grafs, or the banks of a river, and meadows watered by streams, Vaucluse would furnish us. But fomething more is necessary for those souls who drag their bodies along with them. The vulgar think that poets and philosophers are made of stone; but they deceive themselves in this, as in many other things; they are really made of flesh. Vaucluse would produce to us, as it did formerly, agreeable amusements when we are fatigued with our residence in the city; but it is not the place for a continual fettlement. It is charming in fummer: no one has proved this more fenfibly than myfelf in a refidence of ten years; and, not to incur the censure of vanity, I will add, it ought not to repent it had me for its guest. I have improved it the best I could; and it is known to many by my verses rather than by its own fame. From my tender youth I loved that fountain, and it was afterwards the port in which I took refuge. Alas! I knew not what I did! I brought with me there the cares that confumed me. I filled those beautiful vallies watered by the Sorgia with my cries and my tears, which refounded every where. These remembrances endear that folitude: but, alas! they embitter it too ! a four own ovall frequent

but can they be paralleled with those pure fountains, those majestic rivers, those vast lakes filled with fish, in fine, with those two seas which embrace Italy on every side? Not to speak of the other advantages of my country;

above all, the wit, genius, and manners, of its inhabitants. I know all this; and yet my friendship for you will not permit me to hide it; I figh in renouncing Vaucluse, and feel myself still irrefistibly impelled towards it. Our youth is passed, and illusions are no longer to be indulged. What hinders us from gliding on the few days that remain in peace and fludy? We have loft the best of masters; and being at liberty, why should we not enjoy it? From the great we may hope good will, but among them we cannot flatter ourselves with uniting in true fociety: vanity, and that disparity of fortune which is the bane of friendfhip, prevents it. Fearing always to debase themselves, they will be adored rather than loved. Our master lived with us as his friends, and his fervice had nothing humbling or grievous; but we are now entirely free. We are not princes of the earth, or of the fea, as Aristotle says: but is this necessary to be happy? Have we not as much as those moderate spirits need who regulate their defires by the wants of nature? Suppose we were to join our little fortunes, we should live in abundance, and have much more to fear from envy than poverty. Why do we hefitate to do this? Why are we separated one from the

other by rivers, 'feas, and mountains? Why do not perfons, fo ftrictly united by friendship, who have but one heart and one foul, live also under the fame roof? For my part, I have long fixed a term to my defires; and I fear not the reproach of my heir. I live for myfelf, and not for him with whose disposition and character I am not yet acquainted. What greater happiness can we propose, than to pass our life with proved and united friends, with whom we think alond, and who have but one will, one foul? Can any thing be more agreeable than faces always ferene, minds always agreed, hearts always open; conversations where truth reigns without constraint, reserve, or preparation? This manner of life is the object of all my defires: if I can obtain it, I shall have no cause for envy. when all was all mid months

My house is not large, but it will accommodate such friends; and if our society should increase, I have a larger in the city, to which we may repair. My domestic, who appears a world to me, who love to be alone, is at present the only person who resides there. We have in the neighbourhood Bologna, where in the study of the law we passed the most delightful years of youth. With what pleasure shall we revisit the places we occupied in

the days of innocence and illusion! But I mean not to prescribe to you. If you like Plaisance, where your abby is fituated, I will follow you there: or to the Milanefe, full of lakes and rivers, and furrounded by the Alps, which hang over these lakes, and are covered with fnow even in the midst of summer: or to Genoa, where we shall have the Appennine over our heads, the fea at our feet, and the Tritons dancing before us; where our ears will be faluted with the voice of Neptune, the founds of the Nereides, and the dashing of the waves against the rocks. When we shall be weary of this fpot, Padua presents a tranquil and charming fituation. What a felicity will it be to live with James de Corrare, the most agreeable of men! Virtue is always amiable; but it is still more fo in this age. Its rarity augments its value. We shall then be near Venice, which appears to me, who have feen the finest cities in Europe, the wonder of them all. Andres Dondolo, the present doge, is more illustrious for his wisdom than his birth. Torvife is near this city; it is a town furrounded with rivers and fountains, the centre of joy and pleasure. They say that sameness is the mother of disquiet; variety shall then be the cure. Let us unite without loss of time Come here, if that suits you; if not, choose a place where we may live and die in tranquillity. I am ready to follow you every where, even to a barbarous clime, if you make choice of it: I will renounce my own inclination to adopt yours: I shall be at ease any where, if I am but in your society.'

Petrarch, defirous of an early answer, sought among his servants a messenger whom he could best spare for this journey, and fixed upon his cook, adding the following lines:

kitchen. I prefer the most simple meats, prepared without art or labour. I think with Epicurus, that no cheer is more delicious than the fruits and herbs of my garden. I always approved a taste conformable to nature. Not that I dislike a good repast now and then, but it should come very rarely. Among the Romans, before the conquest of Asia, the cook was the vilest of slaves. Would to God they had never conquered that part of the world, which has subdued them by its softness and luxury! Be so good to communicate this letter to our friends; and, if you find an opportunity, send it to Socrates at Avignon.'

In June 1349, while Petrarch was revolving

in his mind the happiest idea of his future union with his friends, his cook came back in the midst of a heavy storm. Petrarch, not expecting him fo foon, and knowing by his air that he brought bad news, was feized with confternation. He was writing, and the pen fell from 'What is the matter? What news his hand. do you bring me?' faid he in hafte. 'Alas! very bad,' replied the fervant, with a voice interrupted by his fobs. 'Your two friends fell into the hands of thieves on the top of mount Appennine. O God! what a fad accident! Mainard, who had stopped for fomething, they furrounded, and murdered. Luke, hearing his cries, gallopped back to him fword in hand: he alone fought ten of them; but at last he received fo many wounds, that he fell almost dead to the earth. The thieves fled with their prey. Some peafants, drawn thither by the noife, would infallibly have taken them, if fome gentlemen, unworthy to be called fo, had not stopped their pursuit, and admitted the thieves into their castles. Luke was feen with fword in hand among the rocks, but no one knows what is become of him.' The condition of Petrarch, when he heard these dreadful tidings, cannot be described. He sent

couriers immediately to Plaisance, Florence, and Rome, to see if they could hear any thing of Luke.

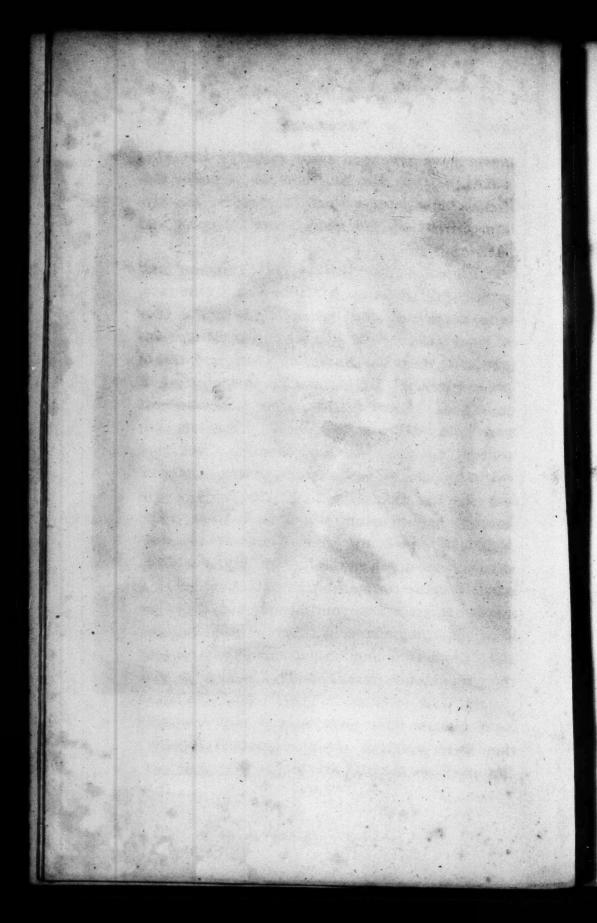
These thieves and banditti were villains and profcribed perfons from Florence, who had fortified themselves in remote and inaccessible places, from whence they issued forth, and committed the most horrid murders. They were backed by the Ubaldini, a very ancient and powerful house in Tuscany, who had feveral impregnable fortreffes in the Appennine, near the city of Mugella, of which they were lords. These were the gentlemen unworthy of being called fo, spoken of by Petrarch's cook. They gave an afylum to these banditti in their castles, favoured their conduct, and divided with them the fpoil. Villani, the historian of this age, from whom this account is taken, adds, that 'these thieves, having learned that Mainard of Florence was returning from Avignon with two thousand florins of gold, they lay in wait for him, killed and rifled him in the county of Florence.' Petrarch thought it his duty to write to those who governed the city of Florence, to engage them to purfue the villains into their entrenchments, and enfure the fafety of the highways. After a compliment to the republic, he fays:

'I have just received news which is grief to my foul. Mainard Accuife, one of your best citizens, and my dear friend, returning from the court of Avignon, and going to Florence. was affaffinated near the gates of the city, in the bosom of his country, and, so to speak, in the face of his friends. This unfortunate man, after having traverfed the earth, and fuffered much in his youth, was coming to pass in tranquillity the remains of a laborious and agitated life; and he flattered himself with a quiet death and burial in that land where he received his birth. Barbarous men, or rather favage beafts, have envied him this confolation. O times! O manners! Who could have believed that this gentle and good man, after having travelled without accident through the midft of those cruel nations who inhabit the borders of the Rhone, traverfed the deferts of Provence, the most desolate and depraved country in the world, after passing the night among the Alps, where are whole armies of banditti, should be facrificed in open day at the very gates of Florence? Gold in ancient times, but blood now, is the object of these wretches. What else could induce them to plunge their fwords into the breaft of an innocent man, ftripped and difarmed, who could



Ridley sculp

Murder of Mainard Accuise in the Forrest.



never have revenged their robbery? For what have they to fear in those impregnable for-tresses, which serve them for caverns and asylums, from whence they brave Florence and Heaven itself?

' Justice is the basis of all grandeur and prosperity. Assassins threaten you to the face, who dared not conceive mischief in the time of your fathers. If you leave fuch actions unpunished, there is an end of your glory and of your republic. Its foundation overthrown, it must fink. But I feel that your justice will not tarry; it will overtake them. You are diftreffed, 'tis true, by thefe banditti: but true virtue comes as pure out of adversity, as gold out of the crucible; and your courage will increase in proportion to your difficulties. But what will relieve my grief? The most eloquent words I can use, even the lyre of Orpheus itself, cannot restore to me the friend I have lost. I do not propose it to you to raise him from the dead, but to preferve his honour from burial; and, which is a most important object, to free the Appennine from banditti, which is the general road to Rome. These mountains have been always steep and rugged, but formerly they were traversed with the greatest security. But if those that should be the guardians become the robbers, and, instead of faithful dogs watching from their castles to protect, become wolves to destroy, terror will spread over the mind, the Appennine will become desert, and more uninhabitable than Atlas or Caucasus. Illustrious citizens! prevent this disgrace. Those that would pull up a tree begin at the roots; in like manner those who would exterminate thieves must seek them in their secret retreats. Have the goodness also to seek out the other friend of whose fate I am uncertain. But I dread the worst. God maintain the happiness of your republic.'

This letter had the fuccess it deserved. The Florentines sent an army against the Ubaldini, and took in less than two months a great many of their castles, and made great havock in their estates. The body of Mainard was found, and buried with honour; a poor consolation for Petrarch! He sought news of Luke from every one he met with, and trembled at each noise around him. He had lost all hope, when a Milanese merchant of his acquaintance called on him, saying, 'I was told you were here, and would not pass without paying my respects to you.' 'You are very polite, Sir. May I inquire the road you came?' 'From Florence,' replied the merchant. 'I set out from thence

four days ago.' Good Heaven!' faid Petrarch, "which then was your route?" Not the high road', replied the merchant; I was warned against that. I took a by-path through the woods. You know, without doubt, the accident that has happened to a citizen of Florence: the whole city is in arms to revenge his death. The army is already encamped on the Appennine.' 'I know it,' faid Petrarch: but is it true that the perfons who accompanied this Florentine have perished with him?' 'I only heard speak of one person who suffered,' replied the merchant: 'had there been feveral, it would have been mentioned: but I can affirm nothing, as I know only the public report.' This revived the hopes of Petrarch. In this uncertain and afflicted state of mind. and continually hearing of and beholding the devastations made by the plague, he wrote the following letter to his dear Socrates:

Has any annals fince the destruction of Troy shewn such terror and desolation as we now behold? Lands abandoned, cities depopulated, fields covered with dead bodies; the whole earth almost become one vast desert! Ask the historians; they say nothing. Consult the physicians; they are assonished and confounded. Address the philosophers; they shrug

up their shoulders, knit their brows, and put their finger on their lips. Our ftreets, heaped up with dead bodies, refemble a charnel-house rather than a city; and we are amazed when we re-enter our houses, to find any thing remaining that is dear to us. Happy, thrice happy, the future age, which will, perhaps, look upon our calamities as a feries of fables! In the most bloody war there is some resource, and an honourable death is a great confolation. But here we have none. And is it then true, as some philosophers have advanced, that God has no concern for what passes on the earth? Let us cast far from us so senseles an opinion. If he has not, how could the world fubfift? Some philosophers have given this care to nature. Seneca justly views such as ungrateful men, who would hide, under a borrowed name, the benefits of the Supreme Caufe, and, by an impious fubtilty, tempt men to deprive him of his just homage.

'Yes, great God! thou carest for us; we cannot doubt it: but how impenetrable are thy judgments! If we are punished more than others, we are no doubt more culpable. Perhaps thou wouldst prove, thou wouldst purify us, and render us more deserving of thy benefits; but how little do we know! There may

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be other causes of evil to which our weak intelligence cannot arrive.

'Alas! my dear Socrates, we have outlived our friends, and almost outlived ourselves!'

Petrarch, willing to replace the voids which death had made in his heart, attached himfelf to Paganino Bezzozi, a man of sense and conversation. The circumstances of the times had contributed to their immediate union. Diftress softens the heart, and ties close the bonds of affection: the more we have loft, the more we are attached to what remains behind. 'Our fortunes became common,' faid he. ' After a short trial of his worth, I found he merited my confidence, and he proved a fort of Socrates in the friendship he shewed me.' But death envied Petrarch this confolation in his misfortunes. Paganino was struck with the plague: but this did not hinder his supping with his friends. After supper he discoursed with Petrarch as usual. He suffered with amazing fortitude all night the most violent pain, and expired before morning.

There remained at this time to Petrarch only three of his old friends; Gui Settimo, Lelius, and Socrates. Settimo was making his court at Avignon. Lelius had retired to Rome, his native city, fome time before the death of car-

dinal Colonna. Petrarch was very uneafy about Socrates; he had written him feveral letters by fafe hands, but had received no answer. He wrote again, with a letter enclosed to his brother Gerard, who had made great progress in the spiritual life in the seven years he had been among the Carthusians.

This month, September, 1349, there was another scourge which oppressed mankind. The earth was agitated in a violent manner. These earthquakes in some places lasted several days, and the violence of the shocks caused great havock in the city of Rome. Petrarch speaks thus of it in a letter:

'I tremble not only for Rome, but for all Italy. My blood freezes when I recall the last words of the prophecy of Balaam: "They shall come from Italy in ships, they shall vanquish the Assyrians, and ravage the Hebrews." This prophecy has been accomplished in the fall of the Roman empire. God send that these earthquakes do not foretell the loss of peace and liberty to our land!

Petrarch paid a visit this year to Gonzagua, lord of Mantua, who had invited him so pressingly to reside at his court. Lewis de Gonzagua had associated his three sons in the government with himself, and assigned them

employments fuited to their genius. Gui, the eldest, liberal, magnificent, and a lover of letters, was charged with all that concerns the interior government of the city, and its negociations with strangers. Philipon, active, unquiet, warlike, had the department of war, and was general of the army; he had attended the king of Hungary in his expedition to Naples to revenge his brother's death, and was lately returned from thence. Feltrin, who loved the arts, had the direction of the buildings, fortifications, reparations of the highways, &c. Lewis de Gonzagua, finking under the weight of years, (for he was above fourfcore,) had refigned the government to his children; and they shewed, in their admirable conduct, what may be accomplished in a finall state by three brothers firmly united. well subject of letery from the line

Gui, who was the patron of letters, and had long known our poet, gave him a very diffinguished reception. A dispatch being sent to Avignon, in the letters of the chancellor, who was the negociator, and Petrarch's friend, no mention being made of him, Gui reproached the chancellor, saying, 'You speak of our affairs, you tell us what passes at the Roman court, and you say nothing of Petrarch, in whom I am more interested than in them all.'

The chancellor communicated this fentiment to Petrarch, who expressed his acknowledge ment by faying, 'The power of love extends from pole to pole, and binds men by invisible ties, however fituation may feparate them; as Augustus manifested in his affection for Virgily the fon of a Mantuan labourer, and Horace, fon of a freed man, to whom he wrote with the most affectionate familiarity. If fuch examples render it less furprifing that I should be fo honoured, I feel not less sensibly the glory of being treated like thefe great men, when I fall fo short of their merit. One of them faid, "It is not a little matter to obtain favour of princes:" for my part, I know not how I came to pleafe others, who could never pleafe mywhole glory you are, has been gottated by Alal

Petrarch was at Mantua. He went to see that little village famous for the birth of Virgil: it is only a small league from that city. It was formerly called Andes; its present name is Pietola. On this spot his fancy kindled, and he wrote the following lines to Virgil:

fruitful hope of the Muses! tell me where you are at present? In what part of Avernus are you enclosed? Or are you not rather on Parnassus with Apollo and the Nine, who en-

chant you with their concerts? Perhaps you are walking in the woods, or in the Elyfian fields, with Homer, whom you so much resemble, with Orpheus, and the other poets of the first rank. I except Lucan and Lucretius, and all those who, like them, put an end to their own lives. I would know the life you lead; wherein your dreams differed from truth, and where is the ivory door through which you caused Æneas to pass on his return from hell. I willingly believe that you inhabit that region of heaven allotted to happy souls.

If any mortal shade is admitted to your celeftial manfions, mine shall attend you there, and inform you what passes in the place dear to you, and the fate of your works. Mantua, whose glory you are, has been agitated by the troubles of its neighbours Defended by princes full of valour, the has refused to come under a strange yoke, and will only be governed by her children. It is there I write these lines, in a folitary place near your tomb. I feek with ardour the rocks to which you retired, the meadows where you walked on the banks of the Mineio, the trees under which you fought a cooling fhade, the woods which were your afylum against the heat, and the green banks where you were feated at the foot of your river. All these things retrace your image. The unfortunate city of Naples, honoured with your ashes, groans for the loss of king Robert. In one day it was deprived of the felicity of years. Inquire not the fate of Rome! Alas! it is better to be ignorant of it. Learn rather the success of your productions. Old Tityrus charms every one with the soft sounds of his pipe. Nothing can be more beautiful than the cultivated fields of your Georgics. Your Eneid is known through the world; it is sung, it is delighted in every where: how much are we obliged to Augustus, who saved it from those slames to which you had condemned it!

Adieu! You will be always dear to me. Prefent my falutations to Homer and Hefiod.

There was a great friendship between Gui and Petrarch. The former loved reading, and this confirmed the bond between them. He asked Petrarch one day for a foreign book in the vulgar tongue; he sent him the romance of the Rose, with these lines:

'I fend you a little book that France praises to the skies, and ranks with the first writings. It proves, in my opinion, how much Italy surpasses all other nations in eloquence, except the Greeks.

'A Frenchman relates his dreams; his de-

fign is to explain the power of love, the force of jealoufy, the tricks of an old woman, and the firatagems of a lover. He shews the evils which love draws after it; the contrary feelings it meets with in its progress; labour and repose. grief and joy, groans and laughter; and he proves that pleasures are rare, and mixed with tears. The author may well fay he dreams: one could never suppose him awake. How much more pathetic are the episode of Dido. and the lines of Catullus, Horace, and Ovid. without speaking of other ancient and modern authors who have described this passion! I fend it, however, because I have nothing better, unless all France, and even Paris, its capital, are in an error.' This poem was begun in the thirteenth century by William de Lorris, who died before he had finished it. John de Meun forty years after continued and completed it: it is full of fatire on all conditions, of digreffions and episodes; and the women in it are painted in the blackeft colours.

From Mantua Petrarch went to Verona, and from thence to Padua, where James de Carrore gave him a canonship, which he held with his archdeaconry and canonship of Parma. There came to Padua, during his stay there, cardinal Gui de Boulogne, the pope's legate;

he came from Hungary, whither the pope had fent him. The object of this embassy was the troubles of Naples, occasioned by the tragic death of prince Andrew. Petrarch was much favoured by this cardinal. Guy de Boulogne was the fon of Robert the seventh count of Auvergne, and of Mary of Flanders: to this exalted birth he joined wit and talents, and had studied at Paris with success. The archbishopric of Lyons was given to him when he was only twenty years of age. Two years after Clement VI. who made him cardinal at the folicitation of Philip de Valois, wrote these lines to that prince: 'The fubject you have recommended to me has a cultivated mind; his character is amiable, his manners honest, his life decent: in spiritual things he is enlightened, and full of zeal; in temporal, wife and circumfpect.' Notwithstanding his youth, the pope confided to him feveral important affairs, in the discharge of which he answered the idea that had been conceived of him, which induced him to fend him into Hungary on this difficult negociation. The king of Hungary, as we have feen, went to Naples with an army to revenge his brother's death, and to feize his kingdom, which he pretended belonged to him. He took with him duke Warner, a chief who

was the scourge of Italy, and who foon caused that kingdom to float in feas of blood. The king of Hungary conquered, and queen Joan fled into Provence from his fury. The princes of the blood went to Aveise, to acknowledge and pay homage to the king, who was their He received them very well: after coufin. which he ordered Charles Duras to conduct him to the place where his brother had been strangled, and there, in his presence, he had this prince affaffinated, after reproaching him with having contributed to his death. The other princes of the blood he put in irons, and fent them into Hungary. After this expedition, the king fent ambaffadors to the pope to justify his conduct, to folicit the investiture of the kingdom of Naples, and the punishment of queen Joan; and he complained bitterly of the cardinal de Taillerand, whom he accused of having imbrued his hands in the murder of his brother. Soon after this the plague obliged him to quit Naples, and return into Hungary.

The negociation of this affair was very delicate. Gui de Boulogne was related to the king of Hungary, and had an infinuating disposition, that the pope thought well suited to it. He was to propose peace between the king of Hun-

gary and the queen of Naples; to folicit the freedom of the princes of the blood; to defire the account of the proceeding, that he might judge of queen Joan's conduct; to justify cardinal Taillerand; and, laftly, to engage the emperor Charles to support this negociation with his fon-in-law. The cardinal legate, notwithstanding his talents, could do no more than obtain a truce. He was ordered, on his return from Italy, to go to Rome to the jubilee, and use his endeavours to procure peace. His legateship extended over all that part of Italy between the Alps and the Appennine. He arrived at Padua in February, 1350, and was received with extraordinary honours. James de Carrore gave up his palace to him, and defray ed his expences, with all those of his train, which amounted to three hundred. He stopped fome days in this city to remove the body of St. Anthony, which they drew out of the tomb, to place it in a church he had built and dedicated to this faint. The cardinal had experienced his protection in a violent difeafe, and, to flew his acknowledgment, would be present and assist at this ceremony. He was glad to find Petrarch at Padua, whom he had known at Avignon, and took every opportunity of conversing with him. In one of these

meetings he shewed him a letter he had just received from a prelate in France attached to him, and who was also the friend of Petrareh. This was Philip de Vitri, celebrated for his French and Latin works, and his excellence in church music. He was chaplain to the pope and the cardinal of Boulogne, and archdeacon of Brie in the church of Soiffons. He had applied himfelf when young to poetry and mufic, which contributed not a little to unite him with Petrarch. Philip de Vitri was of the opinion which the French, particularly the Parifians, were reproached with. He looked upon every journey out of France as an exile. He wrote in this manner to the cardinal, lamenting his refidence in Hungary and Italy. The cardinal did not reflect upon the confequences when he gave this letter to Petrarch. To call a journey to Italy an exile, was like blasphemy in the eyes of our poet. He took pen in hand immediately, and wrote to Vitri as follows:

'Why should not I dare to tell my dear Philip at a distance, what I should certainly say if he was present? Nothing is so free as friendship. "I do not love my friend," says Seneca, "if I fear to offend him." My dear friend, I do not know you again. I know that what rises must sink; that all that are born grow

old: but I thought minds exempted from the fate of terrestrial bodies, because, being formed of an ethereal fubstance, they rife by their own ftrength, or, to speak better, on the wings of nature. If the mind grows old, it may then die. Old age may be the end of being, and the descent of it to the grave. Alas! if we are thus deprived of the fweet confolation, that this noble part of us will live for ever, what shall confole us when we become the fubjects of death! You will guess what this long preamble leads to. We have here our illustrious father, and common master, cardinal Gui de Boulogne, legate of the holy fee. You blush; I fee it: your conscience is not without remorfe. Confess that you did not think I should see the letter you wrote: if you had, you would not have spoken in a style so weak and unjust; you would at least have respected the Muses, who live with me, and whose indignation you would have felt, had the time permitted. What is become of that admirable ardour, that defire of all knowledge, which formerly diftinguished you? You would then, if possible, have drawn off from Nature the veil that covers her. What attempts did you not make toward discoveries in the northern and eaftern ocean! The earth itself was then too fmall for your curiofity. You raifed

your defires even to heaven. The oblique path of the fun, the fixed and wandering stars, nothing escaped your indefatigable researches; not even the antipodes of heaven, if antipodes of heaven there be.

'Is it possible that a man so eager after knowledge of all kinds should give the name of exile to a journey into Italy, out of which all would be banishment indeed, if the whole world was not the country of every thinking man? Shall I be frank with you? The little bridge of Paris has made too strong an impreffion on you; and your ears are too much delighted with the murmurs of the Seine, which runs under its arches. You have, no doubt, forgot the answer of the man, who, being asked from whence he came, "I am a Cosmopolite," replied he. As for you, you are French: no one can deny that; and to fuch a degree French, that you consider every journey out of France as a banishment, whatever may be the motive of it is it is not be the same of the same with

I know that we all have an innate love for our country, and that the greatest men have been sensible to its attractions; but I know also, that it is only little minds that cannot shake off these fetters. How many heroes and philosophers have passed their whole lives in tra-

velling! Plato quitted Athens, where he was adored as a god, to travel over Egypt and Italy. The journies of Democritus are celebrated; and ftill more fo those of Pythagoras, who never returned home. More inflamed by the love of truth than the love of his country, after going over Egypt, Persia, and many barbarous countries, he was twenty years in Italy; and you weep for one only that your master passes there. Awake, my dear friend; shake off the lethargy you are in. Elevate your foul, which is funk under popular prejudices, and which, tied down to the glebe of its native field, fees nothing beautiful, nothing rare, beyond Paris. Give me back that ancient Philip, in whose conversation I found fo many charms. It is not to him I write, it is to one of his enemies: fo he must not be offended if he finds in this letter remonstrances too strong for the softness and luxury of our age. We will see thing it but to longer

But I will return to our exile. I wish you saw him in his present brilliant situation, surrounded by a concourse of people, and even princes applauding and calling him the restorer of peace. This is the state of your banished man. I know you love him with all your heart. Cease then to lament his sate; rather lament your own as exiled and unhappy, that

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you cannot behold his glory. He is in the flower of his age, his body ftrong, his mind eager after knowledge. It is experience, as artists know, that forms great men. What can those learn who never go beyond their paternal eftate? Homer, defiring to give the Greeks a model of wifdom, prefents them with a man who had visited several cities, and fludied many nations; and Virgil imitated him in the Æneid: and must not our master then delight in the lofty mountains which are the barriers of Italy, the magnificent cities it contains, and the beautiful rivers that water it?, Our prelate to-day affifted in removing the body of St. Anthony: I admired the dignity and grace with which he performed his office. To-morrow he continues his route; and, after croffing the king of rivers, will fee Ravenna, the most ancient city in Italy, and proceed to the capital of the world. As for you, my dear Philip, when you go from St. Germain on the mountain to St. Genivieve in the valley, you think you have been through the wide world; happy in your manner of thinking, if true happiness can consist with error. But in your letter you did not follow your own judgment, but the judgment of the vulgar, which is always mean and ignorant. Adieu! take care of yourfelf, and do not forget me. Mark, the Phyfician and the countryman of Virgil falutes you.

Padua, February 14.

Petrarch went from Padua to Verona to fee his fon and his friends, from whence he wrote to Socrates, and befought him to come to him in Italy, and fettle there, in any part of it he should make choice of; but he could not perfuade him to leave Avignon. The few friends he had left were separated from him by necessity. Barbatus was established at Sulmone with his wife, and could not leave her. Lelius and Settimo were both fettled at Rome and Avignon. He had lately cultivated a friendship with two Florentines, Francis Rinnuci, and John Boccace. of whom we shall foon have occasion to speak; who were both fo attached to the place of their nativity, that nothing could draw them from thence.

Petrarch returned foon after to Padua, to wait the arrival of the cardinal de Boulogne, who came there on his way home. After having distributed spiritual and temporal benefits with the greatest beneficence, he took the route of Milan and Genoa to return to Avignon: and he had in his train a vast number of

distinguished persons from every state in Italy, and received the greatest honours wherever he

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Petrarch, who was not a courtier, accompanied this prelate from attachment, and as an acknowledgment of the kindness he had shewn The cardinal delighted in his conversation, and bantered him fometimes on his enthusiasm for his country. When they came into the territory of Verona, near the lake of Gorda, struck with the beauty of the spot, they ascended a little hill, and stopped to view the fine objects around them: the Alps covered with fnow, though in the month of June; the lake of Gorda, subject to the ebbing and flowing of the tide as the fea; on every fide rich hills and fertile vallies. 'It must be owned,' faid the legate, addressing himself to Petrarch, ' that your country is finer and richer than ours!' At these words the face of Petrarch brightened with joy! 'But you must agree alfo,' added the cardinal, to moderate, perhaps, the violence of his effusion, 'that ours is more tranquil.' 'That is true,' replied Petrarch, with that liberty which he always professed; ' but we can obtain that tranquillity you enjoy when we please; whereas it does not depend on you to procure those beauties of which nature has been prodigal to us.' The cardinal smiled, and continued his route. Petrarch took leave of him here, and returned to Parma. At Mantua, which he passed through, he wrote another letter to his dear Socrates, to recommend to him a young abbe whom he became acquainted with among the attendants of the cardinal de Boulogne. He describes him as a young man of rare merit, whose friendship was a treasure he wished him to partake of.

'Joys of this kind,' fays he, 'ought to be common between friends. Go, and fee him: you will inftantly feel it is that Socrates of whom I have often spoke to you. You will be charmed with the society of such a man, whose equal I have rarely found. I feel what may be the consequence of uniting two persons, who, in tracing one another's virtues, will easily lose sight of mine: but I shall console myself in the persuasion, that what I lose in merit I shall gain in friendship.'

After having finished this letter, Petrarch fet out for Mantua in the evening to sleep at Luzora, five leagues from the Po. The Gonzaguas were lords of this city: they had fent a courier to Mantua, to desire he would honour them at supper. It was with difficulty he got there. The south wind, which blew,

had melted the fnows; the Po had overflowed the country round, and filled the roads with a quaggy mud, in which the horfes funk at every Reports storm an about Alle of the

He got there late. They gave him a magnificent reception; rare meats, foreign wines, delicate cheer, welcome countenances, and much gaiety. A little matter will spoil a fine feast, and lose the fruits of a great expence. The fupper was ferved in a damp hall, which flies and all forts of infects had taken possession of; and, to complete the diffress, an army of frogs, who had been attracted by the good odour of the meats, came forth, and stunned the company with their importunate croakings. They could not fit in the room, and were obliged to leave the table before fupper was ended. Petrarch retired to his chamber at midnight very much fatigued. But a courier passing to Rome, he wrote a letter to Lelius, in which was this account of the fupper. The next day he went to Parma. He waited till the great heats were over, to go to the jubilee held this year at Rome. He wrote to his friend William de Pastrengo, to take this journey with him. This friend wished for nothing so much as the society of Petrarch on this occasion; but he was established at Verona, and he had a wife and children. All his family opposed this journey, and he could not overcome their fears. Inflead therefore of William. Petrarch took with him an old abbe of respectable character and dignity, and some persons whose experience might fave him much trouble. They took their route through Tufcany, and stopped at Florence. What impressions agitated the mind of Petrarch to behold his native city, which he had left fo young that he had retained only a confused idea of it! They had not yet restored him his estate, for the Guelph party still governed there. He found, however, feveral friends, who, though not of long standing, had made great progress in his heart, that had suffered many voids from death which he wished to fill up? on provide the molliver and mill

The first of these was Zanobi de Strata, born at Florence, where John, his father, had taught grammar all his life with success. Zanobi continued and surpassed him in that profession. His talents for eloquence and poetry united him with the most distinguished persons for rank and wit in Tuscany.

Francis Rinnuci was of a good house in Florence; his ancestors had been the first magistrates in that city. Francis had embraced the ecclesiastical state: he was first notary, judge,

and secretary of the bishop, and afterwards supreme vicar; and he was prior and preacher of the church of the Holy Apostles, which had been formerly the collegiate church. It appears that he was a wise and pious man, and much esteemed at Florence. Petrarch gave him the name of Simonides.

John de Certaldo, or John Boccace, whose family was of Certaldo, a village twenty miles from Florence, was born at Paris. His mother was a young woman, with whom his father was fecretly connected. He studied grammar under John de Strata, and the canon law under Cino de Pistove. The taste which nature had given him for poetry and the belles lettres defeated the projects of his father, who defigned him for a civilian. It is believed, however, he was made doctor of laws; after which he certainly went for a time into the church. His father fent him on fome business to Naples, where king Robert, who foon discovered his talents, received him with kindness, and loved to discourse with him. That prince had a daughter, the fruit of the only weakness that his character is reproached with: she was called Mary of Arragon by the historians. Boccace fell in love with her, and has celebrated her in his works. During his fituation at Naples he

heard Petrarch spoken of in such a manner, that it inspired him with a great desire to see him. He took the first occasion to form this union, and it lasted till death. They had each the same tastes and the same aversions; the same ardent desire of knowledge, frankness, truth of mind, and tenderness of heart: there was a similarity also in their love. We have seen that Petrarch became enchanted with Laura in the church of St. Clare, in the holy week. Boccace also saw and loved Mary for the first time in the church of the Cordeliers at Naples. On Easterday these friends consoled Petrarch for his past losses.

About the middle of October, 1350, Petrarch left Florence, and set out for Rome. He gives this account of his journey in a letter to Boccace. 'The 15th of October we set out from Bolsena, a small town in Etruria. Taken up with the thoughts of seeing Rome once more, I resected upon the change that is made in our thoughts in a course of years. This, said I to myself, is my sifth journey to Rome; it was fourteen years ago I saw it for the first time, drawn by curiosity to behold its wonders. Some years after, a premature desire of the laurel brought me there a second time. The third and fourth journey was to render service

and shew affection to my friends. This ought to be the happiest of all, fince its only object is my eternal falvation. While I was full of these thoughts, the horse of the old abbe. which was on my left fide, going to kick at mine, firuck my leg just under the knee: the ftroke was fo violent that it founded like bones fnapping afunder, and drew all our party round me. I felt extreme pain: but not daring to stop in so solitary a place, I made a virtue of necessity, got late to Viterbe, and was dragged to Rome by the aid of my friends. As foon as I got there I fent for the phyficians, who having examined my wound, found the bone laid open, and the iron of the horse's slove had left a mark on it. The fmell of this neglected wound was fo ftrong that I could fcarcely bear it; though our familiarity with, and affection for ourselves, renders many things supportable we could not bear in others. How vile and abject is man, faid I, if he does not compensate for the weakness of his body by the strength of his mind! The days I was obliged to pass wholly in bed appeared longer here than elfewhere. I consider this accident as a just punishment from heaven, who, after having fixed my unsteady foul, thought it proper thus to afflict my unworthy body." My confessor had treated me with too much lenity; I stood in need of this mortification. If my accident affects you, the courage with which I support it shall be your consolation.'

Petrarch fays he was in the happiest dispofition for this facred bath, in which the soul was to be cleansed from all its stains. We have seen that pope Clement altered this jubilee from a hundred to sifty years, and in a clause of this bull (as some aver) he speaks as sollows: 'The sovereign pontiss, in virtue of the authority he holds from the apostles, renews the souls of those who receive this indulgence to the same state they were in after baptism; and he orders the angels to introduce them immediately to paradise, without obliging them on their way thither to pass through purgatory.'

The custom of visiting Rome to receive a plenary absolution of all sins was begun in 1300, from a rumour that this had been practised before. It was not, however, to be found in the ancient records: but an old man, aged 107, being questioned about it, said he remembered that, in the year 1200, his father, who was a labourer, went to Rome to gain this indulgence. It was accordingly confirmed by the bull of pope Boniface; and Clement gave it the name of the jubilee, because it resembled

the festival of the Jews celebrated every fifty years, at which slaves are set free, debts forgiven, and each person obtained the wealth and honour of their family.

The concourse of pilgrims at this jubilee was prodigious; they were reckoned near a million. The streets were fo full that men were carried along by the crowd, whether on horseback or on foot. There was no appearance that the plague had depopulated the world. The people of quality came the last to it; and, above all, the ladies of the grandees from beyond the mountains. Most of them took the route of Areona; and Bernardin de Polenta, lord of Ravenna, whose castle was on this road, joined, and made great confusion among them. 'This would not have befallen them,' fays a contemporary historian, 'if they had remained in their houses; because a ship which is always in port cannot be shipwrecked. Indulgencies and journies,' he adds, ' are not fit for young people.' Strangers who came from all countries, knowing only their own language, were embarrassed about confession. They therefore made use of interpreters, who often published what they heard; and it became neceffary to buy their filence at a dear rate. To remedy this abuse, they established penitentiaries at Rome, who understood all the languages. The kings of Castile, Arragon, Portugal, and Cyprus, would fain have obtained indulgence without going to Rome. They wrote to the pope to beg he would difpense with this journey; but the cardinals oppofing, he wrote this answer to these princes: 'My brethren, the cardinals, confidering that this indulgence is granted not only for the falvation of fouls, but for the honour of the faints, would not confent that any should be dispensed from this visitation to their churches.' The number of thirty days was fixed for the Romans, fifteen for the Italians, and ten for other strangers. Clement, whose goodness and courtefy was displayed on all occasions, extended his indulgence to those persons who had been prevented from, or stopped on, their journey, on this condition, that they should give to the church the money they would have expended in it. 'The inhabitants of Rome,' fays Villani, 'were exorbitant in their impositions upon these ftrangers; and used such frauds and monopolies, that, joined to the fatigue and heat, caufed a great mortality.' And Meyer, another historian of that age, assures us that, of all these pilgrims, the tenth part never returned to their habitations.

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As foon as Petrarch could get out, he visited all the churches with extreme ardour to gain the jubilee. He speaks of the good effects it had upon his foul. 'I went with fervor,' says he, 'determined to put an end to that sinful life which has often covered me with shame, and I hope nothing can make me change the firm resolutions I have taken.'

The rest of his time was much of it spent in all probability with his friend Lelius. After having gained the jubilee, he returned immediately to Padua. He took his route through Tufcany, and stopped at Arezzo, defirous to fee the town in which he was born. Aretin fays. that his townsmen, charmed with the fight of a man who was fuch an honour to them, went out to meet him, and paid him the fame respect and obeifance they would have done to a king: This was in December, 1350. He had the good fortune to find in this town the Inftitutions of Quintilian, which till then he could never meet with. The manuscript was mutilated, and in a bad condition: but it was an interesting discovery to him. He wrote some lines to Quintilian to express his joy; in which he tells him plainly, that he was fitter to form great orators, than to be an orator himself.

Some days after this, Petrarch going out of

Arezzo to pursue his journey, the principal people of the city, who accompanied him, led him to Orto, to shew him the house in which he was born. 'It was a little house,' says Petrarch, 'as besitted an exile.' They told him that the proprietor would have made some alterations in it, which the town had always opposed, that the place consecrated by his birth might remain always in the state it was in at that time. He relates this to a person who had written to know whether Arezzo was really the place of his birth; and adds, 'Arezzo has shewn more respect to a stranger than Florence to a citizen.'

Petrarch stopped at Florence to converse with his friends; and went from thence to Padua, where he had fixed his residence. There was great consternation, and an universal lamentation, in this city, which had lost the best of all masters. James de Corrare had in his house a relation called William, whom he treated with kindness, and admitted to his table, though he was unworthy of that favour. The 21st of December, after dinner, when this lord was seated in his palace, surrounded with his friends, servants, and guards, William plunged a dagger into his breast with so much celerity, that no one had time to ward off the

stroke. Some hastened to raise up their lord, who was fallen, and who expired in their arms: the rest pierced the monster with a thousand strokes who had committed this parricide. At the same instant, says Petrarch, there went out of this world two souls of a very different kind, and the routes they took were as opposite. The motive of this action is unknown; but some think James had forbade him to appear abroad on account of his bad conduct.

Petrarch wrote on this occasion the following letter to Boccace:

'I have learnt by long habit to cope with fortune. I do not oppose her strokes by groans and tears, but by a heart hardened to repel them. She perceived me firm and intrepid, and took a lance to pierce me at the time I lay the most exposed by the death of those friends who had formed a rampart around me. By a sudden, horrible, and unworthy death, she has deprived me of another tender friend, of a man who was my consolation and glory. He was the most like king Robert in his love of letters, and in his favours to those who professed them. He was distinguished for a singular sweetness of manners, and was the father, rather than lord, of his people. I had given myself to

binn. While I live I shall never lose the remembrance of James de Corrare, and shall always speak of him with pleasure. I would celebrate him to you, and to posterity; but he is much above my praise.'

The death of James de Corrare rendered Padua difagreeable to Petrarch. The delightful situation of Vaucluse presented itself, and he wished once more to behold it. But he continued the winter at Padua. He frent a great deal of his time with Ildebrandin Comti, bishop of that city; a man of high rank and great merit. One day, as he was fupping at his palace, two Carthufian monks came there, and were well received by Ildebrandin, who loved their order. He asked them what brought them to Padua. 'We are going,' they faid, 'to Trevise, by the order of our general, to establish a monastery; the bishop of that city, and fome of its pious inhabitants, defiring to have one of our order.' Ildebrandin, after feveral more questions, turned the conversation infentibly upon father Gerard, brother to Petrarch, and asked them if he appeared contented with his lot. The two monks, who did not know Petrarch, related wonders of his brother.

'The plague,' faid they, 'having got into

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the monastery of Montrieu, the prior, a man of exemplary piety, but feized with terror, told his monks that flight was the only part they had to take. Gerard answered with courage, "Go where you please: as to myself, I will remain in the fituation in which Heaven has fixed me." The prior redoubled his inftances; and, to alarm him, faid, "When you are dead, there will be no person to bury you." "That is the last of my cares," faid Gerard; " and the affair of my furvivors rather than mine." The prior fled to his own country, where death followed, and struck him. Gerard remained in his convent, where the plague respected and left him only, after having destroyed in a few days thirty-four of his brethren who continued with him. Gerard paid them every fervice, received their last fighs, wathed their bodies, and buried them when death had taken those destined to this office. With only a dog left for his companion, he watched at night to guard the house, and took his repose in the day. thieves, with which this country is infested, came several times to pillage this monastery, but he found fome means to get rid of them. When the fummer was passed, the fent to a neighbouring monastery of the Carthusians, to beg they would give him a monk to take care of

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the house; and he went himself to the superior monastery of the Carthusians, where he was received with singular distinction by eighty-three priors, and obtained of them a great favour. They permitted him to choose a prior and monks to renew his house from the different convents of the order; and he returned triumphant, which he merited by his care, fidelity, and prudence.'

While the Carthusians were relating these wonders of father Gerard, the prelate cast his eyes, filled with tears of joy, from time to time, on Petrarch. 'I know not,' says the latter, 'whether my eyes appeared so; but my heart was tenderly moved.' The Carthusians at last discovered him to be the brother of Petrarch, and with a holy effusion embraced him, saying, 'Ah! how happy are you in such a brother!' Petrarch could only answer with his tears: he was touched with this scene beyond expression, as he owns in a letter to his brother, from whence this account is taken.

About this time he made a review of all his manuscripts. Reflecting on the uncertainty of life, and recalling the losses he had sustained in a short time, he thought it necessary to arrange his affairs; like those who, on the evening that precedes a long journey, collect together

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what they will take with them, burn the things that are unnecessary, and give the rest to their friends. He found much pleasure in reviewing his fentiments in the different periods of his life. When he discovered how many things he had begun, and left unfinished, he confidered fuch undertakings as a great folly in fo fhort a life, and he threw into the fire directly a thousand epiftles and poems on all subjects. 'I charged Vulcan,' fays he, 'with the trouble of connecting them. But shall I own my weakness? it was not without sighs.' But recollecting that his dear Socrates had begged of him his profe works, and Barbatus his poetry, he faved the rest. To this we owe the eight books of his familiar fubjects, dedicated to Socrates, and the three books of his Latin verses, dedicated to Barbatus, printed in the edition of Bale in 1581, the most complete edition there is of his works. Those he destroyed contained probably a thousand interesting anecdotes of his life. Petrarch writes thus to Socrates on this fubject:

'I will not fay to my readers as did Apuleius, "Read my works, they will pleafe you;" but you, my dear Socrates, will read them with ardour, and perhaps with pleafure, because you love me. If my style should amuse you, it will be owing to your friendship, and not to my wit. A woman need not attend the toilette whose lever is to be judge of her beauty. You know I am not eloquent, nor does the epiftolary fivle admit of it. The letters of Cicero are fimple, plain, and easy: he reserved for his pleadings the thunders of his eloquence. If you will give me a mark of your friendship, keep these trifles to yourfelf; the world will not view them with your candour; even you must confider my fituation. My life is that of a wanderer up and down in the midft of perils, fixed to no certain spot. This manner of life procured me a great number of acquaintance; of real friends, perhaps, but a few; but of this we cannot eafily judge. This obliged me to write to people of all countries, and of every age and fituation, whose characters and manners of thinking were quite opposite. You will therefore find feeming contradictions in these letters; for the attention of a writer ought to be fixed on the person to whom he writes, on his character and manner of thinking, and how he is likely to be affected with the fubject before him. We must not write in the same manner to a brave man and a coward; to a young man without experience, and to a man of advanced years, who has paffed through the difficulties of life; to a happy man, puffed up with prosperity, and to a wretched one, depressed by adversity; to a man of letters, and to a fool. There is an infinite variety among men, and their minds have as little resemblance as their faces. And were we to write only to one person, we must even then sometimes change our style and manner: a monotony in language will tire at length, as well as an uniformity in our food.

'I have suppressed in these letters those minute details which seldom interest those who are not concerned in them. But I am not altogether of the opinion of Seneca, who reproaches Cicero for such details, and who stuffs his own letters with morals and philosophy. I have rather followed the latter, and have mixed simple narrations with moral resections, in the manner of Cicero. Give these trisles a corner in your cabinet, where they may be sheltered from those daring critics who, without producing any thing of their own, determine with assurance on the works of others.

'I have sketched out a picture of myfelf, which I destine for you. It shall be drawn with care: it will not be, as Cicero says, the Minerva of Phidias; but when I have finished it, it shall not fear the critic. In this review you will be struck with my weakness and

man in youth, and a child in mature age. I complained not, however, like Cicero, of exile, fickness, a sum lost, a payment deferred, or an unjust decision: but when I lost my friends all at once, and the world was to me annihilated, there would have been more insensibility than strength of mind in being unmoved by such afflictions. At present I experience the change that Seneca tells us always befalls the ignorant. Despair has given me courage and tranquillity. Henceforth you shall behold me act, speak, and write, with more vigour. Even a falling world might crush, but it would not intimidate me.

'I began this letter with the day, and with the day I will end it. I have prolonged my conversation with you, because it is delightful to me thus to enjoy your presence, notwithstanding the seas and the mountains that separate us. Could I procure a tranquil and fixed establishment, I would undertake some considerable work, that I might consecrate it to you. I would fain immortalize your name; but you stand in no need of my praise. Adieu! You are my Idomeneus, my Atticus, my Lucilius!'

Petrarch lodged, when at Padua, in the cloif-

ter of St. Justine, close to the church of that monastery, which was built on the ruins of the ancient temple of Concord. Some workmen employed there found a stone on which was an inscription to the memory of Livy. Petrarch, who idolized this historian, took it into his head to address a letter to him as follows:

'I wish I had lived in your age, or rather that you had been born in mine. I should have been among those who went to seek you at Rome, or even in the Indies, had you dwelt there. I can now only behold you in your books; and in them but in part, from the indolence of our age, who have never taken any pains to collect your works. I cannot reslect on this without seeling indignation at my countrymen, who seek after nothing but gold, silver, and the pleasures of sense.

I am under great obligations to you, because you bring me into so much good company. When I read your works, I think I live with Brutus, Regulus, Scipio, the Fabricii, the Camilli; and not with the banditti among whom my unfortunate stars have placed me. Salute on my part, among the ancients, Polybius, Quintus, Claudius, Valerius, and Antias, whose glory was clouded by yours; among the

moderns, Pliny the younger, your neighbour, and Crifpus Salluft, your rival; and inform them they have not been more fortunate than you with respect to the preservation of their works.

born and interred, in the city where you were time the virgin, and on the stone of your monument.

Padue was near Venice, and Petrarch went often to that city, which he called the wonder of all cities. He became acquainted with Andrew Dondolo, who was made doge in 1343, though he was but thirty-fix years of age, which was an extraordinary thing. But he was a young man of great merit, and joined the talents necessary for governing with an agreeable figure and very enchanting manners. We have feen that he was in the good graces of the beautiful empress of Milan. His mind was cultivated and poetical. He had read the works of our poet, and was charmed with his acquaintance; to obtain which he had made confiderable advances, which Petrarch answered with the highest fentiments of esteem and admiration. and state of an among you morely

The commerce of the Venetians increased under the government of Dondolo: they began at that time to trade to Egypt and Syria,

from whence they brought filk, pearls, aromatic fpices, and other commodities of the east. This excited the envy of the Genoele, and a rupture enfued. Petrarch, in a letter to the doge of Genoa, fays, 'I am troubled at the fituation of your republic. I know the difference there is between the tumult of arms and the tranquillity of Parnassus, and that the lyre of Apollo ill accords with the trumpet of Mars. Hannibal himfelf faid, that a certain peace was to be preferred to an expected victory. What diffresses me the most is, that it is Italians you oppose. Would it not be better to wage war against Damas, Susa, or Memphis? Must the destruction of the Theban brothers be renewed in Italy? The boson on La . nuder was boson

With grief I learn your league with the king of Arragon; and will you feek the aid of a barbarian to destroy your own countrymen? Your enemies, you say, have set the example; they are then equally culpable. Venice calls to her succour the tyrants of the west; Genoa those of the east? Wretches that we are! we buy venal souls to destroy our own children! Nature gave us for barriers the Alps and the two seas; avarice, envy, and pride, have opened these barriers to the Cimbres, the Huns, the Teutons, the Gauls, and the Spaniards. How

often have we recited with tears these lines of Virgil: "Strangers possess these cultivated fields! these harvests are the prey of barbarians!" Behold how discord has reduced the citizens of this wretched country! Athens and Lacedæmon had a rivalship like yours: the latter could have destroyed the former; but. "Heaven forbid," fay they, "that we should put out one of the eyes of Greece." A fine anfwer, worthy of Sparta! In the midst of these agitations I cannot remain filent. While fome are dragging along great trees to conftruct veffels of war, and others are sharpening their fwords and their darts, I should think myself culpable if I did not take up my pen, which is my only weapon. I am conscious with what circumspection we ought to speak to our superiors; but the love of one's country is above all: this will plead my caufe, and perfuade you to pardon my prefumption. I will proftrate myself before the chiefs of both nations, and thus befeech them: Throw down your arms, give each other the kifs of peace, unite your hearts, and your colours! Then will the Pontus, the Euxine, and the ocean, be opened to you; and your ships will arrive in safety at Taprobane, the Fortunate Islands, the unknown Thule, and at the Poles! Kings and

people shall go before you: the Indian, the English, and the Ethiopian, shall dread your power. Let peace reign among you, and you will have nothing to fear! Adieu, the greatest of dukes, and the best of men!

Andrew Dondola, in his answer, speaks thus

The Genoese are not our brothers: they have been guilty of a thousand wrongs to the republic of Venice: they are domestic enemies, and worse they cannot be. They have abused our patience, tarnished the glory of Italy, and debased the diadem of its queen. They have rendered themselves odious to the whole universe. It is not assonishing they cannot agree with others, since they are never in harmony with themselves. We only undertake this war to procure an honourable peace for our country, which is dearer to us than our lives.'

The doge was delighted with the eloquence of Petrarch's letter, and the depth of his understanding. 'You are very dear to us,' faid he; but you will be still more so if you will often regale us with such fine productions!'

The fixth of April this year, 1351, three years after the death of Laura, Petrarch wrote the following lines:

Oh, Love! who has not proved thy mighty power? Seek in the earth for my dear treasure that is hidden there! Seek for that pure and chaste heart which was my sole delight! Tear from the hands of death what he has forced from me, and fix once more thy precious enfign on her lovely face! Rekindle that slame which was my guide; that constant slame, which ealightens me still, though it is extinguished itself.

Never did thirfty stag seek the cooling fountain as I seek what I have lost. Amiable pilgrim! why did you set out before me! The empire of death has now lost its hold over me; for she who bound me to earth is ascended to heaven! My chains are broken. I am free and miserable!

In another fonnet he fays, 'How bleft should I have been had I died with Laura!' But he would not have enjoyed one of the greatest pleasures he met with in the course of his life: his friend Boccace came to him on this day, to inform him he was recalled to his country, and restored to the inheritance of his family.

The friends of Petrarch at last obtained his cause, and sent Boccace with a letter to him from the senate, thus inscribed: To the re-

dua, crowned poet, our very dear countryman, prior of the arts, and Gonfalonier of Justice to the people of Florence.

Illustrious branch of our country to Your name has long founded in our ears, and touch ed our hearts. The forces of your studies. and that admirable art in which you expel have decorated you with the laurel, and rendered you worthy to feive as a model to pofierity. You will find in the hearts of woor countrymen all those fentiments of elsem and friendship you deferve; and, that where his be nothing in your country to give you pain, of our own liberality, and infpired by that paternal tendemess we have always had for you. we return to you, without any exception, the lands of your ancestors, which have been redeemed with the public treafure. The gift is fmall in oitfelf, and little proportioned to wour merit; but it will be enhanced by regard to our laws, our customs, and the recollection of those who have not been lable to obtain it. You may now inhabit, when you please, the city in which you was born. We flatter ourselves that, filled with love for your country, you will not go elsewhere to feek the applause that

you merit, and the tranquillity that you de-

of fome other authors whom antiquity, whom even our own age, causes us to regret. You will not find among us Cæsars or Mecænases; these are titles unknown to us; but you will find countrymen, zealous for your glory, ardent to publish your praise, and extend your renown; extremely sensible of the honour our city obtains from having produced a man who has no parallel. Antiquity cannot boast, nor will his equal be found in posterity.

We are not ignorant how rare, how splendid is the name of a poet. Ennius called poets holy, and they are in some fort inspired with a divine spirit; for which reason they were crowned, as were the Cæsars and heroes who triumphed. The latter are immortalized by their actions, the former by their works. It is praise-worthy, says Sallust, to do well for the republic, and it is not less so by eloquence to promote its glory. Thus men become illustrious both in war and in peace; and renown, as Lucan says, shelters both the one and the other from the outrages of time. If the soul of Virgil, if the eloquent spirit of Ci-

cero were again to appear in a bodily form among us, we should not venerate them more than we venerate you. Why are men more ready to praife those of whom they only hear, than those who are present with them? You excite our admiration, and we will fing your praise. Who would not be assonished to find fo few good writers, and still fewer poets, in that crowd of wits among us who apply to fo many different studies? Cicero explains this: It is owing, fays he, to the greatness of the object, and the difficulty of fuccess. But you have arrived at it by the strength of your genius, and great application. We have refolved, after mature deliberation, to advance the honour of our city in restoring the sciences and the arts, perfuaded that they will give to it, as they did to Rome, a fort of empire over the rest of Italy.

What we defire, what was so rare among the ancients, you alone can produce. Your country conjures you, by all that is most sacred, by all the rights she has over you, to confecrate to her your time, to preside over and direct these her studies, that they may excel those of others. You shall make choice of the authors you will explain, and shall act in the manner most suited to your occupations and

your glory. The greatest things have often arose from small beginnings. There are not wanting persons of merit among us, who, under your auspices, will give some poetic works to the public. Finish with us your Africa, that immortal poem; and bring back to us the Muses, whom we have so long neglected. You have wandered long enough about the world: you know the cities and the manners of all nations. It is time for you to fettle. Return to your country, which calls you with a loud voice after a long absence; a summons which, perhaps, no one ever received but yourfelf. Magistrates and people, great and small, defire your presence. Your household gods, your recovered lands, wait for you with impatience. Return to them, return to us. You are dear to us: you will be still dearer, if you comply with our wishes. We have many other things to fay, which we have confided to John Boccace, the messenger of these dispatches, to whom we beg you would give the fame credit that you would do to ourfelves.'

Villani relates, that the plague having depopulated the city of Florence, the inhabitants, to draw men thither, and restore its flourishing state, deliberated about establishing an university, where they should teach all the sciences, and, above all, theology, and the civil and canon law. In confequence of which they built schools, assigned public sunds for them, and called thither the best professors in every branch of study. The pope and the cardinals approved the plan, and granted this university all the privileges of those of Paris, Bologna, &c. The Florentines wished for Petrarch at the head of this establishment, to do them honour, and revive the taste for refined knowledge. And this produced the just restitution of bis lands, and the obliging letter they sent him. Petrarch's answer was as follows:

'I have lived long enough, my dear countrymen. According to the maxim of the wife man, We should die when we have nothing left us to desire. I have never been ambitious of riches or honours; of this my whole life has been a sufficient proof. My prayers and my wishes have all centered in being a good man, and in meriting the approbation of worthy persons. If I have not accomplished the first point, your letter, which surprised and rejoiced me, is a proof I am not far from the last.

'As Plutarch said to the emperor Trajan, I rejoice in my own happiness, and felicitate you on your virtue. It is a prodigy in an age so desicient in goodness, and assonishing to

find fo much of that public (fo to speak) popular liberty in that vast body of which your republic is composed.

'Illustrious and generous men! had I been present, could I have defired more than you have granted to me when I was abfent, and asked nothing? Where is the country which has better treated the best of its citizens? Rome recalled from exile Cicero, Rutilius, Metellus; but she had exiled them unjustly. She recalled Camillus, but at a time when she could not do without him. The fame reason engaged Athens to recall Alcibiades. But there is no example of an absent citizen's being recalled voluntarily, but from the motive of fervice to their country. Augustus restored his land to Virgil: but have we ever feen a public fenate restore to the son an inheritance which (for not being claimed at a certain time) was loft by his father? With how many flatteries, careffes, and foothing entreaties, have you fweetened the restitution of my land, after having purchased it with the money of the public! When I fee it thus dreffed out and enriched with the flowers of your eloquence, I envy not the most fertile spots of Africa and Sicily, or those lands of Campania where Ceres and Bacchus contend for the superiority. More

y , d fenfibly affected with your flattering address than the fervices you have done, or wish to do, me, nothing is wanting to my happiness, but to deserve, by my conduct, what I owe to your

generofity.

It is a great consolation to find myself thus re-established in my country, where my father, my grandfather, and great grandfather, lived to old age, and distinguished themselves more by their fidelity and their zeal than by the incense of adulation. As to myself, who have slown so far beyond it, on the wings of nature or of fortune, you offer me an assum where, after so many courses, I may repose in tranquillity. It is a precious gift; but what you have added is more precious still, and will be always a spur which will excite me to virtue and glory.

'Receive my grateful thanks, such as they are, and impute it to yourselves that they cannot equal your beneficence. I must be much more eloquent than I am, to express an acknowledgment that bears any proportion to your benefits. Whatever I can say will be ever unequal to my wishes. Overwhelmed with your favours, shall I dare to appropriate the answer of Augustus to the senate with tears? Arrived at the completion of my desires, what

can I ask of the gods, but that your good-will may last as long as my life? I recollect that I made this request to those who were at the head of your senate when I returned last year from Rome.

'John Boccace, the messenger of your letter and your orders, will acquaint you with my projects on my return; I have consided them to him. I beg you to consider what he shall say on my part, as if I spoke it myself.

' Heaven grant that your republic may be

always flourishing!'

Notwithstanding this letter, Petrarch formed the design of going to Avignon and Vaucluse, and gives these reasons for it in a letter to one of his friends:

'What can I alledge as an excuse for the variation of my soul, but that love of solitude and repose so natural to me? Too much known, too much sought, in my own country, praised and slattered even to disgust, I seek a corner where I may live unknown and without glory. Nothing appears to me so desirable as a tranquil and solitary life. My desert of Vaucluse presents itself with all its charms. Its hills, its sountains, and its woods, so favourable to my studies, possess my soul with a sweet emotion I cannot describe. I am no longer assonished that Camillus, that

great man whom Rome exiled, fighed after his country, when I feel that a man born on the banks of the Arno regrets a fituation beyond the Alps. Habit is a fecond nature; and this folitude, from the strength of habit, is become as my country. What engages me the most is, that I reckon upon finishing there fome works I have begun. I am desirous to revisit my books, to draw them out of the boxes in which they are enclosed, that they may again fee the light, and behold the face of their master. In fine, if I fail in the promise I have given my friends at Florence, they ought to pardon me, fince it is the effect of that variation attached to the human mind, from which no one is exempted, but those perfect men who never lofe fight of the fovereign good.'

Petrarch set out from Padua the third of May, 1351, and brought with him his son, whom he had taken from the school of Parma. I took him with me, said he, that his presence might animate me to do him every good office. What would have become of this child if he had had the missortune to lose me? He arrived at Vicenza at the setting of the sun. He hesitated whether he should stop there, or proceed farther. Some persons of merit he met with, determined him to stay,

They entered into conversation, and night came on without Petrarch's perceiving it. I have often proved,' says he, 'that our friends are the greatest thieves of our time: but ought we to complain of this robbery, or can we make a better use of it than to pass it with them?' The conversation fell upon Cicero. Every one spoke as he thought of this great man. Petrarch, having praised his genius and eloquence, said something of his sickleness of character, and the inconstancy of his mind. Perceiving his friends associated, he drew from his portmanteau two letters, in one of which he praises his genius, in the other criticises his character.

Most of the criticism, except one old man. 'Ah! gentlemen,' says he, 'for mercy speak with more respect of so great a man: spare me the grief of hearing any thing said against him.' When they asked him if he thought Cicero incapable of erring, he shut his eyes, shook his head, and again repeated, 'What a misery for me to hear Cicero blasphemed!' 'You consider him then as a god,' said Petrarch. 'Yes,' replied he, without hesitation; 'he is the god of eloquence.' You are then right,' replied Petrarch; 'if he is a god, he cannot err: but I

confess, this is the first time I ever heard Cicero turned into a deity. After all, since he deisies Plato, I do not see why you are to blame for doing the same by him, if our religion permitted us to multiply gods at our pleasure. 'I do but joke,' said the old man: 'I know well that Cicero was a man; but agree with me that his mind was divine.' 'Very true,' said Petrarch; 'you are now in the right: you speak like Quintilian, who called Cicero a heavenly man. It is sufficient, however, that he was a man liable to err, and errors you must own he committed.' At these words the old man gnashed his teeth as if they had attacked his honour!

Petrarch's letters to Cicero united are as fol-

I have read your works with avidity, which, after a long fearch, I found at last. You say a great deal, complain very much, and often change your manner of thinking. I know already what you taught to others; I know at present what you think yourself. Wherever you are, listen to the most zealous of your admirers. It is not advice I mean to offer; it is a complaint dictated by sentiment, and mixed with sorrow.

Restless and unhappy old man! What do you mean by so many quarrels and contentions?

And why do you facrifice to these a repose so much better fuited to your rank and your age? What false idea of glory has precipitated your grey hairs into those wars which fuit none but young men, and caused you to end your life in a manner unworthy of a philosopher? Forgeting your advise to your brother, and the precepts you gave your disciples, you are fallen into the very precipice you cautioned them to avoid. I fpeak not now of Dionysius, of your brother, of your grandson, or of Dolabella. Sometimes you praifed them to the skies; fometimes you overwhelmed them with reproaches. I would be filent also concerning Cæfar, whose clemency was a certain port for all those who attacked him; and Pompey, to whom your intimacy gave you a right to fpeak freely. But why that violence against Anthony? Without doubt, we must attribute it to your zeal for your finking country. But what then could be the motive of your fecret union with Augustus? You know what your own Brutus faid of you: "Cicero does not dislike a master; he would only have one that suits him?" water our man property source toute

'How I lament for you, my dear Cicero! I pity, but I blush for your errors! I say with Brutus, "Of what use are so many talents, and

fo much knowledge? Why does he speak so well of virtue, and so seldom adhere to its laws?" Would it not better suit a philosopher, like you, to renounce the sasces, the honours of a triumph, and those pursuits against Cataline, which inspired you with so much vanity, to pass a tranquil old age at your villa, more occupied (as you speak yourself) with the future than with the present, which will swiftly pass away? Adieu for ever! my dear Cicero. I write from the other side the Po, on the borders of the Adige to the right, in the colony of Verona, the 12th of May, 1345, from the birth of him with whom you are not acquainted."

One of Petrarch's friends begged these reflections on Cicero, to examine them at his leisure, that he might form a clear judgment of them. Petrarch willingly consented, saying, I wish I may be found to have mistaken his character.'

Petrarch set out the next day for Verona, where he proposed only a short stay: but Azon de Correge, William de Pastrengo, and some other friends, detained him the whole month. 'The prayers of my friends,' says he, 'are so many bonds on my affection. Nothing can be

the service with the service of the service of

fweeter than friendship. I have only to complain of being loved too much for my repose.' Before he departed from Verona, he wrote the following letter to Boccace:

'You know, my dear friend, and every one knows, that, all things confidered, if I was my own master, I should fix my residence at Vaucluse, and pass the rest of my days in that obfcure retreat. Though deprived of that agreeable superfluity with which cities abound, it contains liberty, leifure, repofe, and folitude; four things necessary to my happiness, It has, however, two great faults: it is too far from Italy, to which I am drawn by nature; and too near that western Babylon, which I detest like Tartarus. But, to pass over these objections, there are things I cannot commit to paper which will prevent my making a long stay at Vaucluse, unless something unforeseen happens. I cannot tell what: I only know there is nothing but may befall an animal frail and mortal as man is, so insolent even in the depth of mifery.

"My project then is to go and visit the Roman pontiff on the borders of the Rhone, whom our ancestors went to adore on the banks of the Tiber, and whom our successors

wou of them less no new houngs to our

will perhaps feek on the borders of the Tagus. Time changes all things: all things follow its passing stream.'

But this is the affair of that holy fisherman who, acquainted with the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Tagus, chose the Tiber to affix there his veffels and his nets. It is the affair of the pilot whose ship is agitated by the tempest, and of those who direct its helm. We are only passengers, who run the same hazards with them, without being responsible for their errors. I will then feek him where I may, whom I cannot find where I would; and, after having taken a last leave of some friends who remain to me, I will fly, as Virgil fays, from barbarous lands, and an inhospitable shore: I will go and fettle at my fountain, in the midst of my woods, books, and gardens, which have expected me above four years: I will pass the remainder of the fummer in retirement. If I was to betake myfelf to my ancient wanderings, I should fear for my health from the excessive heats, though accustomed to fuffer much from my childhood. The next autumn I hope at leaft to return to Italy with my books, which will enrich my Italian library. These are my intentions, and I thought it right to inform you of them. Present my homage to our

fenate. You know how much I owe it. Say a thousand things for me to those three dear and virtuous countrymen whose image and conversation I carry every where with me.'

In June, 1351, Petrarch went through Mantua to Parma. He stayed here but a few days, for the friends he had here were dead. From thence he went to Plaisance, where, finding a conveyance to Avignon, he wrote to Socrates, to acquaint him with his approach, and defire him to be at Vaucluse to meet him. At mount Genevre, one of the Alps, he wrote these lines to John de Arezzo. ' Padua has taken from me the man who was all my joy and confolation; I have nothing to inform you of that can make you laugh. I feek with ardour for fomething that may produce that effect on me. It should feem that antiquity was more grave and ferious, our age more gay and comic. Great affairs render men ferious; it is only trifles that amuse and make them laugh. I am perfuaded that Cassius would have laughed often if he had lived among us: and Democritus would have died with laughter, could he have compared his own age with ours. We fee nothing now but mad old men, doting old women, and young ones either foolish or extravagant. We should have had a fine tete-a-tete

of laughing at them all. My letter, for its narrow scrawling figure, perfectly resembles the strait passage of the Alps from whence I write it. I slatter myself that you will soon follow me. I would rather have had you for the companion of my journey, as I have often had before; but no pleasure is durable. I shall expect you at the fountain of Vaucluse, a place always agreeable and charming, but in summer it is the Elysian fields. We will breathe a little there, before we proceed to Babylon, that gulph of Tartarus. From the top of mount Genevre, June.

Petrarch arrived at Vaucluse the 27th of June: his first care was to notify his arrival to Philip de Cabassole, bishop of Cavaillon. He wrote to him these lines:

'Vaucluse is ever to me the most agreeable situation in the world, and which best suits my studies. I went there when a child: I returned again when a youth; and in manhood I passed in that retreat some of the choicest years of my life. I would, if possible, live here in old age, and die in your dominions. I am so impatient to see you after so long an absence, that, when I have wiped off the dust of my journey, and bathed myself in the water of the Sorgia, I will come immediately to Cavail-

lon.' A short time after his arrival, Petrarch says, in a letter to Boccace, 'I promised to return in autumn, but how can we judge at a distance? Time, place, and friendship, make us change our resolutions: the gladiator can only determine his sate in the amphitheatre. By what appears, I have business cut out for me during the space of two years in this country: my friends must therefore pardon me if I do not keep my word; the inconstancy of the human mind must be my apology.' Having passed a month at Vaucluse, to refresh himself after his journey, Petrarch went to visit the pope and the cardinals at Avignon.

The court of Avignon was at this time in its greatest lustre. The viscountess of Turenne continued to have the same ascendant as ever, disposed of every thing, and lived in the greatest splendour. Eleanor, her younger sister, was just married to William Roger, count of Beaufort, nephew of the pope, to whom the viscountess had sold the viscounty of Turenne on this marriage. It was celebrated with a magnificence which answered to the quality of the persons, and the taste of Clement: and the arrival of king John of France increased its eclat. This prince had just succeeded Philip de Valois, and immediately after his consecration he came

to Avignon, to thank the pope for an effential fervice he had rendered him, and which is a memorable event in the history of France. Humbert, the dauphin of Viennois, whom Petrarch had reproached for his effeminacy, was a widower, and had no children. His dominions were very commodious for the king of France, and he had ceded them to him in 1343, and renewed the ceffation to Charles the dauphin; but, always reftless and unquiet, he wanted to break through this treaty, and fometimes he thought of marrying again. To put this entirely out of his power, and bind him to his contract, the pope, after having obliged him to take the habit of St. Dominique, conferred on him all the facred orders on Christmas-day, 1350; the under deacon at the midnight mass, the deacon at the mass said at break of day, and the priesthood at the third mass. Eight days after, he confecrated him bishop and patriarch of Alexandria. By this means the dauphin was reunited to the crown; and it was an article in the treaty, that the eldest fon of the king, and the prefumptive heir of his crown, should from that time have the title of the Dauphin.

King John resided at Villeneuve, which is only separated from Avignon by the Rhone.

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Continual feasts were celebrated on this occasion; and, by his orders, a grand tournament, at which, says an ancient historian of Tholouse, all the Roman court were present.

King John, to express his gratitude to Clement for this important fervice, granted to William de Beaufort, and his posterity, the first privileges and appeals in the viscounty of Turenne; and flood godfather to Joan, his fifter, to whom he affigned five hundred livres yearly; a very considerable sum at that time. At this time the pope made a promotion of the twelve new cardinals, to fill the places of those who died of the plague. Among these the two cardinals of the crown were, for France, Gille Rigaud, abbe of St. Dennis, to whom at Paris the pope fent the hat by one of his nephews, (a favour at that time without example.) The other, for Spain, was Gille Alvari, archbishop of Toledo, who had great concerns afterwards in the affairs of Italy. The pope was reproached for admitting many young men into the facred college, because related to him, who lived most dissolute lives. Pierre Roger, the pope's nephew, feems to be particularly referred to, who was only eighteen years of age when his uncle gave him the hat. But it was univerfally agreed he led a very exemplary life. He became af-

terwards, under the name of Gregory XI. one of the greatest popes that ever governed the church; and he re-established the holy see at Rome. There were two of these cardinals who eclipfed all the rest by their birth, their alliances with the greatest princes of Europe, their credit, their magnificence, the splendour of their court. and the fuperiority of their knowledge. Thefe were Gui de Boulogne and Elie de Taillerand. The former we are acquainted with; the latter was of the illustrious house of Pengord: he had principally applied to the fludy of the law, and was efteemed very skilful in it. Petrarch fays of him, that he was one of the brightest luminaries of the church. He was only thirty years of age when he was made cardinal. He had great influence in the election of Clement, and no person had more credit or authority in the facred college. 'It is more honourable,' fays Petrarch, speaking of him again, 'to make popes, than to be a pope onefelf.' He was reckoned infolent and proud; and fome have accufed him of cruel and bloody actions.

Petrarch was more attached to the two cardinals I have mentioned than any others; and wrote a letter to the bishop of Cavaillon, to thank him for his recommendation to them. In it he fays, 'They are the two strongest rowers of the apostolic bark.' Three great affairs at this time occupied the court of Rome: the enterprife of the lords of Milan. which they meant to suppress; the war between the kings of Naples and Hungary, which they defired to end; and the troubles of Rome, which it was necessary to appeale. After the fall of Rienzi, the pope had again established the ancient form of government under fenators and a legate. When the latter quitted Rome, the same disorders and violences arose as before, which encouraged the remaining partifans of Rienzi. In this fituation of affairs, the pope named four cardinals to deliberate on the means of reforming this city, and making choice of that government that should best effect it. The cardinal de Boulogne defired Petrarch to give his fentiments of this important affair. After speaking in the highest terms of the facred respect due to the city of Rome, as the centre of the faith, and the feat of empire, he writes as follows: 10 3/9 HB ,10H

What has been the foundation of all its quarrels and miferies? I wish to Heaven it may not be found, ancient pride, joined to modern tyranny. An effeminate, presuming, and disdainful nobility undertakes to abuse an humbled and unfortunate people. They would

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bind Romans to their car, and lead them in triumph, as if they were Carthaginians or Cambrians. Did any one ever hear of a triumph over citizens? Is there any law to authorife fuch an attempt?

That I may not be suspected of speaking from any fecret animofity, I ought to fay, that, of the two families who have been thought to give rife to this charge, I never hated the one; the other I have loved, respected, and served with affection. The family of no prince is fo dear to me. But Rome, Italy, the liberties of good men, are dearer ftill; and, to speak the truth, it is what I owe to the living as well as to the dead. Behold this great city, destined by God to be the head of the church, and of the world, behold it torn in pieces: not, as formerly, by its own hands, but by strangers from the Rhine, whose tyranny has reduced it to the most deplorable state. How are we fallen! Great God! cast on us, though we deserve it not, an eye of pity and of mercy! Alas! who would have thought that it should be our mifery to have it debated before the vicar of Jefus Chrift, and before the fuccessors of his apoftles, whether Roman citizens were to be admitted into the fenate, when strangers, when new Tarquins display their pride in the capitol? This, however, is the question which em-

If I am asked, I hesitate not to say, that the Roman fenate ought to be formed of none but Roman citizens: and that not only strangers, but even the Latins, ought to be excluded. Manlius Torquatus should decide this question. When the Latins demanded a conful and fenators of their nation, this great man, full of indignation, fwore that he would never come into the fenate without a poignard, which he would plunge into the breast of the first Latin who should dare to appear there. To what was this refusal owing, but because they would not grant to power or fortune what was only due to service and to merit? But for this, Macedonians and Carthaginians formerly, and all the nations under the fun at prefent, might pretend to this privilege. But some will fav. We are Roman citizens Ah! that they would prove themselves fo, by being the guardians, and not the oppressors, of their fellow-citizens. But can they call themselves so who diffain the very name of men, and aim at nothing but the pompous titles of lords and princes? Will they build their claim upon their nobility or riches? In what the first confists is a question; for if not in virtue, it is a false idea. As to the last, they have drawn them from the church, their mother; let them use them, therefore, with moderation, as a fleeting good; but not to contemn the poor, or ruin that dear country from whose liberality they hold them. But to govern well, is it necessary to be rich? Was Valerius Publicola rich when he joined Brutus to expel the Tarquins? Was he not buried at the expence of the public. after having vanquished the Tuscans and the Sabines? Was Menenius Agrippa cich, when, by his eloquence, he reunited those fomented spirits who threatened the republic with a fatal schism? or Quintus Cincinnatus, when he quitted his little field to head the army, and become conful of Rome? Curius and Fabricius, were they rich when they fought Pyrhus and the Samuites? Regulus, when he vanquished the Carthaginians? Appius Claudius, when he governed the republic, though deprived of fight? I should never finish was I to bring all the examples that Rome furnishes of a glorious poverty visiting it will be with grant and

Virtue, (I fear not to fay it,) virtue has not a greater enemy than wealth. It was that which conquered Rome, after Rome had conquered the world. Every foreign vice entered in one from the it was on within the war fall

into that city by the fame door at which beverty went out of it. Shall we fay that from pride, and not riches, arifes the defire of do minion? This also was the pest of ancient Rome: but it was then, and will now, I truft, be suppressed by your decisions. In the first ages of the republic, the people demanded magiftrates to defend that liberty which they found was invaded by the great. The nobles opposed this with all their might. To this was owing their first retreat to the facred mount. The rights of the people prevailed over the pride of the nobles; and, notwithstanding their opposition, tribunes were created, the first public rampart against the violences of the fenate. After this there was a new diffoute; the nobility would not permit marriages between the patricians and plebeians: thus breaking afunder the strongest bond of union between one another, they divided the city into two parties: but the people obtained a law which should render marriages free, without any limitation. However, the former continued only to take from the Patrician families their first magiftrates. The people faw they were mocked: they therefore demanded, and obtained, thefe offices: a small fact in itself, but which Livy contains a great number of citizens, superior in

thought worthy of recital, as a proof of the pride of the nobles, and the glorious liberty of the people and after some soldie ton bis abin

Cneius Flavius, the fon of a fcribe, a man of low extraction, but sharp wit, and excellent fpeech, was made edile. The nobles, enraged at the elevation of fuch a man, laid down their ornaments of dignity. Flavius was not moved by this; he opposed the greatest firmness to their pride. One day, when he went to fee his colleague, who was fick, the young patricians who were there would not deign to rife and falute him. When he perceived this, he ordered his chair of flate to be brought, fat down in it. and looking down on them from this elevated feat, he returned them disdain for disdain; while they fat on their stools, confumed with rage and jealoufy. This instance, in my esteem, proved him worthy of being conful. Man the work out

After many and violent contests, a patrician and plebeian conful were feen feated together, and dividing the government of Rome. If these things are true, and to be found in our best historians, follow the happy example of those illustrious times, when Rome, rifing out of nothing, as it were, was elevated almost to heaven. It is not to be doubted but that city contains a great number of citizens, superior in firength of name alone, despise both heaven and earth. Were they virtuous, I would allow them to be noble; but Rome would never acknowledge them to be Romans: and were they both, they ought not to be preferred to our ancestors, the founders of this empire. What do the poor people demand? Only that they may not be treated in their own city as exiles, and excluded the public administration as if they had the plague. Can any thing be more just?

'On this occasion it may be well to follow the counsel of Aristotle, and imitate those who undertake to straighten a crooked tree. Oblige those noble strangers not only to divide with the Romans the senatorship, and the other charges they have usurped, but even to give them up, till, the republic having taken a contrary bend, things shall insensiby return back to their former equality.

This is my advice; this is what I supplicate you to do; and what Rome, sinking under her calamities, begs of you with weeping eyes. If you do not endeavour to re-establish her liberty, she summons you before the awful tribunal of the Sovereign Judge. Jesus Christ, who is in the midst of you when assembled, commands

you. St. Peter and St. Paul, who have inspired the pope to name you above others, defire it of you immediately. Listen to their fecret petitions, and you will pay no regard to outward folicitations. Be only occupied with what will benefit Rome, Italy, the world, and yourfelves. Our fins have rendered us little worthy of your protection: but the feat of the apostles deserves to be sheltered from the violence of twrants; the temples of the faints ought to be forced from those robbers who have invaded them; that holy land, fprinkled with the blood of fo many martyrs, merits furely to be faved from the blood of its citizens, which will be inevitably spilled, if you do not take fome methods to dipprefs the fury of thefe tyrants. son abunuon bedon vin sal

This letter of Petraich's was addressed to the four first cardinals.

The decision in consequence of this letter of Petrarch's to the four commissary cardinals is not certain, as the pope soon after this sell sick. It is probable this affair was not determined. The people of Rome themselves, wearied out with the anarchy in which they lived, assembled together, and elected John Cerroni, investing him with an absolute authority. He was a good citizen, wise and prudent, and respected for his probity. The nobles did not

dare to oppose this, and it was confirmed by the pope's vicar.

The next affair in debate at Avignon was the enterprize of John Viscomti, the brother and fuccessor of Luchin. He was archbishop, as well as governor, of Milan, and he aimed at being mafter of all Italy. The pope on this fent a nuncio to re-demand the city of Bologna, which he had purchased; and to choose whether he would possess the spiritual or the temporal power; for both could not be united. The archbishop, after hearing the message with respect, said he would answer it the following Sunday at the cathedral. The day came; and, after celebrating mass in his pontifical robes, he advanced towards the legate, requiring him to repeat the orders of the pope on the choice of the spiritual or the temporal: then taking the cross in one hand, and drawing forth a naked fword with the other, he faid, 'Behold my fpiritual and my temporal: and tell the holy father from me, that with the one I will defend the other, the person of northinder bus

The pope, not content with this answer, commenced a process against him, and summoned him to appear in person, on pain of excommunication. The archbishop received the brief, and promised to obey it. Imme-

diately he fent to Avignon one of his fecretaries, ordering him to retain for his use all the houses and stables that he could hire at Avignon, with provisions for the sublistence of twelve thousand horse, and fix thousand foot. The fecretary executed his commission so well, that the strangers who came to Avignon on bufiness could find no place to lodge in. pope being informed of this, asked the secretary if the archbishop required so many houses. The latter answered, he feared those would not be fufficient; because his master was coming with eighteen thousand troops, besides a great number of the inhabitants of Milan, who would accompany him. The pope, terrified at this account, paid immediately the expence the fecretary had been at, and difmiffed him, with orders to tell the archbishop that he dispensed him from this journey.

There is another anecdote related of this prince; and they all ferve to shew his artful character, and with what apparent modesty and submission he covered his pride and resolution. The cardinal de Ceccano, going on his legateship to Rome, passed by Milan. The archbishop went out to meet him with so numerous and splendid a train, and so many led horses richly harnessed, that, in surprise, he said,

to him, 'Mr. Archbishop, why all this pomp?'
'It is,' replied he, affecting an humble air, and a soft tone of voice, 'to convince the holy father that he has under him a little priest who can do something.'

There was an anonymous letter that was also attributed to this prince; but it appears more likely to have been written by Petrarch, from the style of irony that runs through it. One day, when the pope was in full consistory, a cardinal, who is not named, let this letter fall in so cunning a manner, that it was brought to the pope, who ordered it to be read in the prefence of all the court. The inscription was in these terms:

'Leviathan, prince of darkness, to pope Clement his vicar, and to the cardinals his counsellors and good friends.'

After an enumeration of very dreadful crimes, which Leviathan ascribes to this corrupt court, and on which he makes them great compliments, exhorting them to continue in this noble course, that they may more and more merit his protection; he inveighs against the dectrine of the apostles, and turns their plain and sober life into the highest ridicule. 'I know,' says he, 'that, so far from imitating, you have their piety and humility in horror and

derision. I have no reproach to make you on this account, but that your words do not always correspond with your actions. Correct this fault, if you wish to be advanced in my kingdom.' He concludes thus: 'Pride, your superb mother, salutes you; with your sisters Avarice, Lewdness, and the rest of your family; who make every day new progress under your encouragement and protection. Given from our centre of hell, in the presence of all the devils.' The pope and the cardinals took little notice of this letter, and continued the same course of life.

The third affair at the court of Avignon, was the peace between Hungary and Naples. Petrarch was particularly interested in this affair, from respect to king Robert, regard to queen Joan, and friendship for the grand senechal of that kingdom, who became his second Mecænas. His name was Nicholas Acciajoli; his family was originally of Brixia, and obtained its name from a commerce in nets. It afterwards divided into several branches, which spread abroad to Sicily, England, Hungary, and even to Constantinople. One of these branches was established at Florence, and held a distinguished rank there, without abandoning the commerce it was engaged in. From this

branch descended Nicholas Acciajoli. At eighteen he married Margarita Spini, of a rich and illustrious family; and three years after his father fent him to Naples, where he had eftablished a branch of his commerce, which succeeded fo well, that he was able, whenever he wanted them, to lend large fums of money to king Robert. His fon Nicholas had not his taste for commerce; he was very handsome, had a fine figure, and an amiable disposition; but his mind was filled with ambition, and his head turned on chivalry. He happened to pleafe Catharine de Valois, the widow of Philip, prince of Tarentum, whom they called the empress of Constantinople; a woman of gallantry, according to Villani, and of very indifferent reputation. She was one of those who contributed to the death of prince Andrew. The handsome Florentine gained so much fayour with this princefs, that she confided to him the care of her affairs, the education of her children, and the government of her state. Villani tays, she made him a rich and powerful chevalier. Lewis de Tarentum, fon of Cathaine, having been fent on an expedition into Calabria, at the head of five hundred horse, king Robert gave him Nicholas for governor, with orders to do nothing without confulting

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him. The young Florentine executed this commission in a manner that did him great honour, and gained him the good graces of his pupil, who became extremely attached to him.

After the death of king Andrew, he contributed to the marriage of Prince Lewis with queen Joan, who was too fond of her to act with the resolution necessary to accomplish it himself. On the arrival of the king of Hungary, having been prevented following the queen his wife, he threw himfelf with Nicholas Acciajoli into a small fisher-boat, in which, with great peril coasting the shore, they got to Ercole, and from thence to Sienna. Nicholas fet out with the prince for Florence, where his brother was bishop; but when they entered the confines of the republic, the officers of the government stopped them, fearing to offend the king of Hungary, and they retired to an estate which belonged to the house of Acciajoli. Nicholas got together all the money he could, and they embarked in two Genoese gallies, with the bishop of Florence, for Aiques Mortes, where they landed, and proceeded to Villeneuve, a town only separated from Avignon by the Rhone. Nicholas and the bishop went immediately to the pope, to inform him of the prince's arrival, and to concert with him the

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means of delivering the queen from the castle of Aix, where the people kept her as a prisoner. By means of the pope, and the duke of Berri, who happened to be at Avignon, and who affured the people of Provence she had no design against them, which was their pretence for detaining her, she obtained her liberty, and was received at Avignon with the usual honours paid to crowned heads. She made her entry there under a canopy of flate, furrounded with eighteen cardinals, and feveral prelates, who went out to meet her. The pope received her in full confiftory, according to the general custom of receiving princes: and the prince of Tarentum, through the interest of the Acciajolis, was better treated than he hoped for. The pope granted him the necessary dispensations for his marriage, touched probably with the fituation of the queen, who was big with child.

During these things the king of Hungary had been driven from Naples by the plague; and the Neapolitans, who loved their sovereign, and detested the Hungarians, invited her to eturn with her husband. Nicholas Acciajoli was sent thither to examine how things were situated, and prepare every thing necessary for their reception. When he came there, he en-

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gaged in the queen's fervice that famous duke Warner who had ferved the king of Hungary at the head of twelve hundred men, and was not fatisfied with his former mafter. Finding every thing well disposed to the queen, he pressed her to set out immediately for Naples. But money was wanting for this purpose; and this determined her to fell the city of Avignon to the pope for fourfcore thousand florins. This fum not being fufficient, she pawned her jewels; and, having collected a little army in hafte, she embarked at Marseilles with her husband, and arrived at Naples in August, where she was received with transport. She loaded all those with benefits who had given her proofs of zeal and fidelity. Nicholas Acciajoli had the office of grand fenefchal, and the administration of public affairs, as a reward for his great fervices. There were, however, many troops in garrison in several of the principal towns; and war was carried on between these and the Neapolitans, till the king of Hungary, returning to Naples in 1950, became again conqueror; and Joan and her husband were obliged to take refuge at Gayette, waiting for the negociations of the pope to procure peace. At first, as we have feen, the king of Hungary would not hear of it: but at last,

whether he was weary of war at such a distance from his kingdom, and which had cost him so much, or whether his resentment was abated with time, or out of complaisance for the pope, whom he regarded, he consented to a truce, on condition that if, after a process, the queen was found guilty, she should be deprived of her kingdom: if innocent, he promised to restore all the places he possessed belonging to her, on the payment of three hundred thousand slorins for the expence of the war.

The process of Joan was not easy to determine. There were many depositions against her, but no witnesses. At last an expedient was found to finish it. Joan proved, by the deposition of feveral persons, that they had given her a charm, which had inspired her with fuch an extreme aversion for her husband, that the persons attached to her thought it would be ferving her to put him to death; and that she had been thus influenced towards it, without being culpable. On this deposition the judges declared her innocent of the witchcraft and its confequences. The king of Hungary, quite tired out, agreed to a decision worthy of the age in which it was invented. The peace was figned at Avignon this year, 1352, by the am-

bassadors of the two powers, and ratified by the

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pope. He acknowledged Lewis de Tarentum king of Naples, and gave orders for his coronation, but that he should claim no right to the crown. This gave the greatest joy to Nicholas Acciajoli, who might be said to have put the crown of Naples on the head of his pupil, by first accomplishing this marriage, then supporting him by his valour and skilful management, and protecting and befriending him in his greatest adversities. The union of Petrarch with the grand seneschal seems to have been formed by Boccace, Zanobie, and the prior of the Holy Apostles, friends to both.

Petrarch wrote a letter to him on this event as follows:

'Illustrious man! At last victory is yours! Thanks to your zeal, your prince shall be enthroned, notwithstanding the efforts of envy. The lustre of his crown, and the serenity of his countenance, are going to dissipate the clouds with which Italy was covered. After so many labours and perils, do not think you may repose. What remains for you to do, is far more difficult and more important than what you have done. You must collect all the strength of mind you are known to posses, to govern that kingdom with justice which you have acquird with glory. You have struggled with

fortune in adversity, and have been victor: you must now combat her in prosperity. She is the same enemy; her appearance is only changed; and she is more difficult to subdue under the form of an enchantress than any other. She has conquered mighty heroes! Hannibal, who overcame at Canna, was enslaved by pleasure at Capua.

Your prince is young: but his understanding is ripe, and he promifes great things. After having weathered a thousand tempests by fea and by land, and conducted him over rocks and precipices to the utmost point of greatness, teach him to preserve the dignity he has acquired, and prove that the sceptre, hereditary in his family, was due to his virtue more than his birth. It is more honourable to be raifed than born to a throne; hazard bestows the one, but merit obtains the other. Teach him to ferve his God, to love his country, and to render exact justice, without which no kingdom can endure. Let him accustom himself to defire nothing but honour, and to fear nothing but shame. Let him know that the higher he is elevated, the less he can be concealed; that the more power he has, the less he ought to allow himself; and that a king should be diftinguished by his manners more than by his

robes. Keep him at a distance in general from the extremes either of prodigality or avarice: virtue lies between them both. Nevertheless. he should be sparing of his time, and profuse of his private money, that it may circulate in his kingdom, and not lie useless in his treafury. The mafter of a rich estate can never be poor. Let him never forget the speech of that Roman, "I will not have any gold, but "I love to reign over those who have." Let him not think himself happy, or a true king, till he has relieved his kingdom from its calamities, repaired its ruins, extinguished tyranny, and re-established peace and freedom. Sallust favs, that a kingdom ought to be always prefent to the mind of its mafter. The furest guard of kings is not armies and treasures, but friends : and they are only acquired by beneficence and justice. We must deliberate before we choose them," fays Seneca: "but when once chosen, place in them an entire confidence."

It is important, but not easy, to distinguish a true friend from an agreeable enemy; just praises are spurs to virtue, but slatteries are a subtle poison. We should not break lightly with a friend, nor of a sudden. According to the old proverb, We must unrip, not tear away. It is an error to suppose we shall be

loved by those to whom we are not attached. and an injustice to exact from them more than we can give. Nothing is freer than the heart: it will bear no yoke, it knows no mafter, but Love. Never fuffer your king to open his foul to suspicion, or lend his ear to informers: but let him defpife flanderers, and confound them by the virtue of his conduct! Augustus wrote thus to Tiberius; "Let us permit men to fpeak evil of us; is it not fufficient that they cannot do it? Does the power of God himfelf shelter him from the blasphemies of the impious?" Let him permit others to feek to divine his fecrets; but never let him feek to divine the fecrets of others. Let him really be what he would appear; then will he have no interest to hide; and will no more fear the obfervations of his enemy than the regards of his friend. Scipio brought into his camp with the fame confidence the spies of the Romans and Carthaginians. Julius Cæfar fent back Domitius, after taking him prisoner; despised Labienus, the deferter, though acquainted with his fecrets; and often burnt the dispatches of the enemies without reading them.

The title of ferenissime is given to kings, to teach them that their rank places them above the feat of the passions, and that they

ought to be inacceffible to all the tempefts they raife. Nothing is more dangerous than a king who deceives; nothing more ridiculous for himfelf, or more fatal to his fubjects. On his word is established their hope and tranquillity. Why should he be false, whose interest it is that all under him should be true? Nor let him be ungrateful: for ingratitude destroys the very sinews of a flate. He ought to refuse himself to no one. Teach him that he is not born for himfelf. but for the republic; and that he is in his proper employment when occupied with the affairs of his fubjects. He must work for their happiness, and watch for their preservation. There is nothing more glorious; but nothing is more toilsome. It is a delightful and honourable fervitude. Prompt to recompense, flow to punish, a good king ought to treat criminals as a good furgeon treats his patients, with all the care and tenderness possible, shedding tears for the pain he is obliged to give. A king muft not punish a guilty subject as he would a proud enemy; but ever have this maxim engraved on his heart, "Clemency and virtue affimilate to God." A spleadorsh hidemouled we say

In fine, a king ought to ferve as the model of his subjects. By his character they ought to regulate their own. He is responsible for

all the crimes they commit after his example. Let your prince be irreproachable in his manners. Teach him to despise luxury, and trample voluptuousness under his feet. Let him fuffer no debauchery in his kingdom, and, above all, in his armies. Horfes, books, and arms, these ought to be his amusements; war, peace, and justice, his occupations. Let him read the lives of illustrious men, that he may form himfelf after them. He should consider them as his models and guides in the path to glory. Their great actions will warm his foul, and four him on to the like. O, how glorious is that ambition that fprings from virtue! You may present to your prince a pattern of every virtue without going far. If love does not blind me. I know no one more perfect than that of his uncle, the divine king Robert; whose death has proved, by the calamities that have followed it, how necessary his life was to his people. He was great, wife, kind, and magnanimous! In a word, he was the king of kings! His nephew can do nothing better than tread in his Steps. In the same course of the problems

'You feel, my lord, the burden with which you are charged; but a great man finds nothing hard or weighty when he is fure he is beloved. At the head of your pupil's counfels, the confidant of all his fecrets, you are as dear to him as Chiron was to Achilles, as Achates to Æneas, and as Lelius to Scipio. Complete what you have begun. Love accomplishes all things; he who partakes the honour should participate in the labour. Adieu! You are the glory of our country, and of your own. I have faid a great deal; but I have left much more unsaid."

Petrarch made use of the same courier to answer a letter of Barbatus de Sulmone, who lamented he had not found him at Rome when he went to gain the jubilee, and begged he would fend him his Africa. 'You fpeak of our not meeting at Rome as a misfortune; I hold it to have been providential. If we had met in that great city, we should have been more occupied with the arts and the sciences than with our fouls; and should have fought to ornament our understandings rather than to purify our hearts. The fciences are most agreeable food for the mind: but what a void do they leave in the heart, if they are not directed to their true and perfect end! As to my Africa, if it ever fees the day, it shall visit you; but it has languished of late through the negligence of its mafter, and the obstacles of fortune.

'I am now freed from many embarrassments, and my mind approaches rather nearer that point to which it ought to arrive. I hope, however, to be always making some little progress, and to be learning something every day, till death closes my eyes: at least, as said a wise old man, I will strive so to do: and what gives me hopes I shall succeed is, the passions that troubled my soul have almost ceased to torment me; and I slatter myself in a little time to be wholly exempted from their power. Adieu, my dear Barbatus. If we should not be able to meet in this world, we shall see one another again in the heavenly Jerusalem!' Avignon, 1352.

The pope's sickness detained Petrarch a long time at Avignon, and retarded the decision of the greatest affairs: it began about autumn. A malignant humour broke out in his face; it swelled prodigiously, and he was judged to be in great danger. In the month of December his condition terribly alarmed those who were interested in him. He was a little better in January, and they profited by this gleam of health to assemble the consistories for necessary business; in one of which the affair of Naples was decided: but this was only a false hope; and we see, by a letter of Petrarch to the bishop

of Cavaillon, that he relapfed soon after. This prelate went and passed sive days at Vaucluse, without acquainting Petrarch, who complains of it in a letter, as follows:

'And could you pass five days without me in my Transalpine Helicon? I was so near to you, that, had you wanted any thing easy to procure, I should have heard if you had called me. Why did you envy me this fweet confolation? I should complain bitterly, if you had not compensated your negligence to me by your indulgence to my works, with which I find you have passed the days and the nights. It is not conceivable that, in the midst of so many poets, historians, philosophers, and faints, you should give the preference to my trifles. I owe this to your tender blindness for me. My housekeeper tells me you had a mind to carry away fome of my books, and did not dare to do it without my confent. Ought I not from this to fear some coolness on your part? Use your pleasure, my dear father! Do not you know that all I have is yours? In hellerstan

'I carried your letter to cardinal Taillerand, our master. He thanks you; and orders me to tell you he has long determined never to importune the pope for any advantage to himfelf. He is inaccessible to all inordinate de-

fires: it is rather to the turn of his mind, than the greatness of his fortune, he owes this manner of thinking. You know the public news. The king of Sicily has at last obtained the crown he has fighed for so long. God grant that his peace with the king of Hungary may be lasting. Our pope came back from death's door, and is returned thither again. He would have been well long ago, if he had not about him a gang of physicians, whom I look on as the plagues of the rich. Cardinal d'Ostie is this moment expiring. He has lived long enough, according to nature; but his death is a loss to the republic.'

In the beginning of March the pope fent a young man on some business to Petrarch. After inquiring about the pope's disorder, he charged the young man expressly to desire the pontiff from him to take care of the physicians, and recollect the epitaph of that emperor:

The young man, who was extremely ignorant, related what had been told him in a very dark and confused manner. The pope, who highly esteemed the sentiments of Petrarch, sent the young man back to him, with an order to write

I was killed by the multitude of phylicians.

down what was told him. In obedience to

'Holy father! I shudder at the account of your fever! Compare me not, however, to those slatterers whom the satirist describes, who are drowned in tears if they see a friend cry, or who sweat when he says I am hot. I rather resemble the man of whom Cicero speaks, who trembled for the welfare of Rome because his own was concerned. My health depends upon yours. I will trouble you with few words; conscious who it is that addresses the divine ears of his holy father, and of the state he is in at present.

'I tremble to fee your bed always furrounded with physicians, who are never agreed, because it would be a reproach for the second to think as the first, and only repeat what he had said before. "It is not to be doubted," as Pliny says, "that, desiring to raise a name by their discoveries, they make experiments upon us, and thus barter away our lives." We see in this profession what we see in no other. We conside at once in those who call themselves physicians, though there is nothing so dangerous as a mistake in this matter: but a stattering hope hides the danger; and there is no

law for the punishment of extreme ignorance, no example of revenge. Physicians learn their trade at our expence: by the means of killing they become perfect in the art of curing; and they alone are permitted to murder with impunity.

'Holy father! confider as your enemies the crowd of physicians that beset you. It is in our age we behold verified the prediction of old Cato, who announced that corruption would be general when the Greeks should have transmitted the sciences, and, above all, the art of physic. Whole nations have done without this art, and were, perhaps, much better, and lived longer than we do. The Roman republic, according to Pliny, was without phyficians for fix hundred years, and was never in a more flourishing state. But fince it is now decided that we are neither to live nor die without them, at least make a choice from the multitude, and felect not the man who can display the most eloquence or knowledge, but who has the most attachment towards you. Forgetting their profession, they issue from their retreats to make irruptions into the forests of poets, and the fields of orators. More occupied with shining than with curing, they brawl round a fick bed, making a jumble of the thoughts of Cicero, and the aphorisms of Hippocrates. The sickness increases; no matter, if they succeed in sine sayings, and can gain a character for eloquence. To avoid the reproaches your physicians might cast on me, I have uttered nothing which is not drawn from Pliny, who has said more of this profession than of any other; and who also writes thus.: "A physician that has the gift of a sluent speech becomes the arbiter of our life or death."

'The interest that I take, holy father, in your preservation, carries me further than I intended. I will add but one word more: look upon that physician as an affassin who has more prate than experience, more noise than wisdom. Say to him as the old man in Plautus, "Go about your business: you was sent for to cure, and not to harangue." Add to this, a good diet, and, above all, a cheerful mind, which is never discouraged. By these means, restoring yourself to health, you will preserve the welfare of your servants, and of the church, which, while you are sick, must languish and decay.'

Petrarch passed the month of April at Vaucluse. Every thing, particularly the fixth of that month, recalled to him the remembrance of Laura.

^{&#}x27;When I am feated on my green enamelled

bank, when I hear the warbling of the birds, the rustling of the leaves, agitated by the zephyr, or the murmurs of my clear stream, I think I see, I hear her, whom earth conceals, and whom heaven will bring to light. From afar she answers to my sighs, and asks me, with kindness, why I shed so many tears! "Ought you to complain?" says she. "My death has rendered me immortal; and my eyes, that appeared closed, are opened to everlasting light!"

'There is no place fo favourable to the state of my heart, or where I enjoy greater liberty. In these delightful vallies there are a thousand hidden retreats formed for tender sighs: Love has not in Cytherus, Gnidus, or Paphos, such delightful asylums as these. All the objects around talk to me of love! All invite me to love for ever!

'How often, trembling and alone, do I feek Laura in these shades! Blest soul! who dost enlighten my dark and gloomy nights; what transports do I feel when you thus cheer me by your presence!

'Oh, Death! in one fad moment you burst assunder the bond that united the most virtuous foul with the most pefect form! In one fad moment you deprived me of my all! I am weary of every thing around me. But Laura

pities; she sometimes comes to my relief. Ah! could I paint her heavenly attractions, could I express the charms of her immortal mind, when she deigns to revisit earth, and consoles me with her divine converse, I should move to compassion the slinty heart!

'Zephyrus returns; he brings with him the mild feason, the flowers, herbs, and grass, his dear children. Progne warbles, Philomela sighs, the heavens become serene, and the vallies smile. Love re-animates the air, the earth, and the sea: all creatures feel his sovereign power. But, alas! this charming season can only renew my sighs! The melody of the birds, the splendour of the slowers, the charms of beauty, are in my eyes like the most gloomy deserts; for Laura is no more!

While Petrarch was leading this folitary life at Vaucluse, the physicians at Avignon, extremely irritated with what he had said of them in the pope's letter, inveighed furiously against him. One of them, born in the mountains, and now grown old and toothless, thinking it necessary to revenge the cause of the faculty, caballed against him, and wrote a letter full of the most atrocious invectives, in which he threatened he would write phillipics against Petrarch more pointed than those of Cicero

or Demosthenes. 'I did not discover at first,' says Petrarch, 'the author of this letter. Struck in the dark by Nisus, I feared lest returning it I might hit Eurialus. At last I found out it was the production of a mountaineer.'

At this time there was a report that the emperor was going to enter Italy. Petrarch, who was always folicitous for the glory of his country, and had long wished for this event, wrote the following answer to an abbe in Italy, who had informed him it was a false report:

'I am forry to hear it. The journey would have been glorious to Cæfar, and ufeful to the world. But I believe he is contented to live, and has no ambition to reign. If he shuts himfelf up in Germany, and abandons Italy, he may be emperor of the Teutons, but he will never be emperor of Rome. It is not surprising that neither letters nor discourses have made any impression on him, when glory, the merit of a good action, and the finest occasion of undertaking it, can have no effect. I should be furprifed and distressed at this news, if I had not learned, by experience, that we ought not to embarraís ourselves with the things of this world, and that all done therein refembles a fpider's web. For what then should I grieve? I am only a pilgrim, a traveller on earth; for few, or many years, as it shall be decreed. When I die, I shall go to my own country. Italy will be always where it is, between the Alps and the two seas. If an earthly emperor denies it succour, it will meet with aid from the Emperor of heaven!'

All the world, and particularly the people of Avignon, were defirous of feeing Petrarch's letters. Those who received them were so delighted with their fpirit, they could not help shewing them to their friends. As there was keen fatire in many of them, this raifed him enemies: and they accused him of having attacked the authority of the pope, in his folicitude to have the holy fee removed to Rome. One of his friends, who had been the innocent cause of these commotions, said to him, 'You are very hardy to attack the physicians: do not you then fear the maladies for which they must be consulted?' 'I am not immortal,' replied Petrarch: 'but should these disorders attack me, I expect nothing from their skill. I do not repent I have wounded them by the truth: If this makes enemies, I shall have enough, or I must keep silence for ever. With respect to the holy see, I know that Peter's chair was every where with him, and that it is at present wherever his fuccessor is found; though there are places more holy and convenient than others: the master of the house chooses that which pleases him, and honours that which he prefers: the mifreprefentations of my cenfurers never entered into my mind. I never prefume to prescribe the seat where the master of all places should be fixed. I have not drawn my opinion from the flender fountain of the decretals, but from the fource of St. Jerome; who fays, if we feek for authority, the world is greater than a city. Wherever the bishop shall be, at Rome, Constantinople, or Alexandria, it is always the same power, and the same priesthood. What I fay, and what I have faid, is this: in whatever place the chair of St. Peter is fixed, it is honourable to be feated in it.' Thefe aspersions gave rise to some letters of justification, which are called the invectives of Petrarch; and to a work folicitously defired by the friends of Petrarch; and much more valuable than the former, which he styled his letter to posterity. from whence many things in thefe memoirs are taken, and which were neglected by the former biographers of Petrarch.

At this time cardinal Gui de Boulogne lost his mother, the wife of Robert, the feventh count of Auvergne and Boulogne. This pious princess, after having been at Rome to gain the jubilee, retired into the convent of the Clariftes, where she had a daughter who was a nun, and she died soon after. The cardinal, who was extremely fond of her, was sensibly touched with this loss, and received a consolatory letter from Petrarch, who in it mentions the great care of his mother from the beginning of life, and that she had even borne the burden of this beloved son a month longer than usual.

The bishop of Florence, who was then at Avignon, and just fetting out for his diocese, told Petrarch he would not quit the country till he had feen the marvellous fountain of Vaucluse, I shall be glad also, added he, to behold you in your hermitage, and to judge myself of the life you lead there. I am going to vifit the monastery of St. Anthony: as I return you may depend on feeing me.' Petrarch, who knew this prelate was a man of his word, and expeditions in his operations, made hafte to Vaucluse to prepare for a person of his rank, and collected every delicacy the country afforded. On the day this prelate was expected every thing was ready. It ftruck twelve, but no bishop appeared. Petrarch, who had been at the expence of a great feaft, grew very impatient, and, in his agitation,

imagined these lines to the prior of the Holy Apostles: a good about the prior of the Holy

There is no more faith in the world. We can depend on no one: the more I fee, the more I feel this. Even your bishop, on whom I thought I might fafely rely, he deceives me. He promised to dine with me to-day. I have done for him what I never did for any one: I have put my house into commotion to treat him well; a conduct quite opposite to my character. He fears, no doubt, that he shall meet with the repast of a poet; and deigns not to visit the place where the great king Robert, where cardinals and princes have been a fome. to fee the fountain; others, shall I have the vanity to fay it? to visit me. But if I am unworthy to receive such a guest, it feems to me he is ftill more fo for breaking his word.

While Petrarch was thus filently venting his perturbations, he heard a great noise: it was the bishop, who was just arrived. When they were at table, the discourse fell upon Nicholas Acciajoli, the seneschal of Naples. The bishop told Petrarch he had quarrelled with his best friend, John Barrili, one of the greatest lords in the court of Naples. 'I am grieved at this quarrel,' said the bishop. You are the friend

coved that effections I have a tanageous to

of both, and should make it up between them. Petrarch undertook it; and, to bring it to bear. he wrote a letter to both united, which was to be only opened and read by them together: it contained the strongest motives for their reconciliation. At the fame time he wrote one to each of them in private; which was kind, infinuating, and tending to the fame end. He concluded by befeeching them to give one whole day to the reading of that letter addreffed to both. The grand fenefchal had wrote to Petrarch that he would raife a Parnassus to him between Salernus and Mount Vefuvius. He replied, though he had already two, he would not refuse that he offered him: "Confecrated under your aufpices," fays he, 'this new Parnassus cannot but delight me.'

All these letters, dated the 24th of May, 1352, were given to the bishop, who took leave of Petrarch, and set out for Florence. Some months after he received answers from the grand seneschal, which informed him his stratagem had succeeded beyond what he could have hoped, and that it had brought about a perfect reconciliation.

Petrarch obtained for his fon John, this year, a canonship at Verona. He might have procured him elsewhere a more advantageous si-

tuation; but as this young man was at that critical age when the passions begin to unfold, he rather chose to put him under the care of his two friends, William de Pastrengo and Renaud de Villesranche, both established at Verona. He ordered him to set out immediately to take possession of this benefice, with the letters for his friends, to whom he recommended the young canon, and besought them earnestly to watch over his conduct. To Renaud he committed the improvement of his understanding; to William, the forming of his character, and the regulation of his manners. This is the picture Petrarch gives of his son in his letter to Renaud:

You well know the young man I fend you, unless a sudden alteration in him should prevent it. You are well convinced how dear he is to me. It was his destiny to quit an able master at a very tender age. As far as I can judge, he has a tolerable understanding: but I am not certain of this, for I do not sufficiently know him. When he is with me, he always keeps silence. Whether my presence consuses or is irksome to him, I know not; or whether the shame of his ignorance closes his lips. I doubt it is the latter; for I perceive but too clearly his antipathy for letters: I never saw it stronger in any one:

he dreads and detests nothing so much as a book: yet he has been brought up at Parma, at Verona and Padua.

'I fometimes direct a few sharp pleasantries at this disposition. "Take care," I say, "left you should eclipse your neighbour Virgil!" When I talk in this manner, he looks down, and blushes. On this behaviour alone I build my hope. He has modesty, and a docility which renders him susceptible of every impression made on him."

In the month of June, 1352, the people of Avignon beheld a very extraordinary spectacle: this was the entrance of that formidable tribune, Rienzi. We shall here relate the circumstances that befell him after his fall, and that brought him to the tribunal of the pope.

After he left the capitol, he hid himself in the castle of St. Ange. But, still in hopes of some change, he got an angel painted on the walls of a church, with the arms of Rome, holding in her hand a cross with a dove at the top, and trampling under her seet an asp, a bassilist, a lion, and a dragon; and he went in disguise to behold the effect this painting produced. When he saw the people cover it with mud, he found his power was at an end: he

fet out the next day for Naples, where he arrived in January, 1348. The king of Hungary, then master of it, received Rienzi kindly, with whom he had some time had a secret correfpondence. The news of this disturbed the pope, who by his legate defired the prince to fend to him that perverse and excommunicated heretic. Whether the king of Hungary feared to displease the pope, or perceived that Rienzi was a madman not to be relied upon, he forfook him. He then went over to duke Warner, and defired him to re-establish him at Rome; but this did not fucceed. Perceiving himself abandoned by all the world, and without resource, he wandered about Italy for some time, and then retired among the hermits of Mount Majella, where he passed the year 1349. In the year of the jubilee, 1350, he mixed in disguise with the strangers who went to Rome, and found that city more likely to favour his attempts from the diforders that again took place in it. There was a fedition supposed to be of his raifing. A mob befieged the legate's palace, and two arrows were drawn upon him from an iron grate, one of which pierced through his hat, but did not wound him. The cardinal, who knew that Rienzi was at Rome,

wrote to the pope what he thought of this matter, and fent him the arrow with his letter.

The pope wrote to the legate to continue the proceedings against Rienzi; and, if he could lay hold of him, to send him to Avignon: in the mean time, to declare him incapable of any office, and to interdict him fire and water. Rienzi, on this, was determined to throw himself on the protection of the emperor Charles, though he had offended him when he was governor at Rome, by citing him to his tribunal; but he believed this prince was too generous to take revenge on an enemy who delivered himself up to his mercy.

He set out, therefore, from Rome, disguised as usual, with the caravans of pilgrims; and went to Prague, where the emperor, who was also king of Bohemia, held his court. He went first to the house of a Florentine apothecary, whom he desired to go with him to the emperor, to whom he addressed this singular speech: 'There is at Mount Majella a hermit called brother Ange, who has sent an ambassador to the pope, and who sends me to you to inform you, that till now God the Father and Son have reigned in the world; but that for

the future it will be the Holy Ghoft.' At these words the emperor discovered it was Rienzi; and replied, 'I believe you are the tribune of Rome.' 'It is true,' faid Rienzi, 'I am that tribune whom they have driven out of Rome.' The emperor fent for the ambaffadors, bishops, and doctors, and made Rienzi repeat in their prefence what he had faid; to which he added, 'The perfon fent to the pope will use the same language; the pope will have him burned, and he will be raifed again the third day by the power of the Holy Ghost. The people of Avignon will take up arms, and kill the pope and the cardinals; and they will elect an Italian pope, who will transport the holy fee to Rome. That pope will crown you king of Sicily, and of Calabria, with a crown of gold; and he will crown me king of Rome, and all Italy, with a crown of filver.'

They made him write down what he had faid. The emperor fent it to the pope, sealed with his own seal; and had the tribune carefully guarded till he should receive an answer from the pope. As Rienzi was accused of herefy, the emperor, in respect to the authority of the church, put him into the hands of the archbishop of Prague, who also wrote to the

pope to know his will concerning him. In the mean time he treated his prisoner with kindness, but took care to have him well guarded.

Clement returned the emperor thanks for the important fervice he had rendered the church in stopping this fon of Belial; and defired he might be fent him under a good guard. or take his trial at Prague, if he chose it. But Rienzi, when he heard this, demanded to be fent in person to the pope; said he was ready to fubmit to his judgment, and to be punished if he was found guilty. He wrote for this purpose a long letter to cardinal Gui de Boulogne, "whose immense bounty," fays he, "I have proved;" and to defire that, after his examination, he might be permitted to take the habit of St. John of Jerusalem, having wished ever fince his fall to confecrate himself to that holy order. "My marriage ought not to be an obftacle," added he, "because my little wife will become a religious as well as myself." It appears, by this letter of Rienzi, that his wife, his children, his nephews, and his fifter, were hid at Prague, and lived upon charity. From the prisons of Prague he was brought to those of Limoges, and did not get to Avignon till this year. In all the places through which he passed the people. came out to meet him, and offered him deli-

verance; to which he always answered, that he went freely and of his own accord to Avignon. His march had more the air of a conqueror than a criminal. Petrarch speaks of it thus: 'This tribune, formerly fo powerful, fo dreaded, now the most unhappy of men, has been brought here as a prisoner. I praised and I advised him. I loved his virtue, and I admired his courage. I thought Rome was going to resume under him the empire she formerly held; and that, in exciting the emulation of Rienzi, I should participate his glory. Ah! if he had continued as he began, he would have been praifed and admired by all the world. This man, who made the wicked tremble, and who gave the brightest hopes to the good, is come before this court humbled and despised. He who was never seen without a train of the greatest lords in Italy, and a multitude of people, marches now between two ferjeants! The populace run out to meet him, eager to fee the man of whom they have heard fo much.

The moment he arrived, the fovereign pontiff committed his cause to three princes of the church, to determine his punishment.

there? I knew not whether he hoped in me for fuccour, or what I could do to ferve him.

' In the process against him, they accuse him of nothing criminal: they do not even impute to him the having joined with bad men, the abandoning the public cause, or the having fled from the capitol, when he might have lived and died there with honour. It is his undertaking, not the end, they reproach him with. In my mind what they accuse him of is to his glory; that the republic should be free, and that at Rome only they should treat of the affairs of the republic. And is this a crime worthy of the wheel and of the gibbet? A Roman citizen afflicted to fee his country, which is by right the mistress of the world, become the flave of the vilest men! This is the foundation of his charge! It now remains to be determined what is the punishment due to fuch a crime. His beginning was glorious; but all on a fudden he changed his conduct. I wrote him a fevere letter on the occasion. He abandoned the good, and delivered himfelf over to the wicked; but of this he is not accused. Whatever be his end, his beginning is ever to be admired.' of apparence. Astura.

Clement was glad to have Rienzi in his power: he was brought before him, and did not appear the least disconcerted. He maintained that they accused him unjustly of herefy,

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and demanded that his cause should be re-examined with more equity. The pope made him no answer, and ordered them to put him in the prison prepared for him. It was a high tower in which he was shut up, fastened by the foot with a chain which hung from the top. Excepting this, he was treated with mildness, and supplied from the pope's kitchen; and they gave him books; among others, Livy and the bible, for of these he was particularly fond. We are not told who were the three princes of the church to whom his cause was committed, but it is supposed they were the cardinals of Boulogne, of Taillerand, and of Deux.

The crimes imputed to him were, drawing away the city of Rome from the dominion of the pope; declaring it free; and pretending that the rights of the Roman empire refided ftill in the people of Rome. Some faid he merited death, and others, that he should be declared infamous, and incapable of transmitting any estate to posterity. Rienzi demanded a judgment according to law, and to be allowed an advocate to defend his cause: but this was denied him. This enraged Petrarch, who wrote a long, but secret, letter to the people of Rome to do something in his favour; but it produced no effect. The contents of it were, that Rome

ought to be the monarch of the world, and the arbiter of all human decisions. Rienzi, as it happened, had no occasion for it. His affairs changed on a sudden; and he owed his prefervation to a most extraordinary circumstance, which shews the spirit that prevailed in the court of the pope. It is Petrarch who informs us of it, in a letter to the prior of the Holy Apostles.

'I have learned,' fays he, 'by the letters of my friends, it being rumoured at Avignon that Rienzi was a great poet, they thought it a kind of facrilege to put a man to death of fo facred a profession; as Cicero speaks in his oration for the poet Licinius Archias, who had been his mafter. I own I am overwhelmed with joy to fee that men, who are not acquainted with the Muses themselves, should grant them this fingular privilege; and, under the madow of their name, should fave a man from death, odious to his judges, and whom they had agreed to find guilty of a capital crime. What could they have obtained more under the reign of Augustus, in the time when the greatest honours were paid them, and they came from all parts to behold this unparalleled prince, the mafter of kings, and the friend of poets! I I felicitate the Mufes and Rienzi! Heaven for-

fo many nek companions: I

bid I should envy him a name which is of fuch fervice to him. But if you ask me what I think? I answer, that Rienzi is a very eloquent man; skilful, infinuating, and a good orator; with few thoughts, but an agreeable vivacity in his compositions. I believe he may have read all the poets; but I think he no more merits the name of a poet, than he would that of an embroiderer for wearing an embroidered habit. Horace fays, that to be a poet it is not fufficient to make verses; and I even doubt whether Rienzi ever made a fingle verse! I thought you would be pleased to hear of an event in which the life of a man was in danger because he wished to save the republic, and to learn that the same man escapes the peril under the name of a poet, though he never made a fingle verfe. To the tad W to someth has light.

fuch a redemption! For it is certain, that before fuch judges Virgil would have passed for a forcerer rather than a poet.

In another letter, wrote to an abbe not named, he shows what a rage for poetry prevailed at this time in the city of Avignon.

'Never were the words of Horace more exactly verified: "Wife or ignorant, we all write verses!" It is a mournful confolation to have

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fo many fick companions; I had rather be difeased alone: I am tormented by my own diforders, and those of others; they do not let me breathe. Verses and epistles rain in upon me every day from all parts of the world, from France, Germany, Greece, and England. I do not know myfelf; they take me for the judge of all human understanding. If I anfwer all the letters I receive, no mortal will be fo full of bufiness: if I do not, they will say I am difdainful and infolent. If I cenfure, I shall be an odious critic; if I praise, a nauseous flatterer. But this would be nothing, if the contagion had not reached the Roman court, What do you think of our lawyers, and our physicians? They no longer consult Justinian or Esculapius: deaf to the cries of the fick, and of their clients, they will liften to none but Virgil and Homer. What do I fay? Even labourers, carpenters, and masons, abandon their hammers and shovels to lay hold of Apollo and the Muses. Do you ask why formerly poets were fo rare, and this plague fo common at present? It was because poetry demands an elevated mind, fuperior to every thing, and free from the cares of this world: it must have a foul made on purpose, which it is rare to meet with, from whence it happens that there oral of nonshines with his

are such a number of versisiers in the streets, and so few poets on Parnassus: they go to the foot of the mountain, but scarcely one ascends it. Judge what pleasure those must have who attain its summit, since those who only view it at a distance, abandon for it their affairs and their wealth, however avaricious they are? I felicitate my country for having produced some spirits worthy to mount upon Pegasus, and rife along with him: if love to it does not blind me, I see such at Florence, at Padua, at Verona, at Sulmone, and at Naples: every where else we behold nothing but rhimers, who creep along upon the ground.

I reproach myself for having by my example contributed to this madness. My laurels were too green, and I am now tormented for my desire of obtaining them. In my house, and out of doors, wherever I set my feet, versifying frantics surround me, overwhelm me with questions, brawl and dispute, and talk of things which would have been quite beyond the aim of Homer or of Virgil. I am afraid lest the magistrates should accuse me of having corrupted the republic. The other day a father came up to me in tears, and said, "See how you treat me, who have always loved you. You have been the death of my only

fon." I was so struck with these words, and the air of the man who spoke them, that I remained fome time motionless, At last. recovering myfelf, I replied, that I neither knew him nor his fon. "It is of little confequence whether you know him or not," replied the old man: "he knows you too well. I have ruined myfelf to bring him up to the law, and now he tells me he will follow no fteps but yours. I am thus disappointed of all, my hopes; for I much fear he will never be either a lawyer or a poet." I fmiled at this, and those who were with me; but the old man, went away in grief and rage, Happily this contagion has not yet reached Vaucluse, the air of which is, perhaps, not very susceptible of foreign impressions: there is only my fisherman, who, though old, advises himself, as Perfius fays, to dream on Parnassus. If this delirium should spread, shepherds, fishermen, labourers, and the beafts themselves, will rumihate and bellow out verses.'

In the beginning of August, 1352, the cardinals of Boulogne and Taillerand sent by the pope's order for Petrarch. He obeyed the summons, and found it was an order to receive the place of secretary to the pope. He represented to his patrons and friends that he could never give up liberty and leifure for any worldly gain. 'This wealth,' fays he, "would be a real mifery: a yoke of gold or filver would not be lighter to me than one of wood or of lead. I despised riches when I stood in need of them, and it would be a shame to run after them now I can do without them. We should proportion the provisions for our journey to the length of our route. I am approaching the end of my race, and ought to be more occupied with the place of rest, than the accommodations on the way.' To this he adds, that it would have been more honest, and more excusable, to defire thefe advantages when he had a brother and friends who were indigent; that he was no longer in this fituation, his brother being a Carthufian, and all his friends dead or wellplaced: that he wanted nothing at present; but, should he once open the door to worldly defires, he should want every thing. He therefore with tears conjured these friends, who had laid a thousand snares to gain this point, to let him live in his own way, to preferve his honour, and not to impose a burden, the weight of which would overwhelm him. All his representations and prayers were to no purpose;

tion to their utenoil extent, thus it mucht four

they dragged him to his footstool who, as one fays, opens the heavens with his finger, and governs the stars by the motion of his cap.

The pope, who loved Petrarch, and always received him with pleasure, said many obliging things to him. He had always wished to attach a man of his merit to his court; and he thought it was incumbent on him to sacrifice his liberty for an office at once honourable and advantageous. 'Single I stood,' says he, 'mournful and dismayed: my head was presented to the sacrifice, when fortune befriended, and opened to me the door of liberty.'

All the world agreed that Petrarch was well fitted to discharge the employment to which they destined him, for his wisdom and sidelity. They only reproached him with one fault, that his style was too elevated for the church of Rome. He thought at first they meant this in irony: but his friends, and particularly the cardinals Boulogne and Taillerand, assured him that he must lower his tone, and not take such high slights. When he heard this, his joy was that of a prisoner, who views his prison door set open to him. He was desired to write something in a more easy style. Instead of doing this, he stretched the wings of imagination to their utmost extent, that he might soar

above every idea of those who wished to enflave

They gave him the subject. Though it was not a work of imagination and poetry,' fays he, 'Apollo and the Muses did me good fervice. Most of those who read my compofition faid, they could not comprehend a word of it. Others faid, they supposed I wrote in Greek, or fome other barbarous language. They would fend me to school at my age to learn a low and creeping ftyle. With Cicero, I know but three styles; the sublime, which he calls grave; the moderate, which he calls middling; and the simple, which he calls extenuated. In this age, scarce any one has attained the first, and few arrive at the fecond: the third is the ftyle of the many. They tell me to lower my style: that is impossible, I answer, because I am at the lowest already: lower than that is no style at all, but a base and abject manner of speaking. Thus I am out of the difficulty, and my liberty is preferved. I feel the pleasure more fensibly, for having been on the brink of flavery. I am delighted that people who believe themselves elevated, have difcovered that I flew beyond their fphere. I will never more expose myself to the same peril; nothing shall ever tempt me; I will be deaf to the prayers of my friends, and confult myfelf alone in matters fo effential to my peace.'

Petrarch having thus escaped the greatest danger he had ever run, after having thanked God for his deliverance, set out for Vaucluse, where he passed the remainder of August in a delightful tranquillity, waiting with impatience for the autumn to return to Italy. Writing to a friend, he gives this pleasing account of his calm employments at Vaucluse:

Nothing pleafes me fo much as my perfeet freedom. I rife at midnight; I go out at break of day. I study in the fields as in my closet: I think, read, and even write there. I combat idleness: I chase away sleep, indulgence, and pleasures. In the day I run over the craggy mountains, the humid vallies, and shelter myself in the profound caverns. Sometimes I walk, attended only by my reflections, along the banks of the Sorgia. Meeting with no person to distract my mind, I become every day more calm; and fend my cares fometimes before; fometimes I leave them behind me. I recall the past, and deliberate on the future. Fond of the place I am in, every fituation becomes in turn agreeable to me, except Avignou. I find here Athens, Rome, and Florence, as my imagination desires; here I enjoy all my friends; not only those with whom I have lived, but those who have long been dead, and whom I know only by their works.'

The cardinal de Boulogne set out for Paris in the beginning of September, to negociate a peace between the kings of France and England. Petrarch went to take leave of him, and request his orders for Italy. The cardinal told him he should be only one month away, and he hoped he should find him at his return. He took with him his faithful Achates, Peter, abbe of St. Benigne. The cardinal wanted to procure Petrarch fome good establishment in France; and wrote upon the road to defire him to wait at least till he should have written to him from Paris, upon a great affair which concerned him. 'I ask you,' fays he, 'only to wait one month. In obedience to these orders Petrarch passed September and October at one winter night? Who can represent nongivA

At this time nothing was spoken of but the cruel war between the Genoese and the Venetians: their losses were on each side extreme.

Petrarch wrote a letter to the Genofe, who were the victors, to induce them to peace;

Troy was reduced to curdens. . Who can paint

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and collects together the motives for their union with the Venetians in a very artful manner:

I applied at first, fays he, 'to the Venetians, my neighbours: I thought it my duty. As a man, I cannot but be touched with the miseries of humanity: as an Italian, I ought to be fensible to the calamities of my country; and I believe no one feels them more. I address you with the more confidence, knowing with whom I have to do. No nation is more terrible in war, or more amiable in peace. You have conquered; it is now time to repose. In the heat of combat, it is valour that spills the blood of men; but after it is over, humanity should close their wounds. There are none but favage beafts with whom carnage fucceeds victory! Who can read, without fluddering, of a battle which lasted two days and one winter night? Who can represent the horrors of it? The dreadful bluftering of the wind, the rattling of the fails, the clash of arms! The dashing of the vessels against one another, the histing of the arrows slying through the darkness, and the cries and groans of the wounded! To you may be applied what Virgil faid of that famous night in which Troy was reduced to cinders: "Who can paint the shocking carnage which she covered with her mantle, or shed tears enough to bewail the blood spilt in it?"

'Reflect at prefent that your enemies, as well as yourselves, are Italians; that you were once friends, and that your quarrel is only about rank and superiority. Would to God that, renouncing a war which has fo flight a foundation, you would unite your arms to punish the perfidious instigators of it, and then turn them to the deliverance of the holy land from the Turks. This would indeed be ufeful to the world, and to posterity! Great cities in peace are like those strong bodies who appear healthy without, but have many internal maladies, occasioned by a too long repose. Motion and agitation are necessary to cities as well as to men, to diffipate the bad humours these inward difeafes produce, and which are much more dangerous than those which appear without. This merits your attention. It is best to live in peace when we can; but when that is impossible, a foreign war is preferable to a war at home.

'I cannot read the stars; but I venture to predict, that in foreign wars you will always have the advantage, and that you have only to fear interior enemies. How many examples

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are there of cities whom nothing could have destroyed but wars with one another! You are becoming a proof of this yourselves. Recollect the time when you were the most flourishing of all people: I was then a child, and remember it only as a dream. Your country appeared a celestial paradise: such furely were the Elyfian fields! What a beautiful object towards the fea! Those towers which rose to heaven! Those palaces where art excelled nature! Those kills covered with cedars, vines, and olives! Those houses of marble built under the rocks! Those delicious retreats on the shore, whose fand shines like gold, on which the foaming waves, dashing their crystal heads, attract the eyes of the pilot, and stop the motion of the rowers! Can we behold without admiration the more than mortal figures that inhabited your city, and all the delights of life with which your woods and fields abounded! Those who entered it thought they were got into the temple of felicity and joy. It might be faid at this time of Genoa, as anciently of Rome, it was the city of kings!

'You were then masters of the sea, and without your leave no one dared to fail on it. From this happy period descend to the time when pride, luxury, and envy, the common effects of prosperity, subdued your nation, and reduced it to that mifery your enemies attempted in vain. Great gods! What a difference! That beautiful shore, that magnificent city, appeared uncultivated, deserted, and ruined! Those superb palaces, become the trading-places of thieves, struck the passenger with horror instead of admiration! In fine, your city, belieged by its exiles, the Dorias and Spinolas on the fide of the Gibbelines, affifted by the Milanese, suffered all the plagues of war; when king Robert, the glory of our age, who came to its fuccour, remained blocked up in it a whole year. They fought (a thing incredidible and unheard of before) not only on land and fea, but in the air and under the earth.

'After this you were agitated feveral years by intestine commotions, having no enemies but those within your walls; till at last, instructed by past misfortunes, you elected a chief, which is undoubtedly the best situation for a republic. This changed the face of your city; your clouds were dissipated; your quarrels extinguished; and peace, harmony, and justice, were re-established.

'You may now with ease take warning for the future. There is an old proverb which

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fays, "How many things are ill done, because they are done but once!" You may recover what you have lost. You have learned from experience, that human prosperities are sippery and uncertain, and that you owe your missortunes to interior discord. You begin as it were to live again: take care of those rocks on which you have formerly split. Be united among yourselves; love justice and peace: and if you cannot live without war, carry it into foreign countries, where you will always find enemies to contend with.—Avignon, November 1352."

A few days after writing this letter, Petrarch, tired with waiting for the cardinal de Boulogne, went secretly from Avignon, giving it out he was gone for Italy; and he hid himself at Vaucluse. On his arrival there he wrote thus to the cardinal:

You ordered me to wait for you. You was to be absent but a month; but the Grand Monarch, who is attached to you by the bonds of love as well as of blood, the charms of Paris and of the Seine, have made you forget your promise. I am not assonished at it. For my part, the dreary city of Avignon, and the boisterous Rhone, have detained me till now their prisoner: but, no longer able to support that

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fituation, I am come to take refuge in my retreat, and wait your commands. If you continue at Paris, I shall soon set out for Italy, without bidding adieu to my friends, who will detain me a prisoner in that vile city, from whence my fpirit takes its flight, and leaves my body to its fate. The two months I have passed there have appeared to me to be years. The fervice you would do me is, I doubt not, confiderable: your bounties are always fo. I trust my absence will not hurt the interest you take in my friends. If you will bestow upon them what you have destined to me, you will confer on me a great obligation. I have enough, and too much, for the few years that remain of life: I wish for nothing more. You are the kindest, the best of patrons. I flatter myself you will pardon me if I yield to necessity. to which the greatest kings have submitted. I have obeyed you as long as I could.-Vauchife, November.' A straff radio the steam sand the

After having been fome days at Vaucluse, with no news of the cardinal, and despairing of his return, Petrarch determined to set out for Italy. The autumn of this year was uncommonly dry; it had not rained for several months. The weather was bright and serene; he thought he might depend on its continu-

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ance; 'though there is nothing,' fays he, 'we can less reckon upon in winter.' He had in all his former journies always endured excessive heats or violent rains.

He fet out the 16th of November with his books and papers, which he meant to transport to his Parnassus in Italy. He was got a very little way, when the weather clouded, and a heavy rain came on. He was at first tempted to go back; but he took courage, a port being not far off, and continued his route. He must pass through Cavaillon and he wished to stop there to take leave of Philip de Cabaffole. It was almost night when he arrived. The bishop was fick, and had concealed his disorder from Petrarch, that he might not afflict him. He received him as his good angel; tears of joy ran down his face. I am no longer in pain for myfelf, faid he to his brother; with my friend Petrarch health has re-entered my habitation. He was ignorant that Petrarch was going to Italy, and that he meant to reach Durance that night. When he was informed of this, he appeared in fuch extreme grief, and was fo ur, gent with Petrarch to flay at least that night, that he could not deny him. It poured all night, which distressed Petrarch, who had defigned to fet out early in the morning; and he

feared for his books and papers. At last he determined on leaving them behind, and exposing himself alone to the injuries of the weather, to which he was hardened by cuftom, when an unforeseen obstacle stopped his progress. Some of the bishop's fervants told him that the banditti of the Alps were come down to the Var on the fide of Nice, and laid every thing wafte, which rendered it impossible to go that road to Italy; and this was Petrarch's route, that, before he quitted France, he might pass through Montrieux to see his brother Gerard. The bishop expressed great joy at this news; he was perfuaded it would induce Petrarch to renounce his project. Betrarch continued for some time irresolute : but the repeated requests of the bishop, and the violent rains which continued, and rendered the roads impassable, at last determined him to stay, He retired to his chamber to fleep for an hour; but the rain had made way through the roof, and come down upon him. He rose therefore, and faid matins; and then went into the bishop's chamber, whom he found awakened.

He spent two days at Cavaillon; and then fent a part of his servants to Italy, that he might be the more retired, and set out himself, for Vaucluse. The dread of spoiling his books and

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papers influenced him to this determination. 'We fee,' fays he, 'what a conftraint riches are on peace and liberty.' The fine weather returned just as his people were got too far to be recalled. 'It feems,' fays he, 'as if Providence would put a rein on my defire to pass into Italy. He knows better than we do what is for our good, which is not always what is most agreeable to ourselves.'

Petrarch passed the rest of November at Vaucluse, and all the month of December, in which there happened an event that interested all Europe.

Clement VI. was forced at last to yield to the disease which had so long oppressed him. 'He forgot,' said Petrarch, 'or despised, the advice I had given him. The physicians delivered him from the embarrassments of the papacy by improper remedies, and too frequent bleedings. He died the 6th of December, 1352.' Villani says he died of a lingering sever, others of an abscess; and some said that he was poisoned. His body was carried the next day to the church of Notre Dame, where they bestowed on it a very pompous suneral. Various have been the opinions concerning this prince. Villani speaks only of his saults; and the ecclesiastical historians reproach him for not trans-

lating the holy see to Rome; but others own he was one of the greatest men that ever sat in St. Peter's chair; and though he had faults, he had likewise very great and amiable virtues; that he was too fond of women, but he governed his estates in a manner that was a model for all princes. One instance of his influence over a foreign prince does him honour: He ordered Casimir, king of Poland, to send back his mistresses, and to be faithful to his wife. This prince refused at first, but submitted at last, and underwent the penance imposed on him.

Clement had the pleasure of bestowing kingdoms, and gave away more benefices than any one of his predecessors. Nothing was so painful to him as to refuse a request; and when it was not in his power to grant it, he always found some expedient to send the persons away not only contented, but obliged, by his behaviour, He distributed the treasures of the church with a liberal profusion, and expended considerable sums in useful buildings, in marrying orphans, and in relieving noble families who had fallen to decay. Petrarch assures us no one better merited the name he bore; and his clemency was so great, that a person who had offended him grievously, having pre-

fumed afterwards to ask a favour of him, instead of revenge for his former behaviour, he instantly granted his petition.

Clement was naturally eloquent, and spoke without preparation in a very elegant manner: his consistorial discourses, which are in the library at Paris, prove this. He had a singular talent in conveying his sentiments: they appeared the sentiments of those he conversed with, whose hearts he could move at pleasure. He delighted in peace and harmony, and as much as possible stifled every seed of war. He attempted to establish peace between France and England: he accomplished it between Hungary and Naples; and was preparing to unite the Greek and Latin churches.

But Petrarch was never fond of this pope, who was not an Italian, and who had completed the palace of Avignon instead of removing the holy see to Rome. A few days after his death he wrote to the bishop of Cavaillon as follows:

different kind: a golden fish with silver scales, called turtura: my sisherman's son took it in the beautiful water of my sountain. The second is a slat drake, who has been long an inhabitant of its banks: neither the air nor water

could fave it from the pursuit of my dog. The third is an epistle which I have fished myself with the nets of my mind, in the waves where my soul swims in the midst of dangerous rocks. You will have the goodness to keep the two first, and return the last when you have enough of it. You know my reason; truth begets hatred. If this was true in the time of Terence, how much more is it so at present! Read it then in private, and send it back till we shall see what God or fortune shall do for us. I would show it to no other person; you will judge by that of my considence.

The bishop of Cavaillon returned it, and assured Petrarch it gave him much pleasure. It am delighted, replied he, my letter has pleased you. I find I like it better now it has obtained your suffrage. It is addressed to you, because you are the declared enemy of every vice. I send you a second letter to the clergy of Padua, on the death of Ildebrand, our bishop. His virtues were above our highest praise. Compare this letter with that I sent yesterday, and see if my style is as proper for praise as censure. The saults that you will find ascribe to myself, and my excellencies to the nature of the subjects; for in truth it is as easy to praise the one as to blame the other. Who would

not be eloquent in the treating of fuch fub-

The first of these letters was a satire on Clement. Petrarch had before censured him, under the name of Pamphylius, for the little can he took of the flock consided to his trust by Jesus Christ, and for the soft and vain-glorious life that he led, so opposite to the conduct of the primitive Christians; and he threatens him that his Master will soon come and call him to an account.

Clement, under the name of Mitian, replied thus to Pamphylius:

than you are: but know, it is easier to censure the manners of others than to justify one's own. Ungrateful traitor! Have not you denied your Master, and abandoned your slock, to avoid persecution? Did the slock, given to your care by Jesus Christ, ever suffer more than under you! Not a valley in Rome but you have silled with blood. I should be ashamed to lead the forry life in which you glory. "I have chests full of money;" true; and can I do better than make use of it for the sweets and conveniences of life? I would choose my spouse, the church, should be adorned; that at her toilet should be seen that sine looking-glass

presented me by the shepherd of Bisance; and that every one should know her to be a queen. I will not lead my slock, as you do, among thickets and rocks, but into fat pastures. I would have them want for nothing, and enjoy every thing. Heaven forbid that I should be so cruel to separate the he and she goats, the bulls and the heisers! They were intended for companions to each other. Your threatenings give me no concern. The Master I serve is good as well as powerful.'

On the death of Clement, the cardinals felt the necessity of making some reformation in the Roman court: and to do this, they cast their eyes on John Birel, the general of the Carthufians, for his fuccessor. He was a Limosin, famed for the fanctity of his life, and his zeal for the glory of God. No human influence affected him: he preached repentance with power, and he wrote to princes with the utmost freedom to exhort them to reform their lives. The cardinal de Taillerand was alarmed when he faw them inclined to fuch a choice. What are you going to do?' faid he: 'Do not you perceive that this monk, accustomed to govern anchorites, will oblige us all to live like them? He will make us go on foot, as did the apostles; and our fine horses he will fend to the plough.'

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The cardinals were embarrafied; and the election would have been foun out to a great length, had not king John, of France, arrived at Avignon to procure the election of a prelate devoted to him. This haftened their choice. The cardinal de Taillerand, who had the greatest interest in the conclave, caused it to fall upon Alberti cardinal d'Oftie, who took the name of Innocent VI. He was born in a village of Limoges, of parents little known. This pontiff owed his elevation to the reputation he had for integrity and a good life, and his capacity for reforming the Roman court by his example still more than by his laws. In effect, foon after his election, he suppressed the referves of benefices, fixed bounds to pluralities, obliged the incumbents to refidence, and diminished his table and his train: an example the cardinals made no hafte to follow.

Petrarch was not much pleased at this election. An old, ignorant cardinal, but a great civilian, maintained that Petrarch was a magician, because he read Virgil; and he had persuaded cardinal Alberti to think so too, though he had been professor of the canon law with success in the university of Tholouse. 'He was a man of good life and little knowledge,' says Villani,

Petrarch, in his ecloque on Clement VI. puts these words into his mouth: There hall come after me a dull and gloomy man, who, by his four refufals, shall repair the wrongs I did the church by my over-abundant facility. He shall fatten the Roman pastures with the fmoke of Auvergne.' After the coronation of Innocent, the cardinals de Taillerand and Boulogne wrote to Petrarch that he must come immediately to kifs his feet, and compliment him upon his exaltation. Petrarch had often feen him at the cardinal de Taillerand's, who amused himself with joking Petrarch before him on his powers of magic. Whatever repugnance he had, Petrarch thought it necessary to obey these orders : but his chief concern was the leaving his faithful fisherman, who was fallen fick on Soon after he got to Avignon, one of his fervants, whom he had left at Waucluse to take care of his beloved friend, came post to inform him he was dead. He wrote inftantly to the two cardinals as follows ! om

If Regulus, the terror of the Carthaginians, being in Africa, and charged with an important negociation, blushed not to ask his dismission of the senate, because the man was dead who cultivated his field, why should I blush to make such a request to my two illustrious pa-

trons, who am charged with no public, and who have few private affairs? Yesterday I lost the guardian of my retreat. He was not unknown to you; he cultivated for me a few acres of very bad land. I fear not from you the answer made to Regulus by the senate, "Continue to work for the Republic, the shall take care of your field." The field of Regulus was at Rome; mine is at Vaucluse; a place you are fcarcely acquainted with. Scipio, the other feourge of Africa, and commanding with fuccess in Spain, asked his difmission also, "because his daughter had no portion. I am in the same case at present; my library, which I confider as my daughter, has loft its friend. That ruftic man, whom I can never lament as he deferves, had more prudence, and even urbanity, than is often to be found in cities; and, besides this, he was the most faithful animal that the earth ever produced. To him I confided my books, and all that was most dear to me. I was absent three years from Vaucluse: at my return nothing was wanting, nor a fingle thing displaced. He could not read, but he loved letters. He preferved with extreme care my choicest books, which he knew from being long accustomed to them, and how to distinguish my works from those of the ancients. When I gave a book to his care, he expressed great joy, and pressed it to his breast with a figh: fometimes he named the author in a whisper. To behold him at this moment, one would have thought that the fight or the touch of a book rendered him wifer and happier. I have spent fifteen years with him, and confided to him my most fecret thoughts, as I would have done to a priest of Ceres; and his breast was to me the temple of faith and love. I left him two days ago flightly indisposed, to obey your orders: his old age was found and vigorouse and he is dead. Yesterday he died, asking for me continually, and calling upon the name of the Lord. His death affects me extremely; but I should have regretted him still more, if his age had not foretold that I must foon have loft him. Illustrious prelated let the man depart who is useless to you, but of very great importance to his field and to his library.

Petrarch obtained the favour he defired without much difficulty; and it was not possible to draw him again to Avignon, notwith-standing the solicitations of the cardinals, of his friends, and particularly his dear Socrates, to accept an establishment in the court of the pope: to the latter of whom he wrote thus:

'I am content; I have enough for life: I have put a rein on my defires, and I will have no more, Cincinnatus, Curius, Fabricius, and Regulus, after having fubdued whole nations, and led kings in triumph, were not fo rich as I am. If I open the door to the passions, I shall always be poor. Avarice, luxury, and ambition, know no bounds: but avarice, above all, is an unfathomable abyss. I have clothes to defend me from the cold, food to nourish me, horses to carry me, a clod of earth to fleep on, to walk on, and to cover me when I die. What more has the emperor of Rome? My body is healthy: fubdued by labour, it is the less rebellious to my foul. I have books of all kinds: they are my wealth; they feast my foul with a voluptuousness which is never followed with difgust. I have friends whom I consider as my greatest treasures, when they do not aim to deprive me of my liberty. Add to this, the greatest security; for I have no enemies but those created by envy; and I am not, perhaps, forry for those, though I defaile them. I reckon fill in the number of my possessions the approbation and kindness of all good men, even of those whom I have never seen. These are riches which you may deem poverty: I believe you do: but by what means would you have

me gain others? By lending out to usury; by trading on the feas; by brawling at the bar; by the fale of my tongue and of my pen; thus fatiguing myfelf incessantly to amass those treasures I should preserve with inquietude, abandon with regret, and which another would diffipate in extravagance? In one word, what do you require of me? I am rich enough for my own fatisfaction; must I also appear rich for the fatisfaction of others? In fact, is it not my own affair? Does any one confult the taste of another in the food he is to eat? Keep then for yourfelf your manner of thinking, and leave me to mine: it can never be shaken, for it is established on solid foundations.

Gui Settimo distressed Petrarch more than any of his friends concerning this matter: his temper was naturally ambitious, and he had constantly adhered to the court of the pope. He loves persons of merit,' says he. 'I wish it may be so,' replied Petrarch; but this is nothing to me: if the pope loves only such, he loves a very sew; and I cannot slatter myself with being one of them, though I would prefer this honour to that of being pope.

Petrarch passed all the winter at Vaucluse, where he was, like a bird upon the branch, ready

every moment to take wing for his dear country. He waited the return of some servants whom he had sent to Italy to learn what passed there: he was informed that his friends were all assembled, and waited his coming. Italy appeared to him preferable to all other places; but this account made him tremble for his liberty; and he determined to send another servant, to see if he could not discover some secret retreat where he might enjoy tranquillity. In the mean time he prepared for a journey to Montrieux, to see his brother Gerard, that he might not quit the country without bidding him farewell; and, before he set out, he wrote the following letter to one of his friends:

On whatever fide I turn my eyes I find nothing but difficulties. It is time for me to go to the other world, for I cannot obtain ease in this. Is this my fault, or that of the world around me? Perhaps of all together. One part of the earth is desolated by war; in another they possess peace, but are more cruel and miserable than in war. Here is famine, there is gluttony: here the air, there the manners, are infected. Here they groan under slavery, there they suffer from the licentiousness of liberty. This land is dry and barren, the other is exposed to the inundation of surious rivers.

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There they freeze, here they burn. Here is a dreadful folitude, there an importunate multitude. These men are a prey to savage beasts, those to the deceits of one another. It must be allowed, that a situation of ease and tranquillity is not to be met with upon earth.'

Petrarch fet out for Montrieux the seventh of April, 1353. When he was between Aix and St. Maximin, he met with a company of Roman ladies, who were going on a pilgrimage. By their air and gait he diffinguished at a distance their country and their birth. Drawing near to them, and finding, by their language, he was not deceived, he stopped, and politely asked them from whence they came, and whither they were going. The found of an Italian voice fpread joy through this little company. The oldest of them answered, 'Rome is our country; and we are going on pilgrimage to St. James. And you, Sir, are you a Roman? are you going to Rome?' 'I am not going there immediately,' replied Petrarch; 'but my heart is always there.' This answer inspired the pilgrims with confidence, They furrounded Petrarch, and replied to a thousand questions he asked them concerning the state of the republic. They told him that John Ceroni had refigned his post, his nature being too

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quiet for the Romans, who were difgusted with a uniform government: he retired therefore to the castle of Abruzze. The nobles on this established the ancient form of government, and named two fenators, taken out of the houses of the Urfini and the Colonna, and these were in place when Clement died. Soon after they accused them of buying up the corn in a time of dearth, to enrich themselves. This enraged the people, and they befieged the capitol. One of the fenators faved himself by escaping at a back door; the other was stoned to death. This happened in February, 1353. After this account, Petrarch inquired after his friends, particularly concerning Lelius. How does he do? In what does he employ himself?' We left him in good health,' they replied. 'He is very happily married, and his wife has brought him fome fine children.' Petrarch then asked these ladies if he could be so happy as to serve them in 'any respect. Every thing,' fays he, in a letter to Lelius, ' urged me to make them this offer; God, virtue, their country, and their love of you. I wished to divide with them the fum I had brought with me for my journey. Their answer was, "Pray to God that our journey may be successful; we ask only out guiou our in an M. Que and borreiser and had

this of you." This reply delighted, but it did not furprise me. I perceived it in the dignity and difinterestedness of Roman ladies, differing in this respect from women of all other nations, who, fo far from refusing what is offered them, request with importunity what they have been refused.' Petrarch, charmed with the discourse of these pilgrims, would have passed the day with them; but they were bent on hastening toward their pious design, and he was also eager to behold his brother. While our discourse lasted,' adds he, 'I believed myfelf at Rome, conversing with Cecile, the wife of Metellus; Sulpitia, the wife of Fluvius; Cornelia, of Gracchus; Marcia, of Cato; Emilia, of Scipio Africanus; and all those famous heroines who were the glory of ancient Rome. Or, to fpeak more fuitably to our age and our religion, I thought I faw those holy virgins who made fo distinguished a figure in our Christian annals, Prisque, Praxede, Prudentiane, Agnez, &c.'

Petrarch arrived at Montrieux the 20th of April, 1353. His presence rejoiced this sacred house. Gerard was considered as its second founder, and was become a perfect anchorite, disengaged from every thing upon

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earth; consummate in piety, and longing for the joys of heaven. 'I blushed,' said Petrarch, 'to behold a younger brother, who was formerly my inferior, now risen so far above me. At the same time, what a subject of joy and glory is it to have such a pious brother!'

After conversing about their old friends, and what had happened to them fince their last interview, Gerard acquainted his brother with the melancholy fituation which Montrieux was in at present. These good monks were perfecuted by fome neighbouring lords, who had made frequent attempts to pillage and ruin their order. Charles II. King of Naples, and count of Provence, king Robert, and a bishop of Marseilles, who loved them, had protected and guarded them from the infults of these petty tyrants, 'They are worse,' says Petrarch,' 'than great tyrants. The last are commonly generous, and give with one hand what they take away with the other; but the former are famished harpies, who, the more they have, the more eager they are to devour.'

On the death of the bishop of Marseilles these hostilities were renewed, and that church had at its head a tyrant whose troops were encamped near the monastery. When the holy monks, before break of day, were finging the praises of God, a shepherd, all in tears, came to inform them they had robbed him of his flock. When they were renewing on the altar the memory of their Saviour's passion, a frightened tenant came to acquaint them that a drove of cattle belonging to the tyrants ravaged their vines, their meadows, and their gardens. When they just began to taste the consolation of that fhort fleep their laws allowed, they were awakened out of it by the cries of a fervant, or the facristan, who were attacked and beaten by these banditti. With difficulty they had faved their books, and the ornaments of their church, from thefe robbers. Such was their fituation when Petrarch came among them. He could not hear the account of their diftreffes without tears. They begged he would intercede for them with the king and queen of Naples; that they would be pleafed, after the example of their predecessors, to protect their house, and to fend them a guard to defend them from thefe infults. Petrarch wrote directly to Zenobi, to defire he would implore the protection of the grand fenefchal, who loved this or-

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der so much, that he had just built a fine house for them near Florence, and he expressed to him in the most affecting terms the misery of their situation.

The Carthufians, hoping all things from the credit of Petrarch, contrived every method most grateful and obliging to express their acknowledgment for his letter, and their attachment towards him: and when he left them, they went with him as far as they dared. and shed many tears at parting. Petrarch returned to Vaucluse, and prepared soon after for his journey to Italy. He received from all parts the most seducing proposals of establishment. Nicholas Acciajoli pressed him to fettle in Naples, Many things fuited him in this kingdom; the beauty of the climate, and the friends he had there, who promifed him the tranquillity he wished, and were persons on whose word he could rely; but the air of this country difagreed with his constitution, from its excessive heat, Andrew Dondolo, doge of Venice, had written to him to establish his residence at Venice, and proposed many pleasures to him there, It is time for you to fettle,' fays he. 'Come to Venice, and you shall find nothing to trouble your repose,' Petrarch,

in his answer, thus apologizes for his wandering

'have led this life. I speak of the primitive apostles; for the modern ones luxuriously repose on beds of gold, and travel in mind only over the earth and the sea. The insatiable desire of seeing and knowing all things, has led me from my youth to run over the world. This desire is quenched by age. I wish to six; but where is the difficulty. I am like a man on a hard bed, who shifts from one side to the other, but finds no place of rest. If to be motionless is constancy, gouty men are the most constant, death more steady than they, and mountains sirmer than them all.

John, king of France, a kind and amiable prince, invited Petrarch to Paris. He owed this favour to the cardinal de Boulogne; and the reasons he gave for not accepting it were, the situation of public affairs in France, at war with England, and his dislike to the manners and customs of France. In this state of suspence he wrote to Lelius, to consult him, and to know whether he proposed continuing at Rome.

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I wait, fays he, 'your answer with impa-

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tience: If you advise me not to go there, I will seek a port between the Alps and the Appendines. Should I find none, I would imitate those who, having many years been voyagers on the ocean, will no more expose themselves to its tempests. I will behold only the Sorgia, and live and die with the peasants of Vaucluse. One thing only will concern me; to resteet that my refurrection will be so near Avignon, that Bable of the peasants of the peasa

Lelius replied he should not continue at Rome; and Petrarch went to Avignon the 26th of April, to take leave of his patrons and his friends. He learned there that the grand seneschal of Naples had lost his son, who was the most accomplished young man of that age. His father, though he had the greatest tenderness for him, supported this affliction with sirmness, and an entire resignation to the will of God. His body was carried with the pomp of royalty to the Carthusian monastery near Florence. The removing it thither cost sive thousand stories. The city of Florence rendered him the greatest honours.

Petrarch wrote to Zenobi, desiring he would express to the grand seneschal the interest he took in his affliction. I came here, fays he, the day before yesterday, to take my final

leave of this place. The people I have fent to Italy give me hopes I shall meet there with the retreat I wish. I shall leave this tempestuous country, never to return to it more.

'I am going to pass eight days at Vaucluse, to prepare for my departure.'

Petrarch went from Avignon without seeing the pope. The cardinal de Taillerand used every argument in vain to engage him to suffil this duty. The reason he gave for his resulal was this: 'I feared I might infect him by my sorceries, or that he would infect me by his credulity.'

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PETRARCH departed from Vaucluse at the beginning of May, 1353, and took the route of mount Genevre to go into Italy. When he had passed that mountain, and was in sight of his country, he cried out in an ecstacy, I salute you, holy land! dear to God and good men! I am come back to you after a long exile, never to quit you more, in the hope you will procure me an agreeable asylum while I live, and a little earth to cover me when I am dead. With what joy do I return to the embraces of my dear parent, and leave behind me the clouds and the fogs, to breathe this serene air!

As he passed through Milan, he thought it necessary to pay his homage to John Viscomti, who, we have before seen, was both king and priest there. This prince loved men of letters, and gave Petrarch the most distinguished reception, designing to six him in his court, 'He took me affectionately by the hand,' says

Petrarch, 'and converfed with me on the place of my abode, introducing by degrees his "I am not igdefire I would fettle at Milan. norant," faid he, " of your objections to cities. and your taste for solitude: I promise you that you shall enjoy it even in the bosom of Milan. You shall be troubled with no employment: I ask only your presence to do honour to my person, and to be the ornament of my court." Petrarch could not refift fuch marks of favour: overwhelmed with the goodness, and struck with the majesty, of this prince, which impressed all who beheld him, he was filent. At last he consented on these two conditions: The one, that they should give him a situation as retired as possible; the other, that he should not be obliged in any way to alter his manner of life.

The archbishop very readily granted these requests.

The house chosen for him was at the end of the town, on the west side, near the gate of Verceil, and close to the magnificent church of St. Ambrose. The air on this spot was very good. At the entrance there were two hand-some towers; in front the battlements of the church; and behind, the walls of the city, and a fine view of a rich country beyond them,

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extending even to the Alps. He remarked that, though it was the middle of fummer. they were covered with fnow. What a joy for Petrarch to live near a church dedicated to his favourite faint, of whom St. Augustine had attefted fo many miracles! He never entered this temple without feeling an extraordinary fervor. There was a ftatue of St. Ambrofe. faid to refemble him perfectly, and which appeared alive. Petrarch was never weary of beholding it: 'It was a most agreeable object,' fays he. 'This great archbishop appeared to give me his blefling. What majesty in his countenance! What fweetness and expression in his eyes! This fight spread over my heart a lively and inexpressible tranquillity: I rejoiced that I came to Milan.' Petrarch's house was also near a little chapel where St. Ambrose and St. Augustine fung together that facred Te Deum, from them spread through all the Italian churches; and it was also near the garden where St. Augustine was converted. These circumstances rendered Milan a delightful fituation to Petrarch.

His friends, however, thought in a different manner. Socrates, Gui Settimo, and Philip de Cabaffole, faid one to the other, 'What! this proud republican! who defired nothing but liberty and independence! this untamed animal, who started at the shadow of a yoke, and refused the sirst offices in Rome, because he would not wear chains, though of gold! this misanthrope, who could live no where but in the silence of the country! this preacher up of solitude, is he settled in a noisy and turbulent city!' At Florence, Boccace and his other friends could not imagine that a man so zealous for the liberty of his country would live under a tyrant who was endeavouring to subdue it. The prior of the Holy Apostles thought as they did; but he idolized Petrarch, and would not condemn him as his other friends had done: he wrote to him these sew lines:

Your friends have been a little sharp upon you, and have wrote their fentiments freely, as you always desire them. You are, no doubt, of the opinion of Socrates, who said, it is good to have censurers; if what they say is true, to correct the sault; if not, it does no harm. You ask me what I think. I am in some things, but not wholly, of their opinion. Follow the course of fortune: nothing is more painful and embarrassing than to have a great reputation to preserve. It is not just that a man whom philosophy has made free should become the slave of others. Do what you

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like without constraint, and may you long enjoy that liberty.' Petrarch, in a letter to his friends, speaks thus in his own justification: You are in the right; I lay down my arms, and have no defence to make. Man has not a greater enemy than himself. St. Chrysostom has written a fine treatise to prove, that no one can justly offend us but ourselves. I have acted against my sentiments. We pass our lives in doing what we ought not, and in leaving undone what we ought to do.'

In another letter he fays : 10 1 od to the most of

or viewing the reasons of my conduct. It was not possible for me to resist the entreaties of this great man. The requests of princes have more force than their commands. Laberius said of Julius Cæsar, "How can I resuse any thing to that man who has been resused nothing by the gods?" We cannot act so as to please all the world; as the sable of the miller, his ass, and son, is a proof."

There arrived at Milan this year cardinal Albornos, legate from the pope, who meant to fubdue the tyrants in Italy who had usurped an unjust power. This pope had great treasures, and soon raised an army, and chose for his general this cardinal, who was nobly descend-

ed: on his father's fide, from Alphonso V. king of Leon; and on his mother's, from James, king of Arragon. He was made, when very young, archbishop of Toledo; and was in the camp of Alphonfo XI. in his war against the Moors, and fought by his fide. Alphonfo dying in 1350, just as he was going to drive the Moors out of Spain, Albornos went to Avignon, and Clement VI. made him a cardinal. When he returned to Spain, he found that kingdom defolated by the cruelties of Don Pedro, the fon of Alphonfo, who, inflamed with a violent passion for Mary Padilla, treated Blanche of Bourbon, his wife, with the utmost contempt, and put all those to death who opposed his measures. Albornos spoke and wrote to him with a freedom truly apostolic, which was fo ill received by this blinded prince, that the cardinal retired to Avignon in 1353.

When Innocent cast his eyes on him to execute his project in Italy, all the world agreed he could not have made a better choice, as, besides his knowledge in the military art, Albornos had other great qualities. He was well acquainted with the human heart, and knew how to avail himself of the soibles of men to compass his ends. He had a mind capable of forming great designs, and of executing them with sur-

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prifing celerity; and with all this, a patience that could wait the favourable moment for their ripening; when that was necessary to their success. Modest when a victor, he opened his arms to a submissive enemy: full of resources and expedients, he knew how to make advantage of the reverses of fortune affable, though firm, he united an amiable sweetness with a just severity. Innocent VI. who knew him well, opened to him his treasures, and consided to him his spiritual and temporal authority.

The legate fet out with the pope's letters to the lords of Italy, traveried the Alps, and arrived at Milan in September This enterprife did not pleafe John Viscomti, who held a fecret union with the usurpers, and feared he must give up Bologna, which he held only from a treaty with the former popear Things were now changed, and women no longer governed. Innocents of an auftere temper, and determined on reformation, purfued a very different plan from his predecessor. The legate was, however, received at Milan with infinite respect and submission, agreeable to the policy of its prince. His expences, and those of his numerous train, were defrayed, and he was treated with all possible magnificence: John

Viscomti, with his two nephews, went to meet him two miles from the city, attended by an immense concourse of people, expressing the greatest joy! Petrarch was with the Viscomtis on this occasion; and, in the violence of the crowd, his horse slipping with his hind legs into a ditch, he would have been crushed had he fallen: but Galeas Viscomti dismounting, saved him from this imminent danger.

The legate treated Petrarch, who little expected it, with the utmost distinction; and, after granting all he asked for his friends, pressed him to ask something worthy his own acceptance. Petrarch replied, 'When I ask for my friends, is it not the same as for mysels? Have I not the highest satisfaction in obtaining savours for them? I have long put a rein on my own desires; of what then can I stand in need?'

After the departure of the legate, Petrarch went into the country, to unbend his mind from the fatigues it had undergone; from whence, some time after, he wrote this letter to a friend:

You have heard how much my peace has been disturbed, and my leifure broken in upon, by an importunate crowd, and unforeseen occupations. The legate has left Milan, and

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was received at Florence with general applause; and I am again in my retreat. I have been long free, happy, and mafter of my time; but I feel at present that liberty and leisure are only for fouls of confummate virtue. Alas! that is not my state. Nothing is more dangerous for a heart subject to the passions, than to be free, idle, and alone. The frares of voluptuoufness are their more dangerous, and corrupt thoughts gain an easier entrance: above all, love, that feducing termenter, from whom I concluded I had nothing more to fear. I shall confult a faithful physician, and fuffer with patience the rudest applications of his skilful hand to remove every lurking difease." Petrarch doubtless refers here to his old passion for Laura reviving in folitude, and not a new washed the items of the mich our attachment.

Soon after the departure of the legate, there arrived news at Milan, that the fleet of the Genoese was entirely destroyed by the Venetians and Catalonians, near the island of Sardinia. The courier that brought this news to Milan, gave a moving account of the state of the Genoese. Not a family in it but had lost some relation. A great part of the nobility perished: nothing but cries and growns were heard in the streets. Petrarch was going to

write to confole and reanimate them, but he was told they were driven to despair. He trembled at this news, and flung down his pen.

'Cities,' fays he, 'and the world itself, have their old age, and, like men, they tend onward to destruction. Sallust with reason says, that all that rifes fets, and every thing which grows decays.' John Viscomti had views on Genoa, which was a port conveniently fituated for him. He invested it on all fides by land, and the enemies blocked it up by fea; fo that they were reduced to famine. His partizans infinuated to the Genoese, that they had no other remedy, than to put themselves under the protection of this lord. The Genoese did not long deliberate; they fent a folemn deputation to John Viscomti. 'There was a decent and even respectable grief,' says Petrarch, 'in these · messengers. Statius says, there is even dignity in the unhappy." and all a could be

John Viscomti convened his counsellors: Petrarch was one of them. The chief of the deputation spoke, and said, 'We come, by order of the people of Genoa, to offer you the city of Genoa, its inhabitants, their sea, and their land, their goods, their hopes, and estates, and every thing that belongs to them, both sacred and

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profane, from Corvo to Monaco, on certain conditions that shall be agreed on.' The prince answered, that he knew the difficulties of the enterprize; but, depending on divine more than human aid, he would accept their proposals; that he would engage to protect them, and to render justice to all the world; and that not to extend his dominion, but out of compassion to an oppressed people. He concluded by beseeching God and all the faints to succeed his designs. Petrarch was desired to prepare an answer, but he excused himself on the short-ness of the time assigned for composing it.

The event justified the step they had taken. The city changed its appearance the moment the archbishop took possession; plenty was restored: and after deposing the doge, he took the reins of government into his own hands. He gave them money to arm their gallies, and renew their commerce. He had the road widened from Genoa to Nice, which alarmed the people of Provence, so much was his power dreaded even out of Italy. Among other improvements, he gave a clock to the city, a great curiosity in that age.

Petrarch, fatigued with the tumults of the city, went a little tour to the castle of Colomban, built by the emperor Barbarossa in his

journey to Italy, 1164. It belongs now to the Carthusians. He thus describes it:

'This famous castle, fortified by nature and art, is situated on a rich hill, at the bottom of which runs the Lambro, a small but clear river, which washes the town of Monca, and then falls into the Po. Towards the west there is a view of Pavia, Plaisance, and Cremona: to the north, the Alps which separate Italy from Germany, and are always covered with snow. The Appennine, and its numberless cities, are to the south; and the Po, taking an immense course, winds its stream along, and fertilizes this beautiful country.'

Petrarch could not view this spot without recalling the idea of his beloved solitude at Vaucluse. He had just received a letter from Socrates, who informed him he was there with Gui Settimo. The latter was to have accompanied Petrarch into Italy, but was prevented by siekness; and when he recovered, the heats were too violent to attempt it. Petrarch wrote to him, to express his regret that he was not there to do the honours of his little house. 'You are now,' says he, 'in the temple of peace, and the asylum of repose. If you take my advice, you will often come thither, to relieve yourself from the satigues and bustles of

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a court. Make use of my books, who weep for the absence of their master, and the death of their guardian. My garden implores your care, and that of Socrates, to comfort it for my absence, and to keep it in repair. Plant fome trees that shall be a shade to us in old age, which we will pass there together, if the destinies shall permit. My house is yours; my little bed will not mis its master, if you youchfafe to fleep in it.' This letter he formed on that delightful mountain feated on the lawn, under the shade of a chesnut, and wrote it in the castle, where he slept that night. They prepared for him a magnificent chamber, and a bed which was not, fays he, the bed of a a poet or a philosopher.

Petrarch, when he called Vaucluse the temple of peace, did not foresee the disaster that happened soon after. A band of robbers, who had committed many robberies in that part of the country, went to Petrarch's house, which they set on fire, and took every thing they could find. An old arch stopped the rage of of the slames. The son of the sisherman, who had seared this, and was now its keeper, had carried to the castle some books Petrarch had left behind him. The thieves, imagining it was well defended, dared not attack it. 'Hea-

ven would not permit fo invaluable a treasure, fays Petrarch, 'to fall into such vile hands.'

Petrarch found, on his return to Milan, a letter from the emperor, in which he gives many political reasons for not coming sooner to the affiftance of Italy. 'You have read.' fays he, 'the answer of Augustus in the happieft years of Rome to those who offered him the fceptre. You know not the burden of empire: we who are charged with it feel this truth. It is love for mankind alone that can furmount the difficulties of government. Viewing the diforders of Rome and Italy, we have refolved, notwithstanding our own weak condition, to lend our aid: but it appeared as a capital difease, to deserve a very attentive examination. Friend, we must compare the prefent with the past, to re-establish the lustre of the one, and to purge the infamy of the other. But physicians have agreed, and Cæfars have proved, that, before we employ inftruments, every method should be tried. We advise, therefore, and wait for fuccours, that we may do nothing unworthy or unbecoming of an emperor. We wish to discourse with you who hold fo high a rank on Parnaffus, and we look upon you as one of our most faithful subiects.'s or drawn horized between the best par

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As this letter was long in coming, Petrarch begins his answer with pleasantry. I find,' fays he, 'it is as difficult for your couriers and dispatches to pass the Alps, as your person and your legions.' He had pressed the emperor some time before this to come immediately into Italy, and take possession of the empire. 'I hoped,' adds he, 'I had persuaded you; but I perceive my error. You think differently from me, and will be believed; for you hold the reins of the earth and the helm of the sea. What consoles me is, that, though you do not adopt my opinion, you will approve my zeal; and I cannot receive a greater recompense than this.'

In this answer he speaks thus concerning Rienzi: 'How much easier is it for you to reestablish the empire of Rome, than it was for Romulus to lay its foundation on the rocks, in the midst of those nations who opposed him! or for Cæsar to become master of this empire, at the time when its republic was most flourishing! As a proof of this, behold the man who rose up in its most declining period; and though neither king, consul, nor patrician; nay, scarcely known as a Roman citizen; neither distinguished by the titles of his ancestors, nor by his own virtues, yet dared to declare

What title could be more splendid for a private man? Tuscany submitted to him immediately; Italy sollowed her example. Europe, and the whole world, were set in motion. We have seen this; it is not a thing that we only read of in history. Justice, peace, faith, and safety, returned; and the traces of the golden age began to appear upon earth. In the most brilliant moment of success he gave up his enterprize. I accuse no one; I will neither condemn nor absolve. This man took the least title in Rome. If the name of Tribune could produce such an effect, what cannot be done with the title of Cæsar?

by the lords of Padua, Modena, Mantua, and Venice, with the emperor, who was to be crowned at Rome. This confederacy alarmed John Viscomti; and he sent to invite the emperor to come and receive the crown at Milan, and he chose Petrarch for this embassy. He wished for repose, and did not care to traverse the mountains in winter; but he could not resist the infinuating manners of this prince. Before he set out on this embassy, he received the present of a Greek Homer from the proctor of Romania, whom he knew at Avignon,

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when fent there by the emperor of Constantinople to negociate the union of the Greek and Latin churches. He was a man of merit and genius; and the present he made to Petrarch was rare; there was not one besides this in Italy; they had only the bad translation of Homer by Pindar in Latin verse.

Petrarch acknowledged the favour in the following lines:

You could not have made a present more agreeable to me, or more noble and worthy of you: why am I not able to add also, as well deferved by me? Could you have joined yourfelf with it to ferve me as a guide, it would have been inestimable. But I lost the two ears through which I understood Homer; the one by death, the other by absence. The Homer you have fent is, however, dear to me; and still more fo, because it is the pure original emanations from his celeftial mind. Macrobius calls this poet the fource of all imagination. I embrace this divine author, and return you a thousand thanks for having adorned my house with this king of poets and prince of philosophers.

"I shall be proud of two such guests as Homer and Plato in their own habit; and I despair not of understanding them more perwhen he began to learn Greek. Command me, if I can ferve you in any thing; and grant me fome opportunity of repaying the many debts I owe you. Success, they say, inspires considence: I find it so, and dare yet beg you to send me, at your convenience, Hesiod and Euripides. I know not why my name is more spoken of in the west than it ought to be: if you judge it proper, make it known in the east; that by your means the emperor of Constantinople may not disdain the man who has been honoured by the emperor of Rome.

John Cantacuzene was at this time emperor of Constantinople, and he merited such a compliment from Petrarch. He was a man of genius and letters, and has left us a well written history of what passed under his own reign, and that of Andronicus Palelogus, his predecessor.

A few days after this Petrarch went on his embaffy, one great point of which was to treat with the Venetians: but, notwithstanding his eloquence, and his friendship with the doge, he could not succeed. The consequence was, that the Genoese, by the affistance of John Viscomti, armed twenty-three gallies, with which they made great havock in a descent on the

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Venetian coast, who thought themselves secure from all attack. This news spread horror and dismay. Andrew Dondolo took every measure that wisdom could suggest at this juncture, but his precautions were ineffectual. The shock this surprise gave him impaired his health: he languished from this time, and died the 8th of September, 1354, extremely regretted by all.

'He was,' fays Petrarch, 'a man of virtue and integrity, full of love and zeal for the republic; wife, eloquent, prudent, kind, and affable. He had but one fault; he loved war, and it was not fuited to his character or manners. I spoke and wrote to him on this subject with the greatest freedom: he had the goodness to receive it kindly, for he knew my heart; but the confidence he was infpired with from his last victory against the Genoese caused him to reject my advice. He judged of the goodness of a cause by the event; and often repeated to me what Scipio faid to Hannibal, and Lucan puts into the mouth of Cæfar: "The fuccess of this army shall prove the justice of its cause; the vanquished shall be the guilty side." Fortune conferred a favour on this prince in the death it sent him; for had he lived a little longer, he would have feen the total ruin of his country, over whom the Genoese gained, soon after this, a complete victory.'

In October, 1354, Petrarch loft a friend. whose bounty and favour towards him had fincerely attached his heart; this was John Vifcomti. He had a fmall lump on his forehead, just above his eye-brow: he had it cut off, and died in the night, without having time to receive the facraments. Petrarch fpeaks favourably of this great man, in which he agrees with many contemporary historians. Except Villani, they all allow that John Viscomti treated his fubjects with great humanity; that he distributed justice with exactness, and was very charitable to the poor. It is owned he was ambitious, and every thing he did was accompanied with dignity. His name was renowned in the most diffant countries, and respected even by the Turks. He was formed to pleafe the fair fex; for he was handsome, gay, generous, and courageous; but his great passion was ambition, and he was feared throughout Italy. It is reported, however, that when the Romans would have yielded to his authority, he refused them, faying, 'Rome belongs to the pope, and to the emperor.' He was interred in the great church of Milan, where his maufoleum remains with ORDER OF THE PROPERTY OF THE P this epitaph:

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Passenger, wouldst thou know the nothingness of all human power and grandeur, learn
what I was, and behold what I am. I had
immense treasures, vast palaces, superb cities;
my name alone made all Italy tremble. Of
what use is all this to me now? Behold me
shut up within a stone, and devoured by
worms.'

John Viscomti had three nephews, who were his heirs, and took possession of his estates, without the least contention, on the day marked for that purpose by an astrologer, without whose art nothing of any importance was undertaken in that age. Petrarch was defired to address the people convoked to this ceremony. In the middle of his harangue, the aftrologer cried out, the moment was come, and it would be dangerous to let it pass. Petrarch, though he had the greatest contempt for this superftitious fcience, gave way to their prejudices, and ftopped directly. The aftrologer, aftonished at it, faid to him, 'There is yet one moment more; you may go on.' I have nothing more to fay,' replied Petrarch; 'and I know no tale. with which I can amuse the assembly.' The aftrologer was disconcerted, and rubbed his forehead; while fome of the auditors were laughing, and others wondering at his affurance;

when he cried out again, 'The happy instant is come; on which an old officer carried three white stakes, like the pallisades of a town, and gave one to each of the three brothers, which sinished the ceremony.

The aftrologer, fays Petrarch, was older and wifer than me. I loved, and should have been still more attached to him, if he had not been an aftrologer. I sometimes joked, and sometimes reproached, him for this profession. One day, when I had been sharper with him than usual, he replied, with a sigh, "Friend, you are in the right: I think as you do; but I have a wife and children." This answer touched me so much, that I never spoke again to him on that subject."

There was a great difference in the character of the three Viscomtis. Matthew, the eldest, hated business, and led an idle drunken life; all his pleasure was hawking, and every amusement which women could partake of. It is recorded in the annals of the church, that he passed the days and nights in continual debauchery, always surrounded by the infamous part of the sex.

Barnabas, the fecond brother, was cruel and morofe, breathing nothing but war and flaughter; the exercise of which, added to his natural t

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ferocity, made him afterwards a monster of tyranny and cruelty. He married the daughter of Martin de Lescale, who was called the queen from the great airs she put on, and her love of pomp and oftentation. She lay-in this year of a boy, and did Petrarch the honour to choose him for its godfather. He called him Mark; gave him a cup of gold; and made a Latin poem on the occasion, in which he celebrated all the great men who had borne that name.

Galeas, the younger brother, had great sweetness of temper and goodness of mind. He loved
hunting, but only as an amusement. He made
war with courage and judgment, but he preferred peace. Handsome, well made, and agreeable, he pleased and loved the fair sex; but
he kept this affection within bounds. He idolized Petrarch, and engaged him to continue
at Milan. Petrarch attached himself sincerely
to this prince, whom he speaks of in the highest
manner.

These brothers perceived of what consequence it was to be firmly united against the league that threatened them, headed by the emperor. Barnabas was charged with the military affairs; all the rest lay upon Galeas. Matthew, or the eldest, presided over all in name, but did not interfere in any thing. They did

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nothing of any importance without confulting Petrarch, and this confidence retained him at Milan.

The deaths of the doge of Venice and John Viscomti were followed by that of Rienzi, whose tragic end we will briefly relate. He continued in prison during the life of Clement. Innocent viewed Rienzi in a different light from his predecessor, who had suffered him to live, but thought his madness required confinement. Rome was at this time in a worse state than ever; it was a scene of violence and bloodshed. The pope sent Rienzi to cardinal Albornos, with orders to the cardinal to re-establish him at Rome when he saw a convenient opportunity; and wrote these lines with him:

'As a remedy for the evils of Rome, we have fent our dear fon, Nicholas Rienzi, a Roman chevalier, in the hope that, being enlightened by advertity, he will renounce all his fantatic visions, and employ the great talents God has given him to suppress the wicked, and to establish peace. We have absolved him from the censure and punishment he was under, and fend him to you freed from all bonds."

Cardinal Albornos, who knew mankind better than the pope, thought differently of Rienzi, and made no great hafte to re-establish him. m

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Francis Baroncelli, the writer for the senate, took it into his head to set himself in Rienzi's place, without his eloquence and talents. But this novelty lasted only four months. He abandoned himself to excess and cruelty, and was massacred; after which the people submitted to the legate.

Rienzi being thus set aside, desired leave to go to Rome, which the cardinal granted, giving him the letters patent from the pope. Thus established senator, he obliged the nobility to take the oath of fidelity. The fuccessor of the Colonnas, thut up in his palace at Palestrina, a place of fuch strength that it required an army to befiege it, refused, and braved his deputies to the very gates of Rome. Rienzi had no money to raise forces; but the chevalier de Montrial, the chief of the banditti who infested the country round, coming to Rome to fee his brothers, Rienzi had him stopped and beheaded, and feized a part of the treasures he had amassed. The people were displeased at this; but much more so when he put to death Pandolf, a good man, loved and respected by all. They rose up against Rienzi. Abandoned by every one, he put on his armour, and came on the balcony where he used to harangue, making signs to be heard, and crying out, 'Long live the people!'

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But finding all in vain, he ordered the doors of the capitol to be thrown open, hoping to fave himself during the pillage. He blackened his face, put on the habit of a peafant, and throwing a pillow over his head, which covered his face, he ran down the stairs, crying out, 'Ascend! afcend! There is good spoil.' Some one, who knew his voice, fnatched off the pillow, faying, 'Stop! Whither art thou running?' His bracelets of gold, which he had forgot to take off, betrayed him. They brought him to the place where he had paffed fo many fentences of death. In this ridiculous disguise he was an hour exposed to the rabble, without faying a word, or being infulted by any one: fuch was the awe in which they flood of him! At last one of them plunged a poignard into his breaft, and it was immediately followed by a thousand others. Such was the end of this mad triet om betone hustrine at bis attendant enud.

It does not appear, from the writings of Petrarch, that he had the least connection with, or concern in, Rienzi's re-establishment: he was wholly engaged, at present, with the arrival of the emperor, who was expected every day in Italy. He came to Mantua in October, after having been at Padua, where he was magnificently received. From Mantua he wrote

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to Petrarch, to invite him to come there, and expressed an extreme desire to see him. Petrarch, delighted with fo flattering a diffinction, was not stopped by the extreme bad weather. It froze fo hard, that they faid the emperor had brought with him the German frosts. The old men in Italy declared they had never felt fuch fevere cold. The roads were like glass; the horses, though frost-shod, could scarcely keep on their feet. Happily there fell a great quantity of fnow, which made the roads paffable. Petrarch fet out in fo thick a fog, he could not distinguish one object around. Some armed foldiers came now and then out of their ambuscades. They alarmed, but did me no hurt,' fays he, 'as they belonged to the lords of Milan.' The first night he was obliged to ftop on the banks of the river Chiofi, it being too late to pass over it. The next day he would fet out before sun-rise: his attendants murmured at being exposed to fo violent a cold. which could hardly be supported even in bed. As he came out of the inn, he faw the emperor's messenger. He came that night from Cremona: his people were frozen, and could not move a step farther. 'As to himself,' fays Petrarch, 'he had the air of a man who is walking by moon-light in a fine fummer's

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night. Never was there a body more hardened to fatigue, or less sensible of the injuries of the weather.' Petrarch, with all his diligence. was four days upon the road. The emperor expressed his obligation to him for coming in fuch weather, and told him he had feldom felt fo fliarp a frost in Germany. Petrarch answered, that Providence would inure the Germans by degrees to the climate of Italy. He thus relates his reception and discourse with this prince. 'The emperor received me with fuch kind and eafy manners, as had neither the appearance of imperial pomp, nor German formality: he lived with me as with his equal. We passed sometimes whole days in discoursing, from the break of day till night, as if he had no other employment. He spoke to me of my works, and expressed a great desire to see them; above all, that which treats of illustrious men. I told him that I required leffure and repose to finish this work. He gave me to understand, he wished it to appear with his name. I replied with that freedom with which nature endued me, and which custom has confirmed, and years have ffrengthened, "Great prince! there requires for this, only virtue on your part, and leifure on mine."

'He defired me to explain myfelf; and I

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faid, "Time is necessary for a work of this kind, in which I propose to insert great things in a little space. On your side, you must labour to merit your name at the head of my book. It is not sufficient for that to wear a crown, or bear a superior title; your virtue and great actions must rank you among those same whose characters will be sketched out in this work. Live in such a manner that, after having read the lives of your illustrious predecessors, you shall deserve that yours also should be read by posterity."

'The emperor shewed, by a smile, and a ferene countenance, that my liberty had not displeased him. I took this occasion to present him with fome medals of emperors in gold and filver, which were my delight. In the collection there was one of Augustus in high prefervation: he appeared alive! "Here," faid I, "are the great men whose place you occupy, and who ought to ferve you as examples. Thefe medals are dear to me. I should not have given them to any other; but they are yours by right." I then gave him an abstract of their lives, with a word here and there to excite his imitation of them. He feemed to liften to me with pleafure, and faid he had never received fo agreeable a prefent. I should never end, was I to

give an account of all the convertations I had with this prince. He defired me one day to relate my history from infancy; I made every possible excuse, but he would be obeyed. He was very attentive; and, if I omitted any thing from forgetfulness, or the fear of tiring out his patience, he reminded me of it. I was associated to find him better informed than myself of the minutest circumstances of my life.' [It will be, no doubt, recollected, that this was the prince who, on a visit to the pope with his father, then emperor, selected Laura from the ladies around her, to pay her the most particular remarks of respect and attention.]

"After this, the emperor asked me what were my projects, and my future plan of life? "My will is good," said I; "but habit prevails over it." I am like the sea, buffeted by contrary winds." "I understand you," said he; "but you do not answer my question. What kind of life would be most agreeable, and that you would prefer to all others?" "A life of solitude," I replied without hesitation. "There is none more sure, more tranquil, more agreeable, or which suits me so well. If I am able, I will seek it at its source; that is to say, in woods and in mountains, as I have already done: if not, I will try to enjoy it eyen in the midst of cities."

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"This," faid he, finiling, "is what I wished to bring you to; and that you fhould own an error I would undertake to combat, though I am partly of your way of thinking." X36 Taket care," replied I; " you will not fight with equal" weapons. I know the vulgar think differently on this head; but I have the greatest of authorities on my fide, befide experience, that it becomes not a prince like you to think as the vulgar; and I would even take the inhabitants of cities themselves for my judges in this cause! I have just written a little treatise on this subject." " I know it," returned the emperor with vivacity; " and if I find that book, I will throw it into the fire." '" I must then take care," replied I, "it never falls in your hands."

fort, always feafoned with the falt of good humour; and I must confess that the emperor combated my solitary system with surprising energy, and boasted he had gained the victory. He begged of me to accompany him to Rome? "It is not sufficient for me," said he, "to see that celebrated city with my own eyes; I wish to see it through yours, which are so much clearer than mine. I shall want you also in some of the cities of Tuscany." "Rome and Cæsar, these are, indeed, my idols," I replied;

"and it would have delighted me to go to Rome with Cæfar, but many obstacles oppose:" and this was a new subject of dispute till we separated. He used every obliging persuasion; and I may well boast that Dionysius the tyrant was not kinder to Plato than Cæsar was to me."

1355. This pacific prince, who came into Italy entirely to make peace, negotiated one with the Viscomtis in particular, who had thirty thousand troops in good order. They made the emperor prefents, but exacted that he should not enter Milan; and that the troops that followed him should be difarmed. Charles had the weakness to submit to these conditions: his love of peace prevailed over every other confideration. The Viscomtis ordered that his expences should be defrayed while in their territories, and that of his three thousand difarmed cavaliers, commanding none of their fubjects to receive any payment or reward. Galeas Viscomti came out to meet him, and conducted him to the palace destined for him. The next day the emperor went to the abby of Chioravalle, where dinner was prepared for him, and where Barnahas prefented him, on his own part, and on his brothers, with thirty fine horses, richly harnessed. When

they came to the gates of Milan, the emperor. invited by the two brothers to enter, answered. that could not be, for he would keep the word he had given. The Viscomtis politely told him that it was a favour they had asked because they supposed the troops of the confederate lords would attend him; but that fuch a precaution could never regard his person, whose presence would do them great honour; and that, if he judged it necessary, they would abfolve him of the promife he had made. The emperor infifted no farther, and entered with them the fourth of January, 1355. He was received with drums, trumpets, and other inftruments, which made fo loud a noise, that ' had Heaven thundered, it could not,' fays Petrarch, 'have been heard: it was more like a tumult than a feast.' They gave the prince and his attendants a palace magnificently furnished, and every thing he could defire. The three brothers then paid homage to him, and declared they held all they possessed from his authority, and would only employ it in his fervice. Programme declared vicers vicers

The next day, willing to give the emperor a high idea of their power, they made a general review of all their troops, the cavalry and infantry, to which they joined fome companies

of citizens, well mounted and magnificently dreffed, to add to the parade; and they told him that, besides these, their forts and castles were all furnished with good garrisons.

The emperor was not much at his ease in the midst of so many troops, shut up in the city, and at the mercy of those whom he had fome reason to suspect. However, he put a good face on the matter, and appeared every where with a countenance which hid the feelings of his heart. Petrarch fearcely ever left him; and the prince employed every moment . in conversing with him he could steal from public affairs, and these fatiguing ceremonies. He received the iron crown in the church of St. Ambrose from the hands of Robert Viscomti, archbishop of Milan, in the presence of the patriarch of Aguilon, his brother, and a great number of lords and bishops. In this ceremony the emperor made knights of John Galeas, fon of Galeas Viscomti, and Blanche of Savoy; and Mark, fon of Barnabas, and his queen; and two infants only two years old. The three brothers were declared vicars of the empire for all the estates they possessed in Italy. They gave to the emperor fifty thousand florins of gold, twelve horses covered with a fine cloth lined with ermine, and fix hundred fol-

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ne oldiers to efcort him to Rome. A bishop had predicted that the eagle should submit to the viper: as the viper was painted on the Milanefe flandards, this prophecy feemed to be verified. The emperor looked upon himself at Milan to be in a magnificent prison: he got out of it as foon as he could, and his impatience caufed him to loofe his imperial gravity. Villani fays, that he ran through the states of the Viscomtis with the precipitation of a merchant who is going to a fair; and he did not fairly breathe till he was out of their dominions. Petrarch accompanied him five miles beyond Placentia. The prince renewed his entreaties that he would go with him to Rome. Petrarch excused himfelf with all the civility possible, and with much difficulty obtained leave to depart. When they were bidding farewell, a Tufcan knight, in the train of the emperor, took Petrarch by the hand, and, turning to the emperor, faid to him, 'This is the man of whom I have fo often fpoken to you: he will fing your praife, if you deferve it: but be affured, he knows when to speak and when to be filent.' Such freedom of speech did the emperor indulge to those who were attached to his person.

On his return to Milan, Petrarch defired nothing so much as to go and enjoy in solitude the repose he had so long been deprived of. He compares his condition to that of a thirsty stag, who, stunned with the noise of the dogs, seeks the cool stream and the silent shade. In his retreat he reslected on the corrupt manners of the age he lived in: the excesses he witnessed in the Germans who were in the emperor's train gave rise to these soliloquies. Seneca says, Every one complains of his own age.

At this time Lelius wrote a letter to Petrarch from Avignon, to inform him of his departure from Pifa and Rome, and to defire a letter of recommendation from him to the emperor. Petrarch immediately wrote this letter.

Great prince! your goodness emboldens me to present to you my other self. The bearer of this letter to your footstool is a Roman citizen, ennobled by birth, but still more ennobled by his virtues. I should never end was I to speak of his prudence, his sidelity, his industry, and eloquence; and I would rather you should form an idea of him from your own judgment, which nothing escapes, and which cannot be deceived. If you honour me with so much considence, be assured that he is a man worthy of your favour. Add to this, that

he has been always attached to your person. your friends, and your empire. Stephen Colonna, that renowned hero, whose zeal for the emperor Henry VII. your royal grandfather, is known to all the world, loved Lelius as his fon. Alas! that good old man fighed for your arrival, as Simeon did for that of the Messiah: but death defrauded him of this pleasure. His children cherished Lelius as their brother; and John Colonna, his grandfon, looked upon him as his father. I remember to have feen you at Avignon, leaning familiarly upon his shoulder, and careffing him with the greatest affection. Lelius possessed the confidence of all this noble family. After paffing his infancy with one branch, and his youth with another, he confecrated to them every moment of his life; and would have ended it with them, if death had not cut down almost at one stroke a family devoted to your fervice. Imagine them all at your feet, befeeching you to protect the man they loved and esteemed, and whom they had as it were adopted.

'I will further add, that Lelius was favoured with the good graces of pope Clement, whom you respected as your father, and who loved you as a son; of the king of France, who is united to you by blood and by friendship; and

of the cardinal de Porto, who does honour to the purple by his birth and great qualities, and with whom you are also tenderly united. After so many great names, shall I presume to add my own, and recommend him to you as my friend? Behold how far zeal and attachment can heighten my confidence!

It is not aftonishing that such a man as Petrarch describes Lelius, and the bearer of a letter from him, should be well received by the emperor. This prince treated him with the greatest distinction, carried him to Rome with him, and vouchfafed to admit him into the most intimate friendship. The emperor set out from Sienna in March with the empress and all her train, and arrived at Rome on Holy Thursday, the fecond of April. The two following lays he vifited the churches in the habit of a pilgrim. On Easter Sunday he was crowned with the empress; and in the ceremony he confirmed all the privileges of the Roman church, and all the promifes he had made to the popes Clement and Innocent. When he came out of St. Peter's church, he went with a great retinue to St. John's of Lateran, where he dined; and in the evening went to fleep at St. Laurent out of the walls, which was one of the promifes he had given, and faithK

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fully adhered to Some historians have faid the Romans offered to make him master of Rome, or defired he would re-establish it in its former state. He replied, he would think of it; but when he was out of the city, he anfwered, 'It was not expedient to change the government fo often, and that they should recollect their oath to the pope.' The fall of the emperors, and rife of the popes, may be placed at this period. Petrarch thought this promife of the emperor's, not to fleep in Rome, a very dishonourable one. 'The emperor,' favs he. 'came only into Italy to be crowned. The fucceffor of St. Peter, who wears his tiara on the banks of the Rhone with as much confidence as he would on the banks of the Tiber, not only fuffers, but orders, him to go out of Rome; that is to fay, he permits him to bear the title of emperor, and forbids him to discharge the offices that belong to it. With one hand he opens to him the temple where he is to receive the imperial crown, and with the other he shuts on him the door of the city which is the capital and feat of the empire! What a contradiction is this!'

Neri Morandi, a friend of Petrarch's, going to Rome with the emperor, had asked of Petrarch letters of recommendation: he gave him

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of the cardinal de Porto, who does honour to the purple by his birth and great qualities, and with whom you are also tenderly united. After so many great names, shall I presume to add my own, and recommend him to you as my friend? Behold how far zeal and attachment can heighten my confidence!

It is not aftonishing that such a man as Petrarch describes Lelius, and the bearer of a letter from him, should be well received by the emperor. This prince treated him with the greatest distinction, carried him to Rome with him, and vouchfafed to admit him into the most intimate friendship. The emperor set out from Sienna in March with the empress and all her train, and arrived at Rome on Holy Thursday, the fecond of April. The two following lays he vifited the churches in the habit of a pilgrim. On Easter Sunday he was crowned with the empress; and in the ceremony he confirmed all the privileges of the Roman church, and all the promifes he had made to the popes Clement and Innocent. When he came out of St. Peter's church, he went with a great retinue to St. John's of Lateran, where he dined; and in the evening went to fleep at St. Laurent out of the walls, which was one of the promifes he had given, and faitht

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one to his friend Paul Annibaldi. Paul had a fon in the flower of his age, who was a youth of great hopes: he happened just at this time to be killed in a fray, and his enemies committed all forts of infults on his body. The father, who beheld the fight, was firuck with fuch horror, that he fell dead upon the fpot. 'I believed,' faid Petrarch, 'that the loss of formany friends, and the total extinction of the house of Colonna, had exhausted all my tears; but I have found some to shed for a man who had acquired my friendship by his virtues.'

The emperor returned to Sienna in April, where he had great conferences with cardinal Albornos, and gave him troops to reduce the tyrants of Romania: from thence he went to Pifa, where was Zanobi de Strata, the friend of Petrarch, and of the grand fenefchal of Naples.

Nicholas Acciajoli, who loved Zanobi, prefented him to the emperor as an orator and poet of the first rank, and desired him to give him the crown of laurel, as Petrarch had received it at Rome. The emperor, who piqued himself on encouraging men of letters, granted his request, and crowned Zanobi himself, after declaring he was a great poet. To tele

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tify his acknowledgment, he made a discourse, in which he thanked the prince for having renewed in his favour the ancient custom, and promised to dedicate his talents to convey his glorious actions to posterity. After this he walked through the streets of Pisa, with his laurel-crown, accompanied with the German barons, and other distinguished persons. Villani, the historian, after a short relation of this ceremony, adds a resection very honourable to Petrarch.

'There were in this age,' fays he, 'two poets crowned; both of them from Florence; master Zanobi de Strata, and fignior Francis Petrarch, of an ancient and worthy family in that city. This last was crowned at Rome: his name is more known than that of Zanobi, and his reputation more extensive: he has composed a great number of works, and discoursed on the most elevated subjects: also it must be owned he began earlier, and his fame was before that of Zanobi. Neither the one nor the other are known as much as they deferve; and the tafte for theological studies, which occupies our age, makes their productions appear frivolous, notwithstanding the pleasure they are capable of producing.

There appears no work of Zanobi which

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could put his name in any competition with that of Petrarch, or that gives us room to fuppose he could deserve the honour done him: but the request of the grand feneschal was not to be refused; and the emperor could give a crown of laurel at a much easier rate than troops or supplies. After this ceremony, Nicholas Acciajoli went for fome days to Florence, where he loft the great reputation he had acquired by the foft and diffolute life he led: passing his days and nights in feasts, balls, and other parties of pleasure, with the beauties of that city. The Florentines received him with honour, but refused him the succours he asked, which, but for his conduct, fays Villani, they would have granted. Petrarch, who had conceived a high opinion of him, was grieved when they informed him of the grand fenefchal's conduct, and the injury he did his reputation by fuch behaviour; and he ceafed corresponding with his favourite, the new poet, and foon after his elevation received this letter from the prior of the Holy Apostles.

'I referve my conversation on that shadow of a Cæsar till I shall have the pleasure of seeing you. I would have wrote you what I thought, if I could have given to my style all the energy I feel at my soul. You will lament

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his conduct: for my part, I cannot pardon him for having crowned one of our citizens, who troubled the fountain of Parnassus. He has turned his head, in raising him to an honour he did not deserve. He was, no doubt, ignorant of the wrong he did you thereby; and not only you, but all the world.'

Boccace was of the same opinion with the prior. He reproached Petrarch that, in his letters, he gave him the name of poet. 'I do not merit this title,' said Boccace, 'having never had the honour to be crowned with laurel.' 'What,' replied Petrarch, 'if there were no laurel, must the Muses then keep silence? Do not you think as fine verses may be made under an oak or chesnut?' And, speaking of this coronation in another letter, he adds, 'a barbarous laurel ornaments a head nourished by the Muses of Ansania; a German censor dares to give his judgment of the fine Transalpine wits: really this is not supportable!'

Some days after this the emperor granted honours and rewards of another nature to the famous Bortoli, then at Pifa, the greatest lawyer of his age: he made him his counsellor, gave him the arms of Bohemia, and several other privileges. In the emperor's return through Italy, he and his empress met with

many affronts. The gates of most places were shut against him. Enraged at such treatment, after being crowned emperor, he made haste to pass the Alps with great treasure, but little honour. 'His riches were increased,' says Villani, 'but his same was diminished.' Petrarch, who wanted him to reside in Italy, struck with his sudden departure, took up the pen, and, in indignation, wrote him this letter:

Ah, Cæfar! how ungrateful are you! How little do you know the value of things! What your grandfather and others have purfued with labour and blood, you have obtained with ease and fafety, and have as readily abandoned. You renounce all, to return to your barbarous country. I dare not fay all I could, all I ought to fay: perfuaded that your flight causes you much chagrin, I will not augment it. Go then, fince you will; but never forget, that no prince before you ever renounced so well founded, so glorious a prospect!

'Wisdom is not an hereditary portion; I see it: not that I dispute your knowledge of government, and your military talents, of which you have given us so many proofs; it is inclination you want; it is emulation, the source of all great and glorious actions. Listen to what your grandfather and father would say,

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were they to prefent themselves before you as you pass the Alps: "You have gained much, great Cæfar, by a journey fo long expected, and by fo precipitate a return! You bring back with you a crown of iron, a crown of gold, and an empty title. They call you emperor of the Romans, though you are in reality only king of Bohemia: would to God you were not even that: perhaps your ambition, enclosed in narrower bounds, would make fome effort to extend itself, and that your wants would excite you to recover your patrimony." Lelius brought me your farewell; it cut me to the heart; and he presented me from you with an antique of Cæfar. If that medal could have fooken, what would it not have faid against your making fo shameful a retreat! Adieu, Cæfar! compare what you have forfaken to what you are going to possessi !'

Peace was at this time concluded between the Venetians and Genoese, through the mediation of the Viscomtis. It cost two hundred thousand florins to the Venetians while the treaty was in agitation. The doge that succeeded Dondolo, who was called Marin Fabier, a venerable old man, about sourscore years of age, was beheaded, it is supposed, on the following account. He had a handsome wife, who was unfaithful to him. A young Venetian nobleman, of great fortune, who made love to one of the maids of honour, having received a very rough reprimand from the doge for fome misconduct he had been guilty of, to revenge the affront, he got this motto wrote over the ducal chair: 'Marin Fabier has a handsome wife he maintains, and another possesses her.' The enraged doge could obtain no more from the council than the imprisonment of this young nobleman for a month. Stung with the little regard the people shewed for his authority, he plotted to exterminate the order of the nobles, and make himself sole lord of Venice. The conspiracy was discovered, and Marin Fabier was beheaded. He was fond of Petrarch, who fays, 'I knew him formerly: he had more reputation than merit, more courage than prudence. Let his example teach his fucceffors that they are the chiefs, but not the mafters, of the republic, or rather its honourable fervants.

When Petrarch was re-established at Milan, he sent for his son John from Verona, who was now eighteen years of age, to have his education finished under his own eye. John had a great affection for a young man whom he had known at Parma and at Verona, where

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he was fecretary to Azon de Correge; his name was Modio. He was a youth of genius and knowledge, and a tolerable poet.

Petrarch thought he could not do a better thing than engage this young man to come and live with him, to finish the education of his son, and to assist him in his literary works. Accordingly he wrote him this letter of invitation:

'I do not know what my fon has written, but I know he wishes to be informed whether you can come and take up your residence with us. That you may determine with the more ease, I will acquaint you with the nature and conditions of the fituation we propose to you. I am fensible the courts of princes are open to you: but if I know your character, you would prefer our poverty to their riches, an humble independence with a friend above the treasures of the east under a master. It is not a servant I feek in you, it is a friend. I propose not to you to labour for us, but to live as we do; to be the master of your employment, and to hold the reins of your life. I flatter myself that my fon, who has leved and admired you from his infancy, will make a great progress under your direction. If you choose it, you shall be also the affociate of my studies, and at liberty to

copy my trifles; they will please me better when wrote out by your hand; you will difcover the faults that have escaped me. I do not offer you mountains of gold, palaces of marble, or purple robes; but a comfortable mediocrity, a temperate and almost philosophic cheer, retirement, leifure, and liberty. It may furprise you I should offer to another what I possess not myself; but do we not every day behold physicians, who are indisposed themfelves, give relief and health to others? The luftre of an empty name, which importunes me, though I do not defire it, prevents my enjoyment of freedom and folitude; but you will poffess both, at least till you are known. This is all I can offer you: I shall be happy if you can make it agreeable to you to partake my Rudies, and engage in this manner of life. I forgot our being near St. Ambrofe, which may perhaps have more influence with you than all I have faid !'ma Latinain was to governi skint !

Modio did not accept this kind invitation:
A principle of gratitude to Azon de Correge
prevented him. In a great revolution at Verona, Azon had been obliged to leave that city;
his estates were confiscated, and his wife and
children imprisoned. Modio, whose heart was
filled with affection and honour, and who loved

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Azon, would not abandon him in this condition. He followed him, and devoted himfelf to the education of his children. This increased Petrarch's esteem for his character, and a very affectionate correspondence took place between them.

The month of September was always critical to Petrarch; he generally suffered in this feafon from a tertian fever. 'I was obliged,' fays he, 'the fits were fo violent, to pass the whole of the month in bed. Had it lasted much longer, it must have outlived me.' In this fickness news was brought him that the eldest of the Viscomtis was found dead in his bed. His brothers were accused of poisoning him, from the following circumstance: One evening, when they were fupping together, Galeas and Barnabas faid to Matthew, 'It is a fine thing to be a fovereign.' 'Yes,' replied Matthew, when one has no partners.' From this answer it was supposed he meant to get rid of them, and that they got the ftart of him. Villani fays, that he died like a dog, without making confession; and that his end was worthy of his life, which was spent in such horrible debauchery, that it does not feem necessary to ascribe the death that followed it to poison. Petrarch, though he was not touched with the death of fuch a man, was extremely affected with the rumour that reflected on Galeas, to whom he was tenderly attached: he would doubtless have left his court if he had thought him guilty. As to Barnabas, there was no cruelty he was not capable of: he had put to death, for some unknown reason, a priest, sent by the pope to preach the crusade against the tyrants of Romania: he had him roasted alive in a fort of iron tub, with bars like a gridiron, and a handle by which they kept turning it before the fire like a spit. Galeas and Barnabas divided the estates of Matthew.

Petrarch began to recover in October, and his health was quite re-established by a letter from his dear Barbatus. It was full of enthusiasm and friendship, and addressed to Francis Petrarch, the king of poets. The monks had told Barbate, that in all Italy he had this title. Petrarch, after politely joking his friend for his blind partiality, and refusing with some heat the title he assigned him, wrote as follows:

Before the Muses passed from Greece to Italy, it was easy to be the king of poets. What respect was paid to the poet Lucilius! To dare to criticise him was sacrilege! What a reputation had Revius and Plautus! We do them justice at present, but their wit and talents do

not equal their fame: to read their epitaphs, you would believe them as great as Homer and Virgil! Our age is not fo eafy; it exacts from poets works more correct and refined. We are furrounded with dainty wits, who are not lavish of their praises. Take care, my dear Barbatus, that you do not wrong me by your friendship, and overwhelm me with a false title. I should fear the being accused of high treason, if I took the honour you would give me! Where do you pretend my kingdom is placed? Which are its boundaries? There are but two kingdoms of poets, Greece and Italy. The venerable fire of Mæonia occupies the first, and the shepherd of Mantua the last. For myfelf, I can only reign in my Transalpine folitude, and on the banks of the Sorgia. It is there alone I can fav with Ovid, in his exile among the Scythians, Here there is no one wittier than myself.'

At the beginning of the year 1356, there came to Milan, to ferve under Galeas, who made him general of his cavalry, Pandolphe, a descendant of the ancient house of Malateste. He was a cavalier of a noble figure, and a fine countenance; and, though brave and war-like, he loved letters and the Muses. The works of Petrarch had made such an impres-

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fion on him, that he fent a painter to take his picture, who made him pay very dear for a bad likeness. He was delighted with the society of Petrarch, with whom he spent every leisure moment. The great fatigues he had suffered, encamped in winter among the snows, and in summer exposed to the scorching heats, had brought upon him a severe indisposition, which had like to have cost him his life. Petrarch never quitted his room during his illness; and when he began to recover, he was carried by his servants to Petrarch's house at St. Ambrose, and finding him in his library in the midst of his books, 'Here it is,' said he, 'that I delight to behold you.'

Galeas was fond of Pandolphe, and confided in his valour and skill; but the brutality of Barnabas obliged him to leave Milan. Galeas being attacked with the gout, ordered Pandolphe to review the cavalry: this displeased Barnabas, who sent for him immediately. Pandolphe kneeling down to pay his homage, Barnabas struck him with the hilt of his sword, and would have killed him, but he avoided the stroke. Queen de Lascale, who was present, told her husband it was a base action to attempt the life of a gentleman in his own house. Barnabas had him put in irons, and command-

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ed his head to be cut off. Galeas fent his wife, and two of his officers, to befeech a pardon for Pandolphe. Barnabas answered, that he would fend him to his brother, for him to take revenge for his offence; on which Galeas sent him back to his own country.

A rumour prevailed at this time, that the king of Hungary was coming into Italy against the Venetians, and that he had made a league with the emperor. The Viscomtis were extremely alarmed, and begged Petrarch to be their ambassador to the emperor, to justify their conduct, and to penetrate into his defigns. 'They fend me into the north,' fays he, 'when I have most need of repose. Man is made for labour. I love the man who fends me, and shall be repaid for the fatigue, if I am fo happy as to fucceed in my negociation.' Petrarch went to Bastia, where he waited a month for the emperor. 'This prince finishes nothing,' fays he: 'I must go seek him at the bottom of Barbary.' His departure was most fortunate, for the city of Bastia was destroyed a few days af ter by an earthquake, which overthrew at the fame time more than fourfcore castles on the banks of the Rhine. Petrarch describes this river in affliction, that 'its stream must now run over thefe ruins.' Thefe commotions con-

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Treves, Spires, and all the towns on the Rhine, were more violently agitated than the rest: the inhabitants of these towns, not daring to continue in them, wandered about in the fields.

Petrarch arrived at Prague in July: he found the emperor employed about the famous golden bull which he had just bestowed on the princes of the empire at the diet of Nuremburg. This singular charter, which is at present the fundamental law of the empire, shews the turn of that age. It begins by an apostrophe to Satan, to pride, to luxury, wrath, and envy. The style by no means answered the dignity of the subject.

Petrarch made but a short stay at Prague, notwithstanding the kind reception and request of the emperor. This prince, though displeased with the Viscomtis, did not intend to make war against them. His affairs in Germany fully employed him, and the embellishment of the city of Prague. He had with him two prelates of distinguished merit, who possessed all his considence, and went every where with him; Ernest de Pardowitz, archbishop of Prague, and John Ocsko, bishop of Olmutz. Petrarch formed a short union with them during his stay at Prague, and corresponded with

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Petrarch returned to Milan in the beginning of September; he would not pass this critical month in a foreign climate; when he received from his friend Simonides the following letter:

'You are returned in health, my dear Petrarch, thanks be to God! This is the most agreeable news I could receive. Life would be nothing to me without you. I dreaded for you the intemperature of the air, and still more the barbarous manners of the country you was in, so different as they are from these of our beloved Italy. You inquired of me for a good housekeeper; I found just such a one as you wanted; a woman above forty years of age, neat, skilful, of good manners, and understanding in a kitchen. I have used every argument, but cannot persuade her to come to you. She says she will be a servant no longer, as she can live by her distass.'

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rived a courier at Milan, who brought the news of the battle of Potiers, in which four-fcore thousand French were conquered by eight thousand English; and king John and his son made prisoners. Galeas Viscomti, who loved France, and was attached to the family which governed there, wished to write to prince Charles the dauphin, and to the cardinal of Bologna, to express his grief; and he begged Petrarch to compose these letters. That to the prince is as follows:

'Serene prince! If on one fide grief forces from me lamentation, on the other, I am petrified and reduced to filence, when I reflect on the caprice of that blind goddess who governs the human race. If by a turn of her wheel she has overthrown your illustrious father, with his son your brother, who can hope to be saved from her strokes?

I speak not of the losses all France has sustained in that satal day, which obscured the sun of that great kingdom, and eclipsed the greatest part of the stars that enlightened it.

Great prince! Your affliction has reached me at this distance: God is my witness that I share it with you. Of what is not that infolent hand capable who dares touch with sa-

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crilegious hands the diadem of France? With all the princes of Europe I feel this fad event: But, befides this, I have a particular concern in it. Your majesty will not believe me capable of ever forgetting the marks of goodness I received from your grandfather, your father, and There was in your family a fort of contest who should be kindest to a man but little known to you. So many benefits are engraved on my heart in lines that time cannot efface, and that ingratitude shall never cover with her clouds! And can I then fail to deplore your calamity, or, under the weight with which you are charged at your age, endeavour to moderate your grief, and give you the confolation I should wish to receive in your place! Providence has given to your youth what he feldom grants to the old age of princes, to know the emptiness of all things human, and the perfidy of fortune; whose power can only be refifted by a virtuous foul. You have received that foul from nature, and have perfected it by fludy and experience: on this is founded the public hopes and the fafety of your king-Heaven has spared you, to deliver and revenge your father, and to hold the reins of empire for him: if the weight is above your years, it is not beyond your courage. The affairs with which you are overwhelmed will not permit me to intrude on your time. I conclude with offering to your fervice my person and possessions. Happy shall I be if I can afford any succour to your majesty, whom I pray Heaven to console in granting freedom to your father, and victory over his enemies.

The letter to the cardinal was in these words:

'Very reverend father and lord! The horrible catastrophe of the king my master has made so deep an impression on me, I have hardly power to speak. If love does not blind me, all the human race ought to grieve for this disaster, and princes more than others; but those who are attached like me will be inconsolable!

'I feel tenderly for the dauphin, but I hope every thing from his courage and virtues. With the Divine aid he shall deliver his father, and steer the helm of his abandoned kingdom. I thought it my duty, as it was my inclination, to express these sentiments to him, and to you, my lord, who, next to him, are the most sensibly concerned in this unhappy event. Vouchfase to engage him to use with considence what I have most freely offered. The Lord preserve and make you prosper.'

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Petrarch could fcarcely believe it possible that an invincible hero, the greatest of kings. should be vanquished by so inferior an enemy. The Viscomtis at this time had enemies on all sides, and their city was like a vessel buffeted by the tempest. 'For my part,' favs Petrarch. I am tranquil in the midst of these storms; and if I did not hear the roaring of the waves, if I did not behold others in agitation, I should be ignorant that I was failing on a tempestuous fea, and feated at the feet of the pilot. Firm without being motionless, I wait without fearing: no wind is contrary to me; on every shore I find a safe asylum. If I dared compare myself to Cato, I should fay I am in the state in which he was found by his nephew Brutus; uneafy for others, but careless about himself.' In fact, while the city of Milan was the theatre of war, Petrarch revised feveral of his Italian poems.

Soon after this he received a letter from Avignon, written by Socrates, Lelius, and Gui Settimo together. They all inhabited the fame house, and lived in the greatest union. Petrarch replies, 'I should never have believed I could have envied people who dwell in Babylon. Nevertheless, I wished to be with you in your bouse, shut up from the poisonous air of that

infamous city. I look upon your dwelling to be like the Elysian fields in the middle of Avernus.' Some time after this he received a very fingular letter from young Agapit Colonna, who had formerly been his pupil, but who had profited very little by his instructions. The letter was in a sharp unpolished style. He thanked him for the pains he had taken with his education; but adds, 'Fortune has elevated and overwhelmed you with benefits. Proud of your treasures, and the elegance of your houses, you despise a poor exile, fallen from his prosperous state, ill clothed, and worse provided for, leading a miserable life in a little house near Bologna. You fly from and think no more of me in this poor fituation.'

Petrarch answered these reproaches in the following manner:

'I am neither rich nor poor. I have every thing that is necessary, and I desire nothing more. It is true that my income is somewhat increased, but my expences are increased in proportion, and I lay nothing up at the end of the year. You say you are poor: I can scarcely believe that a person of your name and merit can be so. But was this the case, how could you ever think that poverty rendered you despicable in my eyes? This is very opposite to

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my character. I despise no one, and have always had a singular regard for you. If I was capable of contempt, it would fall upon the rich rather than the poor: Not that riches are contemptible in themselves, but because they bring so many vices in their train.

Your letter has aftonished me beyond expression: I cannot recover my surprise, and I look upon it as a dream. You cannot think all you wrote: you only meant to punish me for my neglect in writing to you. I will not justify myself in that particular: I am flattered in your chagrin on that account, and kifs the hand that wounds me. But you ought to attribute my filence to my idleness of disposition, well known to you, to my occupations, which increase every day, and to the difficulty of conveying my letters. I do not comprehend what you mean by the magnificence of my houses: I dwell in a retired corner of Milan: often a wanderer in the fields, I am ignorant of what passes in the city. Adieu! And, if it is possible, be persuaded that, whether rich or poor, whether I write to you or keep filence, I shall always be sincerely attached to you.'

In the beginning of the year 1357 Petrarch received a diploma fent to him by the bishop of Olmutz, chancellor of the empire, by which

the emperor created him count Palatine, with all the privileges of that dignity, which conflicted in creating doctors and lawyers, legitimating the natural children of citizens, crowning poets, giving dispensations of age, &c. These counts were sometimes also stewards of the estates of the prince, and receivers general of his sinances. The emperor had added to this dignity some particular privileges and very stattering encomiums.

Petrarch, in his letter of thanks, fays, 'I am very grateful for the fingular favour the emperor has vouchfafed me, and the obliging expressions with which you have heightened this grace. My expectations from his goodness and your friendship are more than satisfied: but I will not receive any gold: be not displeased that I return that on the bull by your friend who brought it to me.'

The diploma was enriched with a bull, or feal of gold, on one fide of which was the figure of the emperor feated on his throne, with an eagle and a lion; on the other, the city of Rome, with its temples and walls.

Petrarch sustained a loss at this time, which he thus speaks of in a letter to Lelius: 'An old Milanese of sourscore, who called me his father, and came almost every day to dine with

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me, has paid the tribute of nature. He was a man of condition, but little fortune; of a good character, and a lively disposition; though he was almost in his second childhood. His questions were fo droll and uncommon, they would have moved a dead man to laughter. He difputed on philosophy and religion, and had an inexhaustible storehouse of arguments. He fubmitted to no one but myself, and that rather from friendship than conviction. He fatigued every one with his questions, especially the monks. He inquired of them, at first fight; Have you studied? If they faid No, he shook his head, and went away without a word more: if they replied Yes, then he began his disputations, turned a question on all sides with an inexhaustible volubility, and violent peals of laughter. I asked him sometimes, with an air of furprife, from whence he obtained his knowledge, and where were all his books? "Here, here!" replied he, "rubbing his forehead; here is my library: it is from hence I draw my knowledge. Books were only invented to aid the memory, and are only the supports of its weakness." This odd affertion diverted us extremely. He faid nothing but what he firmly believed, and his opinions were the joys of his life. He held in absolute contempt the rules

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of grammar, spoke incorrectly, and disputed under the armour of ignorance. He undertook to write a book in your name: I wish he had lived to finish it; it would have been a notable and most fingular production. Three days before his death, he came to feek me with a melancholy countenance. I asked him what concerned him: He answered, 'I am this day fourfcore. How many years think you remain for me? Perhaps twenty-five years, or thereabouts?" "Go," faid I to him, with a fmile, "be eafy, and you may very well reach thirty." "If fo," replied he, "I am content; I defire no more." He went away, and I faw him no more. Three days after this they informed me he was brought to my church to be interred. He had no fickness, no other difease but old age. I regret his lofs; he loved me, called me father; and his fingularities amufed me. Characters of this fort are necessary to divert me from more ferious and interesting occupations. After having fuccoured his old age as much as I was able, I shed some tears on his tomb, which is in my church of St. Ambrofe. This good old man loved and called you his fon.'

Petrarch had for some time perceived in the letters of Lelius a fort of confusion and concern. At last he was informed that a quarrel

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had happened between him and Socrates, after having lived twenty-eight years in the fricteft friendship. It was occasioned by one of those bufy malicious people who are the plagues of fociety. They told Lelius that Socrates fpoke ill of him, and had even written unkind things of him to Petrarch. Lelius too easily believed fo unlikely a report. Petrarch, on this occasion, wrote him a sharp letter, in which, after having justified Socrates, he conjured him to go to his friend immediately, for he was perfuaded with good reason nothing more was necessary to reconcile fuch old friends. It is to be lamented this letter is not inferted, which might have ferved for a model to others in fuch fituations. It had all the effect that was to be expected from fuch an interpolition. Lelius could not read it without a deluge of tears. He went in a flood of grief to Socrates, fell upon his neck, and wept. Socrates embraced him in the tenderest manner. Those who were by could hardly fland this affecting reconciliation. Petrarch was ful of joy when he was informed of it, and wrote to congratulate them both.

In the violent heats of this year Petrarch retired to a little village near the river Adda, three miles from Milan. 'The fituation,' fays he, 'is charming, and the air very pure. It is

of grammar, spoke incorrectly, and disputed under the armour of ignorance. He undertook to write a book in your name: I wish he had lived to finish it; it would have been a notable and most fingular production. Three days before his death, he came to feek me with a melancholy countenance. I asked him what concerned him: He answered, 'I am this day fourfcore. How many years think you remain for me? Perhaps twenty-five years, or thereabouts?" "Go," faid I to him, with a fmile, "be eafy, and you may very well reach thirty." "If fo," replied he, "I am content; I defire no more." He went away, and I faw him no more. Three days after this they informed me he was brought to my church to be interred. He had no fickness, no other difease but old age. I regret his loss; he loved me, called me father; and his fingularities amufed me. Characters of this fort are necessary to divert me from more ferious and interesting occupations. After having fuccoured his old age as much as I was able, I shed some tears on his tomb, which is in my church of St. Ambrose. This good old man loved and called you his fon.'

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In the violent heats of this year Petrarch retired to a little village near the river Adda, three miles from Milan, 'The fituation,' fays he, 'is charming, and the air very pure. It is on a little elevation in the middle of a plain, furrounded on all fides with fountains; not rapid and noify, as those of Vaucluse, but smooth and gentle in their motion. The course of these waters is so intermingled, that their beginnings or endings cannot be discovered. As if they would imitate the dance of the nymphs, they approach, retire, unite, and separate alternately in a most agreeable and singular manner. After forming a fort of labyrinth by these meanderings, they go all together, and empty themselves into the same reservoir.

John Viscomti had chosen this situation to found a Carthusian monastery. Petrarch designed at first to lodge in it, and the Carthusians consented: but as he could not do without horses and attendants, he feared that the noise, and, above all, the drunkenness, of servants, would give trouble and distress in this holy retreat. He therefore hired a house in the neighbourhood, near enough to go there any hour of the day. He gave this house the name of Linterno, in memory of Scipio Africanus, whose country house was so called; and in joke sometimes he called it the Inferno.

1358. While Petrarch was in this retirement, he received a letter from his friend Set-

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time, who defired he would inform him of all the occupations and projects of his fon John. Petrarch wrote this answer.

The train of my life has been uniform fince the frozen hand of age has extinguished the ardour of youth, and that fatal passion which fo long tormented me! But what do I fay! It is the dew of heaven that has produced this bleffed effect. Do we not every day behold. to the shame of humanity, old men plunged in debauchery? What a horrid and dangerous spectacle for youth! Like a weary traveller, I double my steps as I hasten to the end of my course. I read and write day and night: one is my refreshment after the other; and my labours grow continually. Novelty pushes me on, obstacles increase my ardour. God, who knows my intentions, will affift me, if he fees it for the good of my foul. Labour is certain, fuccess hazardous: I feel this in common with those who follow the same painful course of life. I wish posterity to know and approve me: if I do not fucceed there, I shall be known in my own age, or at least by my friends. Nothing more is necessary. It would be even fufficient to know my own character, if it was fuch as it ought to be; but with this, alas! I cannot flatter myfelf. Whatever shall

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be the fuccess of my labours, I pray that God will not abandon me in old age, and, above all, at my death. My health is so good, my body so strong, that neither increase of years, serious occupations, abstinence, nor the strokes of grief, have been able to subdue this stubborn ass, on which I make continual war.

' As to fortune, I possess that happy medium which is equally distant from both extremes; except in one point, that I am more fought after than I would be, or than fuits with my repose. I am loved without being known or feen, and that is perhaps the reason of it. I have already paffed an olympiad at Milan, a thing which neither myfelf nor my friends thought possible; fo true it is, we ought never to fay, here I will live, or there I will die; for we can be certain of nothing in this world. The kindness I have received at Milan, attaches me not only to its inhabitants, but to its houses, land, air, and even its walls; not to speak of my friends and acquaintance. I refide in a very retired corner of the city towards the west.

'An ancient religious custom draws the people on Sundays to the church of St. Ambrose, who is my neighbour: the rest of the week this spot is a desert. Behold what this great saint does for his guest: he consoles me by his

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presence; he gives spiritual succour to my foul, and faves it from difgust. Under the shelter of his wings I fee the tempefts, and hear the noise of the waves, but they come not near to trouble me. When I go out to pay my duty to my mafter, or for some other business, (which rarely happens,) I falute every one on the right fide and on the left, by a fimple motion of my head. without stopping or speaking to any. My increase of fortune has made no alteration in my diet or fleep, which you know was always flender; on the contrary, I retrench still, and shall foon have nothing more to diminish. I am only in bed while I fleep, except I am fick. It appears to me that seep so strongly refembles death, and the bed our tomb, that the idea gives me a difgust to my bed, from which I rife the moment I awake, and go into my library. I generally do this in the middle of the night, except when the nights are at the shortest. I grant to Nature only what she commands imperiously, and which it is not possible to refuse her.

'I am always fond of folitude and filence; but when I am with my friends, I am disposed to converse a great deal: this happens, perhaps, because I see them feldom; and I would compensate for the silence of a year by the prate

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of a day; and when my friends depart I become dumb again.

' Nothing is so fatiguing as to converse with many, or with one whom we do not love, and who is not conversant with the same subjects as ourselves. I resemble those people of whom Seneca speaks, who take life in detail rather than in the gross. I have taken a house at a league from Milan, to shelter me from the heats, in a fine clear air, where I am still more at liberty than in the town. Here my table is abundantly supplied; the peasants are ambitious which shall bring me most fruits, fish, ducks, and all forts of wild fowl. There is in my neighbourhood a fine monastery of the Carthufians, newly founded, where I can enjoy, at all hours of the day, the pure and delightful pleasures of religion. The gates are always open to me; a privilege few people posses: but we should take care not to give trouble to others in feeking our own convenience, and this prevented my lodging there. It appears to me, that it is here we most frequently fail in delicacy; and it is because we are more occupied with ourselves than solicitous for our fellow-creatures. In this happy retreat I wish for nothing but my old friends. I was rich in many fuch formerly, but death and absence

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then ob a print was when the adverse have diminished these possessions, and they are only to be regained in imagination. Your fociety, and that of Socrates, I long flattered myself with obtaining. If you persist in your rigour, I must draw all the consolation I can from my pious monks. Their conversation is neither bright nor wife, but it is innocent and holy. Their repairs are not inviting; but there is a perfect freedom in their company; and their prayers will be my great confolation both in life and at death.

'Solomon has told us that riches draw parafites. I have never obtained fo much of them as to experience this truth. The little gold I have passes through my fingers, and my coffer is rather a passage than dwelling-place for it. I know that it is made to folace the wants, and not to nourish the passions, of men. In this view it was originally fought from the mines, purified, struck, and stamped. He who expends it properly is its mafter; he who lays it up, its keeper; he who loves it, a fool; he who fears it, a flave; he who adores it, an idolater: the truly wife man is he who despises it. You wish to hear news of our young man; I dont know what to fay about him: his manners are gentle, and the bloffoms of his youth promise fruit; of what fort it will be I cannot

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yet guess; but I think I can flatter myself he will be an honest man. I know he has understanding: but of what use is understanding if not cultivated by study? He slies from a book as he would sly from the face of a serpent.

'If his disposition pleases me, I see with grief that idleness will reduce it to nothing. Prayers, careffes, menaces, and pains, all have been tried by me without fuccess: nature has always furmounted my endeavours. I have nothing, however, to reproach myfelf with; and I will be fatisfied if, as I hope, he turns out a good man. The glory that letters beflow is, no doubt, greatly defirable; but it is difficult to acquire: it is more easy to live a life of virtue than a life of fame. We pardon a man if he is not wife, but we never forgive him if he is defective in goodness; and Themistocles faid, he loved the man much better who was without letters, than letters without the man.'

This year the Viscomtis laid siege to Pavia. There was in this city a man of singular character, who was called James Bossalaro: his father was a trunk-maker. He early abandoned the world, to live in a desert the life of a hermit, and afterwards took the habit of the order of St. Augustine, and acquired great re-

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putation for knowledge and piety: nothing was talked of at Pavia but the eloquence of brother James. Encouraged by these attentions, he declaimed with vehemence against usury, monopolies, and the ornaments of dress; and the effect of his preaching was a thorough reformation. Usurers were no more seen at Pavia; and even the ladies renounced their finery. After this he began to attack tyranny and tyrants, and exhorted the Pavians to establish a republican government. The people listened to him greedily, complied with all his regulations, and gave him fixty men for his guard; fo that the lords of Beccaria, then governors of Pavia, did not dare to oppose him; and he became master, in fact, though without any change of his monastic life, and his commands were confidered as bleffings. 'The fermons of a little monk,' fays Villani, 'did all this.'

Petrarch wrote a letter to brother James, representing to him how ill war suited the habit of a monk; and that it was incumbent on him to promote peace, rather than sow the slames of discord: but it made no impression on him. When the Viscomtis laid siege to Pavia, the citizens we pressed by famine, and began to be discouraged. Brother James never ceased to animate them by his preachings, and with

a prophetic tone announced victory. One day their money failing, he spoke with so much force against luxury, that the ladies brought him their jewels and rich habits, and the men all the gold and filver they possessed. He got the former fold at Venice, and obtained a confiderable fum for them, which ferved to fupport them for fome time: but they were at last obliged to capitulate. Brother James treated with Galeas, who shewed him the utmost refpect, and granted all his demands. After having concerted with him the necessary regulations, he brought him to Milan, where, as foon as he arrived, he delivered him up to the monks of his order, by whom brother James was shut up in a strong prison, with very little light, fays Villani, and a great many wants; where, no doubt, he repented he had not followed the good advice of Petrarch.

The year 1358 was almost wholly employed by Petrarch in his treatise on the remedies of good and bad fortune. It is dedicated to his friend Azon de Correge, whose past life and present situation occasioned him to undertake this work. In his dedication he describes it as follows:

When I consider the instability of human affairs, and the variations of fortune, I find

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nothing more uncertain or reftless than the life of man. Nature has given to animals an excellent remedy under difasters, which is the ignorance of them. We feem better treated in intelligence, forefight, and memory. No doubt. these are admirable presents; but they often annoy more than they affift us. A prey to unuseful or distressing cares, we are tormented by the prefent, the past, and the future; and, as if we feared we should not be miserable enough, we join to the evil we fuffer the remembrance of a former diftress, and the apprehension of fome future calamity. This is the Cerberus with three heads we combat without ceasing. Our life might be gay and happy if we would: but we eagerly feek fubjects of affliction to render it irksome and melancholy. We pass the first years of this life in the shades of ignorance, the fucceeding ones in pain and labour, the latter part in grief and remorfe, and the whole in error: nor do we suffer ourselves to possess one bright day without a cloud.

'Let us examine this matter with sincerity, and we shall agree that our distresses chiefly arise from ourselves. It is virtue alone which can render us superior to fortune: we quit her standard, and the combat is no longer equal. Fortune mocks us; she turns us on her wheel;

fhe raifes and abases us at her pleasure, but her power is founded on our weakness. This is an old rooted evil, but it is not incurable: there is nothing a firm and elevated mind cannot accomplish. The discourse of the wife, and the study of good books, are the best remedies I know of; but to these we must join the confent of the foul, without which the best advice will be useless. What gratitude do we not owe to those great men who, though dead many ages before us, live with us by their works, difcourse with us, are our masters and guides, and ferve us as pilots in the navigation of life, where our vessel is agitated without ceasing by the storms of our passions! It is here that true philosophy brings us to a fafe port, by a fure and eafy paffage; not like that of the schools, which raising us on its airy and deceitful wings, and caufing us to hover on the clouds of frivolous dispute, let us fall without any light or instruction in the same place where she took us up.

Dear friend, I do not attempt to exhort you to the study I judge so important. Nature has given you a taste for all knowledge, but fortune has denied you the leifure to acquire it: yet, whenever you could steal a moment from public affairs, you sought the conversa-

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tion of wife men; and I have remarked that your memory often ferved you instead of books. It is therefore unnecessary to invite you to do what you have always done; but, as we cannot retain all we hear or read, it may be useful to furnish your mind with some maxims that may best serve to arm you against the assaults of misfortune. The vulgar, and even philosophers, have decided, that adverse fortune was most difficult to fustain. For my own part, I am of a different opinion, and believe it more easy to support advertity than prosperity; and that fortune is more treacherous and dangerous when the careffes than when the difmays. Experience has taught me this, not books or arguments. I have feen many perfons fustain great losses, poverty, exile, tortures, death, and even disorders that were worse than death, with courage; but I have feen none whose heads have not been turned by power, riches, and honours. How often have we beheld those overthrown by good fortune who could never be shaken by bad! This made me wish to learn how to support a great fortune. You know the fhort time this work has taken; I have been less attentive to what might shine, than to what might be useful on this subject. Truth and virtue are the wealth of all men,

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and shall I not discourse of these with my dear Azon? I would prepare for you, as in a little portable box, a friendly antidote against the poison of good and bad fortune. The one requires a rein to repress the fallies of a transported soul; the other a consolation, to fortify the overwhelmed and afflicted spirit.'

'Nature gave you, my friend, the heart of a king; but she gave you not a kingdom, of which therefore fortune could not deprive you. But I doubt whether our age can furnish an example of worse or better treatment from her than yourself. In the first part of your life you was bleft with an admirable conftitution, and aftonishing health and vigour: some years after we beheld you thrice abandoned by the phyficians, who despaired of your life. The heavenly Physician, who was your fole refource, restored your health, but not your former ftrength. You were then called iron-footed, for your fingular force and agility; you are now bent, and lean upon the shoulders of those whom you formerly supported. Your country beheld you one day its governor, the next an exile. Princes disputed for your friendship, and afterwards conspired your ruin. You lost by death the greatest part of your friends; the reft, according to custom, deferted you in calalent disease, which attacked you when you were destitute of all succours, at a distance from your country and family, in a strange land, invested by the troops of your enemies; so that those two or three friends whom fortune had lest you, could not come near to relieve you. In a word, you have experienced every hardship but imprisonment and death. But what do I say? you have felt all the horrors of the former, when your faithful wife and children were shut up by your enemies; and even death followed you, and took one of those children, for whose loss you would willingly have facrificed your own.

In you have been united the fortunes of Pompey and Marius: but you were neither arrogant in prosperity, as the one, nor discouraged in adversity, as the other. You have supported both in a manner that has made you loved by your friends, and admired by your enemies. There is a peculiar charm in the serene and tranquil air of virtue, which enlightens all around it, in the midst of the darkest scenes and the greatest calamities. My ancient friendship for you has caused me to quit every thing; to perform a work, in which, as in a glass, you may adjust and prepare your soul for all events;

and he able to fay, as Æneas did to the Sybit, "Nothing of this is new to me; I have forefeen and am prepared for it all." I am fensible that in the diforders of the mind, as well as those of the body, discourses are not thought the most efficacious remedies; but I am persuaded also that the malady of the foul ought to be cured by fpiritual applications. If we fee a friend in diffress, and give him all the consolation we are able, we perform the duties of friendship, which pays more attention to the disposition of the heart than the value of the gift. A finall prefent may be the testimony of a great love. There is no good I do not wish you; and this is all I can offer toward it. I wish this little treatise may be of use to you. If it should not answer my hopes, I shall, however, be fecure of pardon from your friendship. It presents you with the four great passions, Hope and Joy, the daughters of Prosperity; Fear and Grief, the offspring of Adversity; who attack the foul, and lance at it all their arrows. Reason commands in the citadel to repulse them: your penetration will eafily perceive which fide will obtain the victory.'

This treatife of Petrarch's made a great noise; the moment it appeared every one was eager to obtain it. It is full of genius, erudition, e

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and true philosophy, and enlivened by a thoufand examples from ancient and from modern history. We must add, in justice to Petrarch, that the misfortunes of Azon de Correge never lessened his friendship for him to his death. The course of his sufferings and exile is not very certain. Three of his servants were hanged; and he only saved his life by retiring to Ferrara; and at last went to Mantua, to live with the relations of his wife.

In June, 1358, a peace was concluded between the Gonzaguas, lords of Mantua, and the Viscomtis, to which Petrarch, by his influence, greatly contributed. One of the articles of it was, that Ugolin Gonzagua should espouse Catharine Viscomti, the daughter of Matthew Viscomti. The marriage was celebrated at Milan with great magnificence. At the same time Barnabas had a child baptised. The feasts on these occasions lasted several days, with games and tournaments, and all kinds of rejoicings.

Petrarch was a great part of the summer at Linterno. The Carthusians, with whom he spent much of his time, talked of nothing but the fanctity and virtues of their general. This was John Birel, whom the cardinals would

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have made pope after the death of Clement, if the cardinal de Taillerand had not opposed it. Petrarch was pressed by these monks to write to John Birel, as the prior of the Carthusians at Milan was going to a general chapter held in the great monastery of that order. His letter is dated, 'From the monastery of the Carthusians at Milan, where I dwell.'

Full of aftonishment and admiration, I fpeak to you as I would fpeak to Jefus Christ himfelf, who, no doubt, dwells in your heart: for the heart of the just, is it not the temple of God? They fay you are an angel, and that you lead the life an angel would do if he was on earth. For my part, I behold you as a star which rifes from the monastery of the Carthusians to enlighten a finful world, as we see the morning fun rife from the eastern mountain to illuminate the world. How happy are you! How miferable am I! While I am ftruggling with the tempestuous waves of time, in continual view of the death I dread, you are arrived fafe in port, and, fo to fpeak, entered into the porch of paradife, with the hope, or rather the affurance, of a bleffed and endless life!'.largene wied to contar has when

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that God would inspire his mind with unseigned charity, perfect piety, and holy religion, he finishes his letter thus:

' From whence can my confidence arise to a man I have never feen? It is not my merit which gives it, but my love for you and your pious flock. It is the idea of your piety which makes me hope an eafy access to your favour. We fometimes love those the best we do not personally behold. Sinner as I am, I see you in Jesus Christ, who views us all, and whom we behold in all things. I would, however, that my eyes also rejoiced in this fight; and, though I daily hear of your pious words, that my ears could enjoy them from your own mouth. In fine, though I embrace you tenderly with my foul, I wish to enfold you in my arms, and kifs that hand I revere, that hand confecrated to God. I know you better than you imagine. Placed on a facred elevation, your virtue makes you known of many with whom you are not acquainted. To this is joined that precious pledge I have confided to your care, that only brother enrolled in the militia of Jesus Christ, under the banners of your protection. Of all the gifts I have received from nature or fortune, none is fo dear to me as he is. I know that you love him as your fon.

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You have taken him from me. I am confoled. I rejoice, nay, I glory, in a brother worthy to ferve Jesus Christ in your holy family. This has inspired me with confidence towards you. The prior of the Carthusians at Milan, who will present you with my letter and my homage, will confirm my affectionate sentiments for you and your order.

John Birel, in his answer to Petrarch, reprimands him severely for the praises he had given him; saying, that it was not right to praise any one to their face. He exhorts Petrarch to employ the great talents God had given him in works on morals and devotion; and, in particular, defired he would write a treatise on the dignity of human nature, which pope Innocent III. had promised to the world when he published his treatise on the misery of man.

Petrarch, after justifying himself for the praises he had bestowed by the examples of the greatest saints, Augustin, Jerome, Ambrose, &c. says, 'I could make you the same reproaches with much better foundation. I neither claim nor merit the praises you have bestowed on my genius. You desire me to make good the promises of others, who have not time to fulfil my own. Perhaps also it was a subject too difficult for the great pope, and

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what then will it be for me? Innocent III. was one of the wifest men of his age, and did honour to the holy see. He knew that human misery was an extensive, and human felicity a short and delicate subject.

'I am engaged in a treatife on the remedies of good and bad fortune, in which I try to suppress or extirpate, if possible, the passions of the foul. I was in the chapter of grief and mifery when I received your letter. I apprehend that the malady of the foul called grief, can only be cured by the subject of joy we are furnished with from the dignity of human nature. One would have imagined you knew what I was about when you wrote, and that you meant your letter as a four: it is certain I am animated by it. The honour of your notice, and the pleafure of obeying your commands, shall inspire me with courage; and if I cannot treat the subject in particular as you defire, you will accept it as confidered more generally in the treatife I have mentioned.'

The correspondence of Petrarch with John Birel was short. This general of the Carthu-sians died soon after with the highest reputation for his piety and good works.

Petrarch had an inflammation in his leg while he was at Linterno, occasioned by a large

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volume of Cicero's epiftles falling on it as he was reaching it down, and this happened more than once. 'I could not help,' fays he, 'afking Cicero, with a fmile, Why do you ftrike the man who loves you so much?' His leg was so bad through neglect, that advice was sent for, and the physicians thought it must be cut off; but by rest and somentations he recovered. 'It is singular,' adds Petrarch, 'that from my childhood the accidents I have met with have always chosen this leg; which have made one of my servants call it pleasantly, The leg of ill fortune. In reality, these are motives to believe in fate; and why not, if by this word we understand providence?'

As foon as he recovered, Petrarch took a little journey to Bergamo, eight leagues from Milan. The occasion of it was this. There was in that city a goldsmith of excellent skill in his trade: he was born with a lively genius, and would have made a great progress in letters, if he had applied to them early; but he was somewhat advanced in life when this humour took hold of him. It soon absorbed his whole attention, and caused him to neglect his trade. Struck with the renown of Petrarch, he was determined, whatever it cost him, to become acquainted with so great a man, and

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to merit his esteem. He tried several methods to introduce himself, and at last succeeded. 'It would have been barbarous,' fays Petrarch, to have refused him what cost me so little, and delighted him fo much.' The favourable reception that Petrarch gave him quite turned his head: his joy was expressed in his countenance, gait, and gestures. He spent a great part of his fortune in having the name and arms of Petrarch either chased, carved, or inlaid, upon every thing in his house; and, at a great expence, he got all his writings copied: for Petrarch had given to his ardent entreaties what he had denied the greatest princes. By degrees he entirely changed his character and manner of life, and abandoned his trade, which was a very profitable one.

Petrarch repeatedly told him it was too late to devote himself to study, and that he ought on no account to quit his business. Obedient to his advice on every other subject, and listening to him as an oracle, he would not be persuaded in this matter to alter his resolution, but shut up his shop, and spent all his time in the schools of the professors in which that city abounded.

He was passionately desirous that Petrarch should visit him at Bergamo. 'One day only,'

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faid he, 'would he honour my house with his presence, it would be my glory and felicity for ages.' Petrarch kept him in fuspense for some years; but at last, moved with his earnest supplications, and the pleafure he felt in bestowing happiness, he went to Bergamo; though some of his friends were against it, and thought it would be demeaning himfelf. The jeweller, whose name was Henry Copra, came to fetch him; and, that he might be amused upon the road, he brought with him fome men of genius, whose conversation might be agreeable to him. Some of Petrarch's friends followed, curious to observe the event of this singular visit. When they came to Bergamo, the governor, commanding officer, and principal people of the city, came out to meet Petrarch, and rendered him the greatest honours. They would have lodged him in the city hotel, or some palace. The goldsmith was terrified left he should not be preferred. But he was unjust to Petrarch, who was faithful to his promife, and went, with the friends who followed him, to his house. He had made vast preparations: the house was magnificently decorated, the chamber destined to Petrarch hung with purple, the bed gilt, and the banquet was a royal one. His library was more like a scholar's devoted 0

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to letters, than a tradefinan's, who had fpent his life in a shop.

Petrarch went away the next day, satisfied with honours and good things. Never was a host so delighted with his guest: his joy was so immoderate, that his relations feared he would sall sick, or turn sool. The governor, and a great train, accompanied Petrarch much surther than he desired. The goldsmith would not quit him, and they were obliged at last to sorce him away.

Petrarch arrived that night at Linterno, where he passed the rest of the autumn of 1358. He had a letter from Lelius, in which he informs him that the office of apostolic secretary was conferred on Zanobi de Strata, but had been solicited for him by his friends. Petrarch, after repeating what he had so often said on this subject, adds,

'It gives me pleasure Zanobi has this employment: I love and am sure of being beloved by him. Among so many enemies of God and man, we shall at least have one friend in that court. But I lamont the loss of the Muses, and I pity his sate. In accepting this office, he has had more regard to riches than reputation, life, or repose. It was not long

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ago he joked me in a friendly manner for choofing a turbulent and noify city for my Helicon. He was ignorant of the free, retired, and tranquil life I lead at Milan. He disapproved also of my fituation in Provence, supposing it impossible for any one to be happy on that side the Alps. Nevertheless, at Vaucluse, if, refpecting my body and my errors, I led the life of a man, with respect to the peace of my mind, I led the life of an angel. When Zanobi talked in this manner, he did not foresee he should soon be an exile from Italy, and an inhabitant of the Babylonian Parnassus. If I know him, he will often regret his country, and the leifure he enjoyed at Naples, and will envy the freedom I possess at Milan. He will be richer, no doubt; but he will be less with the about salm only when any happy.'

Petrarch wrote this letter; his ink was frozen, his hand benumbed. It snowed violently: so great a quantity had never been sent between the Alps and the Appennine. Many villages and houses in the country suffered extremely. At Bologna the snow lay sixty feet deep; and they made a vault under it, where the young people had feasts and diversions. Villani, and

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other historians, speak of this snow, which fell in February, as exceeding what had been known in the memory of man.

Petrarch's fon was at this time at Avignon. Simonides, who was there also, after speaking of their common friends, Lelius, Socrates, &c. with all the warmth of friendship, talks to him of his fon, whom he calls John Petrarch. 'He hardly ever leaves me,' fays he. 'He amuses me by his conversation, and teaches me many things. I find him gentle and modest; a good fign in a young man, if we may believe Seneca. I conjure you not to give ear too lightly to what may be faid against him: Either I am much deceived, or you will fee him one day almost fuch as you wish him to be.' We are not told why Petrarch's fon went to refide at Avignon, or what he had done to incur his father's displeasure.

Petrarch had a visit this year from his friend Boccace. United by the same genius and disposition, they wrote often, and had a tender regard for each other. They had been but little together before, and this reunion confirmed their friendship. Boccace called Petrarch his master, and expressed great obligations to him for the knowledge he had communicated to him. His character had been

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diffipated and libertine; and he confesses that to Petrarch he owed the conversion of his heart. His Decameron, which he wrote in 1348, is a proof of the freedom of his sentiments in the early part of his life. He was about forty-five years old when he came to Milan. Petrarch convinced him it was shameful at his age to lose his time among women; that he ought to employ himself in more serious pursuits, and turn his solicitude towards Heaven, instead of fixing it upon the earth. His eclogues, like those of Petrarch, are obscure and enigmatical.

After passing some days at Milan, his affairs obliged him to return to Florence in the beginning of April. The weather was stormy, and the waters out. Petrarch begged he would write to him as soon as he had passed the Po, and the other rivers, which he did.

Petrarch writing to Simonides, speaks thus of this visit:

We have passed our days delightfully, but they slided too fast away. We only wanted you to complete our society. I could not be easy at my friend's setting out in such bad weather, till I learned he had passed safely the king of rivers: he has only after this to cross the Appennine, that father of the mountains. This

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friend knows all my thoughts, and will give you a faithful account of my transactions,

Simonides answered Petrarch from Florence: 'Be at peace; our dear Boccace has passed the king of rivers and the father of mountains, and is arrived here safe and in good health.'

Soon after his arrival at Florence, Boccace fent Petrarch a fine copy of Dante's poem, which he had taken the pains to copy; and he apologifes for the praifes he gives him, by faying he was his first master, the first light which illuminated his mind. It was generally thought Petrarch was jealous of Dante, because he had no copy of his works. Petrarch was concerned that Boccace should adopt this opinion, and wrote to him as follows:

'The praises you have given to Dante are well founded, worthy both of him and you; and much more flattering than those applauses of the vulgar, which disturb the peace of his manes.

'If we owe much to the fathers of our body, how much more are we indebted to those who have formed our mind! I unite with you in praising this great poet, whose style is vulgar, but whose sentiments are noble and beautiful. I am only displeased that you know me so

little, by whom I wish to be perfectly known: of all the plagues of the foul, I am the leaft affaulted by envy. My father was firicly united with Dante, and the same ill fortune purfued both them. Neither injustice, exile, nor poverty, neither the love of his wife or children, could take this poet from his studies; though they required filence and repose: for this I can never enough admire him. I fee many reasons for loving, but none for hating or despising him. His genius, fentiment, and humour, excellent in their kind, place him very far above contempt. I feared when young to read writers in the fame language, left by hazard I should copy their fentiments or manner. I have always avoided with care every kind of imitation; and if it has happened, it has been by accident: this was the reason I did not read Dante then, though I admire him fincerely now; and was I envious, it must be of the living; for death is the tomb of envy as well as of hatred. All that I can be reproached for is, that I have faid, he fucceeded best in the vulgar tongue, both in verse and prose: that he rifes higher, and pleafes most, in this, you, will agree with me; and what author is there who has fucceeded equally in every ftyle? This was not even granted to Cicero, Virgil,

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Sallust, or Plato, when eloquence, now dead, was at its height. It is sufficient for a man to excel in one species of writing. I had this upon my mind, and I am consoled now that I have expressed it to you.

In May, 1359, Petrarch received a letter from the empress Ann, to inform him of the birth of a daughter, and the joy this event had given her. She had been married five years without any children.

Petrarch, in his answer, expresses his gratitude for the great honour she had done him; and enumerates the illustrious women whose virtues, courage, and great actions, have given them such just renown.

Petrarch being informed his friend the bishop of Cavaillon was returned from Germany to his diocese, after he had been in quality of nuncio to the pope, wrote to congratulate him on his arrival; and says, I dread more than death those long and dangerous journies you take so often; it is time for you to repose yourself. I cannot express the ardent desire I have to behold you again; it is now seven years that we have been separated. I was in my youth absorbed in love; in age I am wrapped up in my friends; chilled in one period, and warmed in the other. I resign what

I once adored, and I adore those I then only loved. At the moment when you least think of it, you will perhaps see me in your library. On the banks of my river, or in my cave, I wait for my Socrates, or rather your Socrates. Love him, treat him as your dear child, as you have always treated me, and never forget your servant.

Some malicious people perfecuted Socrates, Petrarch wrote to encourage him, and invite him to Milan. 'I know,' fays he, 'you wish to fee me. Never have we been so long separated. Nothing, indeed, can divide fouls united by virtue and the faith of Jesus Christ. But, after all, there is nothing like the presence of a beloved friend. Come; you are expected and longed for. You will find friends unknown to you, and a reputation. Your fociety will increase, and not diminish. Come, the way is fhort; let nothing stop you. Either you must fix with me, or I must come to you. Your journey will not be unufeful: you will fee me; you will fee Italy. The Alps, which separate you at present from your friend, will ferve you as a barrier against those envious serpents who pursue your peace.' swot at bedronds detuoy van at east

Socrates did not accept this invitation. He leved Petrarch above all men. He detested

Avignon, and wished to see Italy; but he could not resolve to quit France, and run the hazard of ending his days in a foreign country. It would be not read the read the read the

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When Petrarch returned from Linterno, he met with an accident in his house at Milan, which diffressed him very much. When he arose one morning, he found he had been robbed of all but his books. As he perceived it was a domestic robbery, he could suspect none but his fon John, who was returned from Avignon, and his fervants. He was become extremely libertine; and it was the necessities his debauched life reduced him to that had brought him to this action. He fought every day with his father's fervants; and Petrarch could not keep either him or them within any bounds; fo that he loft all patience, and turned them all out of his house. His son begged to be received again; but Petrarch would not for some time confent to it. This event had occasioned him to quit his retired house at St. Ambrose, in which he did not think himself in fafety; and he took a fmall manfion in the middle of the city, where he remained but a short time. His love of folitude and repose soon induced him to seek a more retired habitation; and he found one in the monastery of St. Simplicien, situated-out of the

walls. 'I have here,' fays he, 'a long covered walk, feparated from the fields by a narrow woody path, from whence I can go round the city without meeting any one: for fuch is the folitude of this place, that you feem to be in the middle of a wood, if the view of the city in fome parts, and the noise we sometimes hear, did not remind us we are near it.'

Petrarch asked one of the monks for a life of St. Simplicien. 'He brought me a book,' favs he, 'which the author had compiled from the Confessions of St. Augustine, but in a very flat and injudicious manner. I threw it aside in anger; but it brought to my mind a good faying, "The glory of faints depends not upon the eloquence of biographers. Those faints want not the pen of mortals who are written in the book of life." But, if we suppose a good writer capable of the work, who wishes to animate the living rather than honour the dead, where will he meet with facts, if we find none in the house of the faint himself? It is only from the testimony of St. Augustine we learn that Simplicien was all his life a faithful fervant of God, well versed in the duties of an evangelical life; that he contributed to his conversion, and was chosen to succeed St. Ambrose by the direction of that great faint.

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This is all I could discover of my facred host. God knows the rest.'

A physician, called Albin de Canobio, who was fond of Petrarch, wrote to invite him to his country house at the foot of the Alps. The air of Milan was become infectious. 'Come hither,' fays Albin; 'the air is very good, and you will have always near you a physician and a friend.' Petrarch replied, 'It becomes not one of my age to fly from death: it is needless so to do, because it comes every where. I would fooner visit you as my friend than my physician. The art of physic may be useful to preserve health, and cure lesser disorders, but in violent diseases it is of little use. We see phyficians themselves despair, and run away, which proves the ignorance or the weakness of men.'

Gui Settimo was appointed this year, 1359, to the archbishopric of Genoa. As he was extremely beloved, it caused great joy in Genoa. Petrarch wrote to congratulate him. 'I know not,' said he, 'whether I should rejoice or grieve for your exaltation: you will have more honour and revenue, but you will lose that freedom you are so fond of. But why do I say this? You did not enjoy liberty; you was the servant of the public; you are now the

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fervant of God: your condition is to be rejoiced in.'

He was fearcely fettled in this new dignity, which brought him back with fuch honour to his country, when he was attacked with violent fits of the gout, and begged Petrarch to write him fome confolations against pain, affuring him that he suffered with patience. Petrarch answered him with his usual spirit and philosophy, and then adds: 'I would have fent you my remedies of good and bad fortune, but I have no person at present who can copy it. The young man whom we have both taken fo much pains with, that he might be the honour, relief, and joy of my old age, overwhelms me with shame and grief. This is contrary to my former predictions. Alas! they must be now effaced: he is the flave of his passions; envious, and disobedient: he hates knowledge and virtue. But we must suffer all things with patience. Augustus, esteemed the happiest of men, did not he lament the giving birth to three poifons? I, that have but one, should do wrong to complain.' I may and market his to the

This fon of Petrarch did every thing he could to obtain his father's forgiveness, and to be received into his house: he acknowledged his faults, and promised to correct them. Pe-

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trarch wrote him a very sharp letter, in which he refuses to receive him then, but that he should be ready to do it when he gave proofs of his reformation. In effect, he permitted him soon after this to return home, and appears as much rejoiced as his son at this re-union.

In 1360, Galeas Vifcomti removed from Milan to Pavia; the cruelties of his brother had rendered his fociety insupportable. He embellished his new city, and rendered it a very agreeable and magnificent fituation. Petrarch often passed a part of the summer with him there. He built a citadel of aftonishing fize, and at an immense expence; a covered bridge over the Tefin, ornamented with marble, which is still the favourite walk of the Pavians; and he made a fine park, which was twenty miles in circumference, and stored it with deer and game of all forts. He established an university for all the sciences, engaged able professors, and ordered all his subjects to fend their children to study there. All that he did was great; and Petrarch fays of him, referring to the citadel of Pavia, 'Galeas furpaffed other men in most things, but in the magnificence of his buildings he furpaffed away with contemp. He the he himfelf.

This year, Nicholas Acciajoli, who had been

for fome time at the court of Avignon, where he was on a public business from the king of Hungary, was fent by the pope to Milan, to negociate a peace with Barnabas, who had invaded Bologna. The grand fenefchal was extremely defirous to fee Petrarch, who gives this account of their interview to Zanobi: 'Your Mæcenas is come to treat with my Augustus. and has been twice to fee me: neither the number of vifits, the multitude of affairs, nor the distance, could prevent him. This great man came to my remote dwelling, and entered into my little house, as Pompey entered into that of the philosopher Possidonius; the sasces downward, the head uncovered, bowing with What could an inhabitant of Parnassus respect. do more, was he to enter into the temple of Apollo and the Muses? This generous humility moved me, and fome persons of distinction who followed him, almost to tears; such was the majesty of his air, the foftness of his manners, the dignity of his language, preceded by a filence more expressive than words! We converfed upon all fubjects, and spoke of you in particular. He examined my books with condescension, staid a long time, and went away with concern. He has honoured my dwelling fo much, that not only Romans and Florentines, but every lover of the sciences, pays homage to it. His presence, his noble countenance, has spread joy and peace in this royal city. He has completed the favour he always expressed for me, and his presence has raised rather than diminished the idea I had of him. How happy are you to have such a friend! Adieu! Do not forget me.'

The dispute about Bologna, between the pope and Barnabas Viscomti, was more violent than ever, and a proceeding was commenced against the latter. Galeas was not to be included in it, on condition he should not aid his brother. Galeas consented, having in view an alliance with France, and being very unwilling to break with the pope.

King John was still a prisoner at London: the truce was expired between the French and English. Edward entered France with a powerful army, persuaded that nothing could resist him, and that before the end of the campaign he should become master of that kingdom. He laid siege to Rheims; but was obliged to raise it, and approached Paris, where he sent to defy the regent to battle, and ravaged the country around it: but his army being straitened for provision, he removed towards Chartres. On a sudden there arose so terrible a storm, accom-

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panied with thunder and hail-stones of fuch a prodigious fize, that it crushed to death both men and horses; and so violent a rain deluged the camp, that a thousand foldiers and fix thoufand horses were buried in it. The violence of the winds, and the rapidity of the torrents. carried all before them. The English historian favs, that the troops looked upon this storm as a mark of God's wrath, and that the king himfelf was of this opinion. It is affirmed that he turned towards the church of Chartres, and made a vow to confent to peace, which was concluded some time after. One of the articles of it was, that king John should pay three millions of gold crowns for his ranfom; fix hundred thousand at Calais, four months after his arrival; and four hundred thousand every year till all should be paid. The performance of this agreement was very difficult. France was defolated, and without refources. Money did not circulate: those who had any concealed it: all forts of means were employed to bring it forth. The good citizens taxed themselves; the financiers and Jews were laid under contribution; and the pope granted two tenths from the clergy. Philip de Comines speaks of leather money being used at this time, with a nail of filver in the middle.

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Galeas Viscomti took advantage of John's embarrassing situation, to demand his daughter Isabella for John Galeas his son. Historians assure us this honour cost him dear. Villani says, the king sold his daughter for six hundred thousand florins; and makes a singular reflection on this subject. 'When we consider the grandeur of France, who would have imagined that, by the attacks of a king of England, a petty monarch in comparison, its king should be reduced to sell his own sless at a public auction!'

Isabella was twelve years old, and John Galeas not eleven, but of ripe understanding for that age. When he was but five years old, being in his father's court, in the midst of the great persons assembled, he was observed to examine their faces and appearance very attentively. His father asked him which he thought the wisest person there: after looking again at every one of them, he went to Petrarch, took him by the hand, and brought him to his father.

Isabella made her entrance into Milan the 8th of October, 1360, attended by the count of Savoy. She was dressed in Royal habits, received all the honours paid to queens, and had a royal court; at which no ladies appeared be-

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fore her with any covering on their heads. This ceremony lasted till the celebration of the marriage, when, fetting this royalty aside, she did homage to the Viscomtis and their wives. The marriage was celebrated with the greatest magnificence: the Viscomtis invited all the lords of Italy, who came to it with all readiness, and brought their wives along with them. The rejoicings lasted three days, and were concluded by a fumptuous feast given by Barnabas. Six hundred ladies, and more than a thousand lords, were ferved at tables of three courses with the greatest elegance and profusion. There were every day tournaments, where they prepared booths for the ladies, whose fine dreffes, with the pompous ornaments of the knights, and the vast concourse of princes, nobles, and people of all nations, formed altogether a most fuperb spectacle.

Petrarch fet out for Paris when these rejoicings were over, as ambassador from Galeas Viscomti, to compliment king John on his return to, and on the recovery of, his kingdom. Petrarch gives this account of the dreadful con dition of France:

'When I viewed this kingdom, which had been defolated by fire and fword, I could not perfuade myfelf it was the fame I had formerly

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beheld fertile, rich, and flourishing. On every side it now appeared a dreadful desert; extreme poverty, lands untilled, sields laid waste, houses gone to ruin; except here and there one that was desended by some fortisication, or which was enclosed within the walls: every where were seen the traces of the English, and the dreadful havoc they had made. Touched by such mournful effects of the rage of man, I could not withhold my tears.

'I am not among those whose love of their

own country causes them to hate or despise all the rest of the world. As I approached Paris, it appeared with that melancholy, dissigured air, as if it still dreaded the horrors it had been a prey to: and the Seine, which bathes its walls, wept over its late miseries, and shrunk at the idea of new disasters. Where, said I, is Paris now? Where are its riches, its public joy, its crowds of scholars disputing even in the streets? To the buz of their syllogisms has succeeded the din of arms, troops of guards, and machines of war: in the stead of libraries, we behold nothing but arsenals: and Tranquillity, who formerly reigned here as in her

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own temple, is now banished and sled from this

unhappy land. The ftreets are deferted; the

highways covered with weeds and brambles; the whole is one vast defert.'

Preparations were making at this time for the re-entrance of king John into his kingdom. He came first to Calais, and from thence set out for Paris. Petrarch relates a circumstance of this journey not in other historians. 'The king and his fon,' fays he. 'in traverfing Picardy, were stopped by those troops of banditti who were foldiers of all nations united under feveral chiefs, and called companies, who ravaged the whole kingdom; and they were obliged to make a treaty with them to continue their journey in fafety.' The king made his entrance into Paris in December, 1360. Villani fays he was received with great honours, and that the city prefented him with a thousand marks in filver plate.

The streets were carpeted, and the king walked under a canopy of cloth of gold. He went immediately to the church of Notre Dame, to return thanks to God, where, ever since the battle of Potiers, a wax-light was kept burning night and day before the altar of the Virgin. They said it was rolled round a wheel, and in length would have comprehended the city of Paris.

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Petrarch having witnessed the joy of the Parifians, went to compliment the king on his deliverance, in the name of the lords of Milan. John, who knew his reputation, and had heard him much spoken of by the cardinal of Bologna, was happy to fee him, and gave him a very diftinguished reception. This prince. though brought up by his father in ignorance. loved letters and wife men; but his fon Charles, to whom he had given for his preceptor the most learned man in his kingdom, was a prince of great genius and fine tafte, Petrarch was aftonished to find in him a mind fo highly cultivated: he admired his perfect politeness of manners, and the wisdom and moderation with which he converfed on the most important subjects. He only says of king John, that he was brave and humane.

Most of Petrarch's friends, whom he had gained at Paris in 1333, were dead; but he had the happiness to find Peter le Berchier still alive, the wise Benedictine he had known at Avignon, and who visited him at Vaucluse. This monk was prior of St. Elay, and, as he held a distinguished rank among men of letters, he rendered Petrarch's residence at Paris very agreeable to him. In a discourse which the

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latter held with the king and the dauphin, he faid it was not to be wondered at that Fortune, who diverts herfelf with all things human, should reduce a flourishing kingdom. formerly the object of envy, to fo miferable a condition. The king and the dauphin fixed their eyes upon him with furprife, when they heard him speak of fortune as a real being. The dauphin, who had a lively imagination, was curious to know what Petrarch thought of fortune; and he faid to Peter le Berchier, and fome other persons there, 'Petrarch and his colleagues are to dine here to-day; we must attack him after dinner, and get him to explain himself on the subject of fortune.' One of his friends warned him of the dauphin's intention. Petrarch had no books with him; but he collected his thoughts, and proposed to represent fortune as a being of reason, and not a divinity who governed the world at pleafure, which was the common opinion of this age.

After dinner, the king was so occupied with doing the honours of his court to the ambassadors from Milan, that, to the great regret of the dauphin, he was prevented from discoursing with Petrarch. When the court broke up, Peter le Berchier, and three other learned men

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not named by Petrarch, went home with him, and entered upon a convertation which lasted till vespers.

I the beginning of February, 1361, Petrarch. in haste to return to Italy, went to take leave of the king and the dauphin. They expressed extreme regret at his departure, and made fome attempts to retain him at their court. The dauphini pressed it in particular, and wished ardently to have a man of Petrarch's merit near him. But neither their arguments nor offers had any effect; he loved his country too well; and the court of France was too illiterate for him. King John, though he loved letters, had hardly twenty books in his library; his reign, and that of his fon, was the period of their revival in France. Peter le Berchier was engaged to translate Livy: this work was much admired, though never printed: there is a copy of it, with very pretty drawings in water colours, in the library of the Sorbonne. Jane. duchefs of Burgundy, the niece of the cardinal of Bologna, who was fecond wife to Philip de Valois, concurred with John in the translation of feveral works. This princefs, who had as much wit as beauty, died this year: if she had lived longer, she would have done much towards the revival of letters. Jane of Bourbon, wife of Charles V. followed her steps: it was she who engaged Philip de Vitry, the friend of Petrarch, to translate into French verse the Metamorphoses of Ovid.

Peter le Berchier's best work was his translation of Livy, in which it feems probable he was affifted by Petrarch. He composed another work, called a Moral Reductory, a fort of Encyclopedia, where, in the taste of his age. every thing is allegorically reprefented, and ends with a moral. One passage may serve for an idea of it. He fays, that 'at Orange the frogs never croak, except one; and the reason of this is, St. Florent, bishop of that city, fatigued with the noise of these animals, commanded them to be filent; but afterwards. touched with compassion, he allowed them all to croak again. The clerk, who was to earry this permission to the frogs, gave it in the fingular inftead of the plural, and fo but one poor frog was ever heard in that city.' I have mentioned the romance of the rofe, a famous work of this age, in the fame style. There was also a history of the three Marys, full of absurd fables. An Abbe published, in three dreams, the pilgrimage of human life, the pilgrimage of the foul when separated from the body, and the pilgrimage of Jesus Christ.

From this view of letters in France, we cannot be furprifed at Petrarch's refusing to stay in it. He quitted the dauphin, however, with regret, and prefented him with his Treatise on good and bad Fortune, which the prince had immediately translated by his preceptor; and this book held a distinguished rank in his library, which was said to contain nine hundred volumes; a prodigious number at a time when books were so scarce.

1361. Petrarch fet out for Milan at the end of February. In the bad inns he met with it was his custom to write to his friends; and, recollecting the conversations he had had with Peter le Berchier, he wrote him the following letter:

In my youth, the inhabitants of Great Britain, whom they call English, were the most cowardly of all the barbarians, inferior even to the vile Scotch. On the contrary, the French militia was then in the most flourishing state. At present the English, become a warlike people, have subdued the French by frequent and unlooked-for successes. Would you know in two words the cause of this change? Listen to Sallust: He says, 'Fortune changes with manners, and empire goes from the wicked to the good: strength, genius, vir-

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pilthe tue, renown, circulate like money, and pass from one people to another.

Petrarch then, describing the luxury of the French, gives this picture of their militia:

When you enter into the camp, you would believe yourself in a tavern. They are even delicate, and will be drunk with foreign wines: and when there are none, they complain that the army wants for every thing, that they are dying with drought, and it is no wonder that the foldiers defert. The military emulation has passed from arms to glasses: it is no longer the question with what weapons they shall fight, but with what glasses they shall drink: those who can take off the largest draughts, and bear the most wine, are victors, and gain the laurel crown. Seneca predicted this: "There shall come a day," fays he, "when drunkenness shall be honourable, and it will be esteemed a virtue to excel in it." Thus they abide in their tents, eating, drinking, playing, fnoring, and fwearing, and plunged in debauchery with the women who follow the camp. If called out to fight, they know no chief, obey no command, but run here and there without order, like bees that have loft their hive, fawning, cowardly, ignorant, and boafting. When called upon to attack the foe, e

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they do nothing for glory, or from valour, but are wholly fwayed by interest, vanity, and the love of pleasure.

Petrarch adds to this an account of the feverity of discipline among the Romans, and that from the time it began to relax they may date their overthrow.

Some months after writing this letter, he fent it by a monk who was going to France, having had no opportunity before, who found Peter le Berchier just dead in his priory at Elay.

This year the empress Ann was delivered of a son. The joy of the emperor was so great, that, instead of the avarice generally imputed to his character, he distributed gold by handfuls, and made presents to all the world. He sent sixteen marks of gold to Aix-la-Chapelle, which was the weight of the child, to put him under the protection of the holy Virgin, patronness of the church which Charlemagne had built in that city. He loved Petrarch too well to forget him on this occasion. He sent him a golden cup of admirable workmanship, and a very affectionate letter with it, pressing him to come and live in his court. Petrarch replies to these great savours:

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Your letter is conceived in terms too condescending for your rank, and too high for my condition. The cup, valuable in itself, and still more fo for its high workmanship, is a present worthy of you, but unmerited by me. Who will not be aftonished to see transferred to my use a vafe confecrated by the mouth of Cæfar? But I shall take care not to profane this facred cup by applying it to my own use. I would destine it to make libations on altars, if this ancient rite was still observed among us. It will be the delight and ornament of my table on folema days; and when I give feafts, my friends shall behold it with pleasure. I shall preserve it all my life with your letter, as a monument of your goodness and of my glory. You propose a very agreeable journey to me, but I cannot quit Italy without the confent of the mafter under whose law I live: but my greatest obstacle is my library, which, without being immenfe, is much above my genius and knowledge: how will my books be able to traverse the Alps, infested as they are by thieves? The longer I live, the more I feel the truth of that aying, "All is trouble and vexation of fpirit:" he who doubts it, has only to live to a certain term of years, and he will be perfectly convincV

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ed of its truth. Nevertheless, I design to obey your orders before the summer is over, if my master permits, and I find a companion for my journey; and I will remain what time you please in your court. The presence of my Cæsar will console me for the absence of my books, my friends, and my country.'

This letter of Petrarch is dated from Padua. where he was now fixed. Probably this removal was owing to the plague, which ravaged the Milanefe; and to the inroads of troops of robbers, called the companies, many of whom were disbanded troops not paid, who had pillaged France, and were now come into the provinces of Italy under feveral different chiefs, some of whom were in league with the great men in power, who, either from fear or interest, connived at these disorders. Petrarch laments the distresses they occasioned in a very pathetic manner. It is easy to imagine what desolation must arife from villains familiar with blood, and bound by no law, either human or divine. A Milanefe historian fays, 'They ravaged the lands, killed the men, forced the women before the eyes of their husbands, violated the daughters in the presence of their parents, and reduced all around them to ashes.

What was Petrarch's grief to behold all these distresses in his dear country! 'I speak,' favs he, 'because I cannot keep silence: It is some confolation to my heart to vent its forrows though I know I fpeak in vain. Yet who can tell? Though my words are cast into the air. fome favourable wind may convey them to a beneficent ear, where they may become fruitful. Alas! I defire more than I hope this: for there remains nothing now to hope. Great God! thy regards formerly rendered us the most envied of mortals, the most illustrious of men! A handful of Romans went every where difplaying their victorious standards: to the east, to the west, to the north, and to the south: there fubduing pride, here confining ambition; reprimanding voluptuousness in one land, and leaving the most glorious traces of their footsteps in all. The whole world acknowledged Rome as its chief, and fell proftrate before her. Now a troop of banditti, rushing from a thoufand different retreats, spreads devastation over this queen of provinces, this mistress of the world!

^{&#}x27;All-powerful God! Thou art the last and the greatest hope of man. Thou hast created and thou governest the world by thy power.

If we have not answered thy goodness, punish and disgrace us. If prosperity has rendered us proud, let thy arm make us humble; but suffer us not to be a prey to these wretches, and our yoke their portion. Good Lord! oppose—thy supreme defence to the torrent of their wickedness and cruelty; confound that impious people who say in their heart, "There is no God." Assist thy children, who are indeed unworthy, but who invoke thy aid with tears, and trust in God alone.'

1362. The occasion of their leaving France for Italy, was not only the pope's money, and the solicitations of the marquis de Montserrat, but also the plague, which was returned with such violence to the city of Avignon, that, between the 29th of March and the 25th of July there perished seventeen thousand persons, among whom were nine cardinals, an hundred bishops, and a great number of officers belonging to the Roman court. It came after the famine which the city of Avignon suffered from the invasion of the companies.

Historians remark, that more persons of condition perished in this plague than in that of 1348: but it was not so general, nor of such long continuance. It was brought into Italy by the companies. The city of Milan, which

the former plague had respected, was worse treated by this than any other. Villani favs. there died in it every day a thousand, twelve hundred, and fome days fourteen hundred people. All the great lords abandoned it. Galeas Viscomti went to Monza. Barnabas shut himself up in his fine castle at Marignan, a place furrounded with woods, in a very pure air, and which he had carefully guarded: that no one might come near it, he placed a centinel in the bell-tower, who had orders to ring when any one should appear on horseback. Some Milanese gentlemen having entered Marignan, and the bell not founding Barnabas fent foldiers in a violent rage, with orders to throw the centinel immediately from the top of the tower; but when they came they found him dead at the bottom of it. Barnabas, in the utmost terror at this news, fled into the thickest part of the forest, and lay a long while there for dead.

The plague had not yet reached Padua, but was very severe at Parma. The son of Petrarch was one of its victims. Petrarch would have been much less touched with his death, on his own account, had it happened sooner; for this young man had expressed so much grief for his misconduct, and appeared so true a pe-

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nitent, that Petrarch was well pleased with his penitence, and sincerely lamented his loss. He had just gained for him a benefice, bestowed by the lord of Verona. In a letter to a friend he says:

'Death takes my friends as usual, while I march cheerfully on. Your lord has restored the benefice about which you took so much pains; but death has taken it from me, and the young man who was to possess it: he died the same day he was to have been re-established in his rights. I am thus delivered of a great burden, but it is not without grief. Adieu!'

It was upon this that Petrarch determined to marry Frances, his daughter. It is no where faid in his works, where the lived, or was brought up. He chofe for her the fon of a gentleman of Milan, a most accomplished and amiable young man, of the sweetest temper, and the best dispositions. Boccace says of him, 'his sigure was striking, his countenance calm and agreeable, his conversation discreet, and his behaviour gentle and polite.' Frances had an agreeable sigure, and resembled her sather in person. She was submissive, and faithful to her husband. Simplicity, modesty, attachment to the duties of her station, and a

contempt of the pleasures of the world, formed her amiable character. Two such friends were delightful society for Petrarch: he took them into his house, and this affectionate union was uninterrupted to his death.

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THE plague, which raged this year, 1361, with violence, carried off Zanobi de Strata, who enjoyed his place of apostolic secretary only three years. The grand fenefchal, who had the tenderest friendship for him, and the greatest idea of his talents, could hardly support this stroke. 'The world,' fays he, 'has lost a man who has not had his equal for a thousand years: I except only fignior Francis Petrarch.' The grand feneschal offered to Simonides, the prior of the Holy Apostles, the place Zanobi held under him at Naples, and, with many entreaties, engaged him to accept it. He had not on this occasion consulted Petrarch; but when he arrived at Naples, he wrote him the following letter:

'You will be aftonished at receiving a letter from me here, and at my long silence, which has been occasioned by a variety of affairs.' He invites Petrarch to come to him. He was then at a country house of the grand seneschal's, of which he gives this fine description. Do you feek folitude? Here are deferts that feem to have been contrived for poets, by art and nature united. Do you wish the cheerful focieties of cities to unbend from studies? you have Amalphi to the right, Salerno to the left. Do you love the fea? you are on its banks near enough to throw in your nets, and count the file they enclose. I speak not of the fine gardens all around, exceeding in neatness and beauty all the rest of Italy. In the middle of a delightful valley, a river rolls its transparent waters, with an agreeable murmur over the thining pebbles. The magnificent villas, feattered on all fides, appear to rife out of the rocks, rather than to have been the work of man. The air is delightfully temperate, and the land produces every year fruits of the most exquisite taste. In short, here is every thing that can delight the fenfes fpringing upon the fpot, and brought from other countries, both by land and by fea. 'mid of the admissional in havingstell

The grand fenefchal joined his entreaties to those of Simonides, to which Petrarch replied

Campania: my better half then, as Horace fays of Virgil, is there also, provided you are happy: but how should you be otherwise, with

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fuch a hoft as our common Maccenas, with a mind like yours, and those virtues which follow you to every clime? I need no temptations to accept your offers: your requests, and those of your Mæcenas, would be my only inducements: but I wonder you are not fatigued with asking what I am weary of refusing: I can only beg you to recollect what I have faid a thousand times on this subject.' The charge of apostolic secretary, through the influence of the cardinal de Taillerand, was again offered to Petrarch, with additional advantages annexed, and the most ardent folicitations he would accept it: but he perfifted in his refusal; in which he notices very keenly the pope's opinion of him as a forcerer, and recommends Simonides and Boccace as more worthy of the office at which be an occupied event and animaly

'Pardon me,' fays he, in a letter to the former, 'if I have done wrong in naming you: if you accept this employment, you will procure wealth and fame; if you refuse it, the refusal will do you honour: as they have thought me capable of it, they will suppose me also a judge of this capacity in others. Whether they despise or concur with my judgment, I have seized this occasion of saying what I think of you; and though it would be more in cha-

not deferred writing, that you might have time to prepare your answer: I have not forgot to join with your praise that of your Mæcenas, and that to him they must address themselves if they wish to obtain you. What idea ought they not to have of a man who raises up such subjects for the church as yourself and Zanobi! This glory resects also on our country, which produces both the one and the other.'

At the beginning of the year 1362, the plague deprived Petrarch of his beloved friend Socrates. 'He was,' fays he, 'of all men, the dearest to my heart; my first, my darling friend: from the first hour we met we loved with mutual tenderness. His sentiments and dispositions towards me have never varied during the space of one and thirty years; a rare and aftonishing thing to fay of a man born among barbarians: but the habit of living with me, my fociety and friendship, had inspired him with fuch a taste for our manners and opinions, that he was become a perfect Italian. Yes, he was our Socrates, the Socrates of Italy: and his fingular transformation was the joy and honour of my life, and the ad-

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time so disagreeable to Petrarch, that he had resolved on a journey to Vaucluse as soon as the severe frosts would permit him to pass the Alps. But when he came to Milan he sound it impassable. Barnabas was come out of his den, and had again attacked Bologna. The plague had enriched his coffers, because he had taken possession of the estates and wealth of those who died without heirs. Become prouder than ever, he made exorbitant demands to the pope, who engaged in a league with several of the Italian princes against him. Barnabas hearing of it, said, 'They are children; I will have them all whipt.'

The emperor of Germany sent to Petrarch, at this time, a third invitation, in very pompous and slattering terms, which Petrarch promised to accept, but was prevented by the impossibility of a safe passage. The grand seneschal of Naples wrote also to Petrarch, to thank him for his attention to Simonides. In his letter he says, 'Since Providence permits me not to obtain what I have long wished for, I beseech you earnestly, my master and my friend, the honour of my country, that you judge me worthy of your admirable letters, which will not only render my name honourable to posterity, but

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the few days of life that remain to me delightful to myfelf.'

In Petrarch's answer, he mentions the death of Lewis, king of Naples, and how little honour he did to the advice given him through Nicholas Acciajoli. 'We may fay with reafon,' adds he, 'that virtue is not obtained by precepts. This prince had little dignity, and less authority: he had neither knowledge nor prudence, and gloried in deceit. He loved a debauched life, and was avaricious of money to an extreme. He often suspected his greatest friend the feneschal; but had recourse to him in every critical conjuncture. He flighted the queen his wife, and treated her as one of his fubjects; and he tired all around him with the detail of his great actions both in peace and war. war the tree every did the said

Boccace, hearing that Petrarch proposed going to Germany, was much alarmed, and reproached him for his intention of dragging the Muses into Sarmatia, when Italy was the only true Parnassus. In this letter he gives Petrarch an account of a singular adventure which had just happened to him.

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speak to me in private. "I came hither," says he, "from the defire of the bleffed father Petroni, a Carthufian of Sienna, who, though he never faw you, by the illumination of heaven knows you thoroughly. He charged me to represent to you your extreme danger, unless you reform your manners and your writings, which are the instruments the devil uses to draw men into his fnares, to tempt them to finful lufts. and to promote the depravity of their conduct. Ought you not to blush for such an abuse of the talents God has given you for his glory? What a reward might you have obtained, had you made a good use of that wit and eloquence with which he has endowed you! On the contrary, what ought you not to fear, for devoting yourfelf to love, and waging war with modefty, by giving leffons of libertinism both in your life and writings! The bleffed Petroni, celebrated for his miracles, and the fobriety of his life, speaks to you by my voice. He charged me, in his last moments, to befeech and exhort you, in the most facred manner, to renounce poetry, and those profane studies which have been your constant employment, and prevented your discharging your duty as a Christian. If you do not follow my directions,

be affured you have but a short time to live, and that you shall suffer eternal punishments after your death. God has revealed this to father Petroni, who gave me a strict charge to inform you of it."

The Carthufian who fpoke thus to Boccace was called Joachim Ciani: he was the countryman and friend of father Petroni, who died in a religious rapture May 1361; and, it was faid, wrought feveral miracles before and after his death. Father Ciani was with him when he was on his death-bed, and heard him utter feveral predictions concerning different persons, among whom was Petrarch. Boccace, terrified at what father Ciani had faid, asked him how his friend came to know him and Petrarch, as they had no knowledge of his friend; to which the good Carthusian replied, 'Father Petroni had refolved to undertake fomething for the glory of God; but death preventing him, he prayed to God with fervour to point out some one who should execute his enterprise. His prayer was heard: Jefus Christ appeared to him, and he faw written on his face all that passes upon earth, the present, the past, and the future. After this he cast his eyes upon me for the performance of this good work,

gion, that the appearance of divinity might

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and charged me with this commission for you, with some others to Naples, France, and England; after which I shall go to Petrarch.'

To convince Boccace of the truth of what he faid, the holy father acquainted him with a fecret which Boccace thought none knew but himself. This discovery, and the threat that he had not long to live, impressed him fo strongly. that he was no longer the fame man. Seized with a panic terror, and believing death at his heels, he reformed his manners, renounced love and poetry, and determined to part with his library, which was almost entirely composed of profane authors. In this fituation of his mind he wrote to his master Petrarch, to give him an account of what had happened to him, of the resolution he had made to reform his manners. and to offer him his library, giving him the preference to all others; and begging he would fix the price of the books, some of which might ferve as a discharge of some debts he owed Petrarch's reply to this letter was as follows:

'To see Jesus Christ with bodily eyes is indeed a wonderful thing! it only remains that we know if it is true. In all ages men have covered falsehoods with the veil of religion, that the appearance of divinity might

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conceal the human fraud. When I have myfelf beheld the messenger of father Petroni, I shall see what faith is to be given to his words: his age, his forehead, his eyes, his behaviour, his clothes, his motions, his manner of sitting, his voice, his discourse, and the whole united, will serve to enlighten my judgment.

As to what respects yourself, that you are not long for this world, if we reflect coolly, this is a matter of joy rather than of forrow. Was it an old man on the borders of the grave, one might justly say to him, Do not at your years give yourfelf up to poetry; leave the Mufes and Parnaffus, they only fuit the days of youth. Your imagination is extinguished, your memory fails, your feelings are loft; think rather of death, who is at your heels, and prepare yourfelf for that awful paffage. But for a man in the middle age of life, who has cultivated letters and the Muses with fuccess from his youth, and who makes them his amufement in riper years, to renounce them then, is to del prive himself of a great consolation. If this had been required at Lactantius, of St. Augustin, or St. Jerome, would the former have discovered the absurdities of the heathen superstition? Would St. Augustin with fo much art R

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have built up the city of God, or St. Jerome combated heretics with fo much strength and fuccess? I know, by experience, how much the knowledge of letters may contribute to produce just opinions, to render a man eloquent, to perfect his manners, and, which is much more important, to defend his religion. If men were not permitted to read poets and heathen writers, because they do not speak of Jefus Chrift, whom they never knew, how much less ought they to read the works of heretics, who oppose his doctrine? yet this is done with the greatest care by all the defenders of the faith. It is with profane authors as with folid food, it nourishes the man who has a good stomach, and is pernicious only to those who cannot digest it: to the mind that is judicious they are wholesome, but poison to the weak and ignorant. Letters may even render the former more religious, of which we have many examples, and to them they will never be an obstacle to piety. There are many ways of arriving at truth and heaven; long, short, clear, obscure, high, and low, according to the different necessities of men; but ignorance is the only road the idle walk in. Surely wisdom may produce as many faints as folly; and we should be careful that we never compare a lazy

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and blind devotion with an enlightened and industrious piety. If you resolve, however, to part with your books, I will never fuffer them to fall into base hands. Though separated in body, we are united in mind. I cannot fix any price upon them; and I will make only one condition with you, that we pass the remainder of our lives together, and that you shall thus enjoy my books and your own. Why do you fpeak of debt to me? You owe me nothing but friendship; and herein we are equal, because you have always rendered love for love. Be not, however, deaf to the voice of a friend who calls you to him. I cannot enrich you; if I could, you would have been rich long ago; but I have all that is requisite for two friends, who are united in heart, and sheltered under the fame roof.'

which drew upon him the adventure we have related. It consists of a hundred novels, which are related as the amusement of seven ladies, and three gentlemen, who went to pass some days in the country, two miles from Florence, to escape the infected air of that city. Among these novels there are some true stories that Boccace had been a witness of, or had learnt from good information; the rest are only tales

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he had read or heard of. He possessed the talent of story-telling in persection. Nothing can be more plain and natural, skilful or elegant, than his compositions: his words seem formed on purpose for his descriptions. Men of wit in Italy agree that the Decameron exceeds in style every other book in their language; and that it is very remarkable that Boccace should carry the vulgar tongue all at once to its persection, which had been left to the people, and the rust of which had been but in part rubbed off by Dante.

No book, perhaps, had ever fo many readers, and fo many cenfurers, as the Dacameron. The devotees were for having it burnt; and the monks were enraged against him because he had taken many of his tales from the convents, and had feverely fatirized their licentiousness of manners. To attack the monks, faid they, is to attack religion itself; and to publish their infamy, is to be guilty of impiety. To this they added, that Boccace was an atheist. did not take the pains to answer them seriously, but turns them into ridicule in a very pleafant manner at the end of his Decameron. He composed this work as an amusement only, and was far from beholding it as the ground of his reputation. What would have been his af-

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tonishment, if he had been told, 'Your other works will remain buried in obscurity, while your Decameron will go through more than two hundred editions, will be translated into all languages, and will be read by all the world!'

Boccace was not arrived at a mature age when he composed the Decameron. Its lively air was fuited to tales, and its free reprefentations to the vices it censures; and at the time when he wrote it, the plague had made a great change in the manners and customs of fociety. The women, of whom only a few remained. having most of them lost their husbands, their parents, and all who had authority over them, thought themselves no longer subject to those rigid decorums which formerly restrained their conduct. Having no persons of their own sex to attend them during the plague, they employed men as their fervants, which introduced a violation of the laws of modesty and referve. With respect to the convents, it is not surprifing that Boccace should find subjects in them for his licentious tales. The plague had opened their gates; and the monks and nuns coming forth into the world, and living without reftraint, had lost the spirit of their profession; and when the plague ceafed, they continued the fame course of life. The historians of 3

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those times give us dreadful pictures of their debauchery; and the ecclesiastical writers look upon the plague of 1348 as the true period of the relaxation of monastic discipline.

The Decameron gives an animated view of those times, satirizes the vices that prevailed, and contains some lively images of human life, and very judicious representations of the characters of men. But the judgment of Petrarch respecting profane authors may be very usefully applied to the readers of this work; and it is probable this book did a good deal of mischief in Italy, since the wise fathers of the council of Trent forbade the reading of it till it should be corrected.

Father Ciani's visit and conversation occasioned so great a revolution in the mind of
Boccace, that he was not only for renouncing
poetry and pagan authors, but it was reported
he was going to turn Carthusian; and a sonnet
on this subject was addressed to him by Franco
Sacchetti, one of the best poets of that time.
It appears that Petrarch's well-judged answer
re-established the peace of his mind, and made
him renounce his chimerical projects. He kept
his books, and continued his studies: but it is
certain he also reformed his life, and did all he
could to suppress his Decameron: but that

was impossible, there were too many copies of it foread abroad.

In the month of June, 1362, the plague foread to Padua, and made fuch havor there, that Petrarch removed to Venice. It had not yet reached that city. Villani fays, 'It came like hail, which, after ravaging the fields to the right and to the left, spares those in the middle.'

The war did not permit Petrarch to go to France or Germany, and the plague drove him from Milan and Padua. Venice appeared to him the furest asylum against these two scourges. 'I sled not from death,' says he; 'but I sought repose.'

Petrarch always took his books when he went any long journey, which rendered travelling fo incommodious and expensive to him, as he required for their conveyance such a number of horses. When he had been some time at Venice, it came into his mind not to offer these books to a religious order, as he once proposed, but to place this treasure in the care of the republic, to whom he wrote as follows:

Francis Petrarch defires to have the bleffed evangelist Mark for the heir of those books he has and may have, on condition that they shall

neither be fold nor separated; and that they shall be all placed in safety, sheltered from fire and water, and preferved with care for ever for his honour, and the use and amusement of the noble and learned persons of this city. If he makes this deposit, it is not because he has a great idea of his books, or believes he has formed a fine library; but he hopes by this means the illustrious city of Venice will acquire other trusts of the same kind from the public; that the citizens who love their country, the nobles above all, and even fome strangers, will follow his example, and leave their books to this church at their death, which may one day become a great library, and equal those of the ancients. Every one must see how honourable this will be to the republic. Petrarch will be much flattered with having been the original fource of fo great a good. If his defign fucceeds, he will explain himfelf more minutely hereafter upon this subject; in the mean time he offers to execute this his promife.

This proposal having been examined and approved, and the procurators of the church of St. Mark having offered to be at the necessary expences for the placing and preserving these books, the republic gave the following decree:

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effed s he shall Confidering the offer that Messire Francis Petrarch has made us, whose reputation is so great, that we do not remember to have met in the Christian world with a moral philosopher and poet united who can compare with him; persuaded that this offer may contribute to the glory of God and of St. Mark, and do much honour to our city, we will accept it on the conditions he has made; and we order such a sum to be taken from our revenue as will purchase him a house for his life, according to the advice of the governor, counsellors, and chiefs.'

In compliance with this decree, Petrarch had affigued for his dwelling, and that of his books, a large mansion, called the palace of the Two Towers, belonging to the family of Molina. It is at present the monastery of the monks of St. Sepulchre.

This house was of an immense size, and had two very high towers. It was delightfully situated fronting the port. Petrarch was delighted to see the vessels come in and go out. These vessels, says he, resemble a mountain swimming on the sea, and go into all parts of the world amidst a thousand perils, to carry our wines to the English, our honey to the Seythians; our saffron, our oils, our linen, to

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the Syrians, to the Armenians, to the Perfians, and the Arabians; and, which is more incredible, they carry our woods to the Achaians and Egyptians. From all these countries they bring merchandises, which they carry all over Europe. They go even to the Tanais. The navigation of our sea extends no farther than that towards the north; but when they are there, they quit their ships, and go to trade in the Indies and to China; and, after having passed the Ganges and the Caucasus, they go by land as far as the eastern ocean. Behold what men will do for the thirst of gold!

Petrarch's view towards the republic was fulfilled: feveral cardinals left their libraries to it after his example; and it appeared the best and fafest perpetuation of many valuable authors: but, by the humidity of the place, they were almost all destroyed, together with the precious manuscript written by the Evangelist St. Mark.

At this time there happened a great event at Avignon, which disconcerted all Petrarch's measures for his friend Simonides. Pope Innocent VI. died the 12th of September, 1362. He was a good and simple man. The cardinals cast their eyes on his brother Hugues Roger, a man of great worth, whose virtue and

modesty had gained him universal respect; but he refused this dignity. They then elected William Grimoard, abbe of St. Victor. All the world was aftonished, and even the cardinals themselves, at the choice of a pope who was not of the facred college. Petrarch favs to Urban in a letter, some time after, 'It was the effect of divine inspiration: It was God. not the cardinals, elected you to the papacy, making the hands and tongues of men the instruments of his good pleasure. Your name,' adds he. ' was pronounced without their inten-Full of pride, they esteem themselves alone, and despise all others. Each one aspires to the fupreme dignity, and thinks himfelf the only one who deferves it: but, as he cannot name himself, he elects another, from whom he expects the fame return. How should it come into their mind to bestow on a stranger what they aimed at themselves; to raise so high the chief of a simple monastery, though they had every proof of his holiness and faith? How should they think of placing over them as a master, the man whom they had been used to command? No: it was God who placed you in their ballots without their defign. What must have been their surprise, and that of all the world, when they beheld an abbe elected, es

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while there were fo many cardinals who might pretend to the papacy!

As William Grimoard was in Italy, the cardinals fent a courier to inform him of his election, and agreed to keep it fecret till he had accepted it. He had been fent to Naples with a a compliment of condolence to queen Jane on the death of king Lewis, and to watch over her conduct. He was at Florence when he heard of the pope's death; and when he went from thence, Villani affures us he faid, 'If I beheld a pope who will re-establish the holy fee, and overthrow the tyrants, I should be content to die the day after.' The courier, having overtaken him on his route, received his anfwer. He arrived himfelf at Avignon foon after, and was enthroned the next day by the name of Urban V. which he preferred to all others, because all who had borne that name were diftinguished for their piety. Petrarch fays, this choice proved the goodness of the pope, and his defign to shew kindness to all the world. At his coronation he forbade the cavalcade that used to pass through the city, though all was ready for it according to cuftom, because it appeared to him vain-glorious. He was very learned in the canon law, had been employed by Innocent in feveral public negociations, and had acquired fo great a reputation for faith and piety, that every one applauded this election.

- King John, who was at Villeneuve, made his entrance into Avignon, and dined with the new pope. He took this occasion to make him four demands; the tenths of the benefices for fix years, the disposal of the four first hats, the mediation of peace between the holy fee and Barnabas Viscomti, and the consent of the pope for the marriage of his fon Philip with queen Jane of Naples. Urban, with great skill, eluded all these demands. The king staid at Villeneuve to the end of December. Nicholas Areme, who was in his train, pronounced a discourse before the pope and the cardinals with great pathos, in which he draws a frightful picture of the manners of the Roman court. This gave him the honour of a place among the witnesses for the truth against the popes.

Petrarch was full of joy at this exaltation, knowing the great qualities of the pope, and his defign to re-establish the holy see at Rome. He was again solicited by Urban to accept the place of secretary, still vacant, but he continued immoveable. While he was rejoicing in this public event, he was informed of a private one that grieved him exceedingly; this was the

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death of Azon de Correge, who had been for fome time in a languishing state; but the strength of his constitution had struggled through every diforder, till the plague put an end to his life. He left a widow of the house of Gonzagua, and two children, Gilbert and Lewis de Correge. who had been brought up by Modeo, that generous young man at Parma. They all wrote to Petrarch to acquaint him with their loss, and to feek some consolation in his friendship. The children faid in their letter, 'We look upon you at present as our father and our master.' 'I accept,' replied Petrarch, 'the first with pleasure, though I merit not such children as you are; but I reject the fecond, which does not become me. Ever fince you came into the world, I have adopted you for my children, and revered you as my masters. I have not changed my fentiments, and I shall feel all my life for you as I have done for your father. I exhort and conjure you, with tears in my eyes, to live in such a manner that the world may be able to fay that your father has left children worthy of him; and that, instead of one friend, and one mafter, that I have loft, I may gain in you two friends and two masters refembling him. This will be easy for you to accomplish, if you are obedient to the counsels

of your respectable mother, and submissive to her orders.'

In his letter to Modeo, Petrarch speaks thus of Azon's friendship for him: 'He loved no one as he did me, and said I was the only person who had never given him any cause of complaint, either by my words or actions: that he had sometimes little domestic uneasinesses, even with his wife, that pious and amiable woman, and with his children, though gentle and obedient; but that his affection increased every day for me, and he interested himself tenderly in all my concerns.

'All who would obtain any thing of him, disclosed their errand by first speaking kindly of me. I found in him the assistance of a master, the advice of a father, the submission of a son, and the tenderness of a brother. I passed with him a great part of my life: every thing was common between us, good or bad fortune, the pleasures of town or country; his glorious labours, his happy leisure, nothing was excepted. When we journeyed together, he would expose his life for mine. Alas! why did he not take me with him in the last journey he will ever make?'

These letters were transcribed from a manufcript in the Medicis library. The widow of

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Azon wrote also, but her letters are lost. She was a lady of the greatest merit. Soon after the death of her husband, her brother, Hugolin de Gonzagua, a man of great genius, and possessed of a most graceful person, was assassinated by his brothers, who were jealous of the authority his sather had lest him in at Mantua. Petrarch says, I did not dare to touch upon this string in my letter; the poor woman is assisted enough already.

The plague having gained Florence, Boccace went to Naples, where he was invited by Nicholas Acciajoli; but not enduring any dependance, he stayed but a short time with the grand seneschal at Amalphi, where he lived like a sovereign prince. He came to Venice to his friend Petrarch, who was rejoiced to see him, and shewed him every mark of friendship.

Boccace brought with him a man of a very fingular character; he was a Greek of Theffalonica, called Leonce Pilate; he gives us this description of him: 'He had a very ugly face, and a terrifying countenance: he had a long beard, and stiff black hair, which he scarce ever combed. Plunged in continual meditation, he neglected all the rules of society, was rude and clownish, without the least civility or good manners. But, to make up for these

defects, he was perfect in the Greek tongue. and his head was full of the Grecian history and mythology. He had but a superficial knowledge of the Latin; but, perfuaded it was honourable to claim a foreign original, he called himself a Greek in Italy, and an Italian in Greece. Boccace met with him in 1360, going from Venice to Avignon: he took him to his house at Florence, and procured him a professorship for the Greek language in that univerfity. Leonce explained the poems of Homer there for two years, and gave lessons upon them in private to Boccace. This Greek was not unknown to Petrarch. Boccace had often spoken of him, and joined with him in a letter to Petrarch in the character of Homer, complaining that his works were very little known in Italy, and his name had hardly reached the Alps; and that even in his own country they had loft a great part of them. He then speaks of the ingratitude of his imitators, above all, Virgil, who has not fo much as named him, though ornamented with his spoils; that his name, revered in former times by lawyers and phyficians, is at prefent the sport of the public; that Leonce Pilate has dragged him to Florence, where he is, as it were, exiled, having only three friends. He concludes by befeeching Petrarch -

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to take him under his protection, and shelter him from the insults of the vulgar.

Petrarch begins his answer with this address:

'Petrarch, little man, to the prince of the Greek Muse:' and then proceeds to answer his complaints. 'As to the loss of your books, this is the fate of all human things: and who shall complain hereafter in the same situation, since the sun of eloquence has suffered an eclipse? As to your imitators, always sure of the first place, you ought to be pleased with those who try to equal you, and fall so short.

'For my own part, I wish for some who surpass me. As to Virgil, he had the most generous of souls, and, if we believe Horace, was incapable of ingratitude. He has spoken of Theocritus in his Bucolics, and of Hesiod in his Georgies, whom he copied: how came he then not to speak of you in his Æneid? It was because he destined to you the most honourable place, and would conclude his poem with your eulogy. Death prevented him, of that alone you can complain.

'Do you forget the answer he made to those who accused him of pillaging your verses? "He must be strong, indeed, who can take the club from Hercules." You feel the salt of this

reply. As to the contempt in which you have been held by some, there are persons whom it is an honour to displease. It happens to you as to the sun; weak-eyed people, and the birds of night, cannot support its lustre. All who have possessed a ray of genius, have regarded you not only as a philosopher, but as the first and most sublime of philosophers.

'You are not to wonder you have met with three friends only in Florence, a city immerfed in trade; but I am aftonished you should call it an exile to be brought out of Greece into Italy. Confider, however, you will find a fourth, and we may add a fifth, friend there. who have received the laurel crown. As the world goes, five friends in one city is fomething to boast of. Look among the other cities; you find one at Bologna, the mother of science, two at Verona, and one at Mantua; if he has not quitted your colours, to follow those of Ptolemy. Perufia produced but one lover of science, and he abandoned Parnassus, the Appennine, and the Alps, to run about Spain. At Rome I know of none at prefent; but I knew many there and elsewhere formerly, who exist no longer upon earth. But are not persons of this character rare even in your country? The friend who exiled you to Florence, is, perhaps, the only Greek attached to you. You had another, who was my preceptor, Borlaam, the famous Greek, who died foon after I had obtained him a bishopric. You ask my protection, and seek a refuge in my house; but what can I do for you, when I cannot defend myfelf? If you were perfecuted through envy in the learned city of Athens, what can we hope for from these cities, plunged in ignorance and voluptuousness? Though I do not merit a guest like you, I am feeking your acquaintance with ardour; and if the Thessalian perfects his instructions, I shall foon complete the friendship which I have so long defired. I have prepared you a habitation in my inmost heart; nothing can equal the love and esteem I have for you.'

Petrarch and Boccace passed the summer together in the most delightful manner. Benintendi, chancellor of Venice, came frequently to visit them in the evening when he had finished his public affairs, and took them upon the water in his gondola: he was a man of letters, an excellent companion, and a sincere friend and admirer of Petrarch. There were some other persons of genius who joined this little refined society; Donat de Albanzani and Peter de Muglo: the former was a grammarian, born in the mountains of the Appennine, a man

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of very amiable dispositions and agreeable conversation. "He was poor, (says Boccace,) but full of honour, and one of my best friends." The latter was a celebrated rhetorician: he was formerly a professor at Padua, and called himself the scholar of Petrarch: in his old age he went to Bologna, and had for his pupil the samous Coluccio Salutati.

The affairs of Boccace required his return to Florence; and when he heard the plague was less violent, he left Venice. Petrarch, who loved him affectionately, feared the air was not yet purified, and was extremely grieved at his departure. Boccace would have taken with him Leonce Pilate; but he wanted to return to his own country, and waited for a ship to set fail for Constantinople. Petrarch wished to detain him fomewhat longer, but he embarked foon after. Petrarch adds to the picture Boccace gave of him, that he was four, arrogant, and fometimes almost crazy; so filthy as to disgust every one; and very inconfiderate and rude in his expressions, of which he gives us an example. One day, when they were together at a folemn feaft, where they fung high mass according to the Roman ritual, with all the accustomed ceremonies, 'I cannot support,' said the Greek, 'the nonfense of these Latins.' Pee

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trarch was extremely offended and alarmed with his want of delicacy in this folemn fituation. If the people had heard these words, fays he, they would have stoned the unfortunate Greek. Though I wished more instruction from him, I was not forry for his departure. I feared I might catch his sour, melancholy humour: it is a disease of the soul, as contagious as the disorder of the body. Petrarch treated him, however, with great kindness; and, as he perceived he read the comedies of Terence with pleasure, he gave him a copy of them to amuse him upon his voyage: 'Though I cannot imagine,' says he, 'how the most gloomy of the Greeks can relish the most lively of the Africans.'

In the year 1363, a priest, whom Petrarch had charged with a letter for Lelius, called, on his return from Rome, and, with a mournful silence, put Petrarch's letter into his hand without speaking a word. Petrarch, perceiving his own characters and seal, cried out hastily, 'What does this mean? Why is this letter still sealed up? What is Lelius about? Where is he?' The priest kept his eyes sixed on the ground, and made no reply. Petrarch too well comprehended his meaning, and gave himself up to grief. He had lived thirty years in the greatest friendship with Lelius. This loss was

followed almost immediately by that of Simonides, who died at Naples of the plague. The person who had closed his eyes brought the news to Petrarch. He fought in the bosom of his friend Boccace a confolation under these diftreffes, and befeeches him to come to Venice. 'You are dearer to me than ever; you are almost the only friend left me. I know not what is become of Barbatus; death ravages the country he inhabits. Comply with my request: you know my house, it is in a good air. Benintendi will pass his evenings with us; and our Donat, who has quitted the mountains of Tufcany for the banks of the Adriatic. An absolute solitude is contrary to humanity; but to a philosopher, and a man of letters, two or three friends are fufficient, because at the worst he can be fatisfied with his own company. If you wish to vary your fituation, we will go and fpend some time at Trieste, or Capo de Istria, where they tell me the air is good. Let us join together in reviewing the works of Simonides, and fitting them for posterity; this is what I hoped from you and from him. A few days after this, he received the news that Barbatus was dead of the plague. The perfon from whom he received this account had passed his life with him; and befought Petrarch to write his

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eulogy. Petrarch replied to his letter as fol-

'I ought to do what you defire; Barbatus well deferves it; the fun never shone upon a kinder and more elevated foul. Letters were his food, and he fled from pomp and pleasure. He was neither proud nor envious: he had great knowledge, and a memory to retain it: a lively genius, and a flowing style. He preferred me to all the world; but fate separated us ever fince the death of that incomparable prince who united us. We have lived at a distance from each other, fo that I am ignorant of his manner of life, what passed in his house, what he did for the republic, or his writings fince that time. You, who have passed your life with him, can do nothing more honourable for your country, or yourfelf, than to make his works known. Never was there a better citizen. I do not except Ovid, whose manners were not anfwerable to his genius. Barbatus had more understanding than Ovid, and his manners were irreproachable. The letters I have written to him are a proof of the fingular esteem in which I held him.'

The place of apostolic secretary being still vacant, Francis Bruni wrote to Petrarch that he was known to the pope, who had often shewn

him favour, and that he begged he would write a letter of recommendation for him to his holinefs. Petrarch replied, that it would be impertinent in a man like him to recommend one known and beloved by the pope. He wrote, however, to Avignon; and it was, no doubt, owing to the character he gave of him that this office was conferred upon Bruni. When Petrarch was informed of it, he gave him some admirable advice on his conduct in this important place: and, speaking of the Roman pontiff, he says,

'There is not a greater or more respectable character; his peer is not in the world; but he ought, in his very elevated station, to be more humble and meek than he was before. He ought not to forget that he holds on earth the place of him who says, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart." Does it then suit the vicar of an humble lord to be proud and arrogant in spirit?"

Petrarch writing to Boccace, at this time speaks of the Italian jugglers, who were poets and musicians joined; they went to the palaces of princes, or the castles of great lords, to sing their praises; their songs were sometimes satirical, on various subjects; and they accompanied them with the harp, or some other in-

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firument: 'They are a fet of people,' favs Petrarch, 'who have little genius, great memories, and ftill greater impudence. Having nothing of their own, they cover themselves with the spoils of others, and declaim with emphasis the verses they have learned by heart: they hereby conciliate the favour of the great, who give them money, clothes, and fometimes confiderable prefents. They feek these means of living among authors, whose verses they obtain by prayers and money, when the necessities of the author, or his covetousness, will part with them on these conditions. I have often been troubled with their importunities; but, filenced by my refusals, they come rarely to me at prefent. Now and then, touched by the mifery of the petitioner, I give him a production to procure him food. Some, who have gone from me naked and pennylefs, have returned fome time after dreffed in filk, their purfe well filled, to give me thanks for having relieved their distress. I asked one of them, why he always came to me; why he did not go to others; to Boccace, for instance: he replied, he had often, and without fuccess. As I was furprifed that a man so prodigal of his wealth should be so avaricious of his poetry, they told me he had burnt all his verses in the vulgar

Tell me, is it from pride or modefly you have done this? Did I even precede you, who should be so happy to walk in the same line? Would there not be too much presumption in resusing the second or third place, and beholding with impatience the superiority of two or three sellow-citizens?

Dante, the fecond to Petrarch, and the third to Boccace. Petrarch proceeds in his letter to comment upon the ignorance of the age:

Age obscure and inglorious!' fays he. Thou despisest antiquity, thy mother, the inventrefs of all the arts: thou dareft to compare thyfelf to her, and even arrogate the preference. I fpeak not of the people in general, whose opinion is always to be despised; or of the military, who think their art in its perfection when it is in the decline, and who go to combat dreffed out as for a wedding, more occupied to please their mistresses than terrify their enemies; their ignorance is their excuse. I pass over in filence all those kings who make royalty confift in gold and purple, the fceptre and the diadem, while they are governed by their own passions; prosperity blinds them; and how then should they penetrate into an-

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tiquity? But what can men of letters alledge, who are guilty of the fame error; who condemn Plato and Ariftotle; make a mock of Socrates and Pythagoras; defpife Cicero, that God of eloquence; think flightly of Varro and Seneca; and look upon the ftyle of Livy and Salluft to be rude and vulgar? I had a converfation one day with a philosopher of this kind. who went beyond all that I have faid, and had the horrid prefumption to blaspheme against Jefus Christ, and the doctrine of his gospel I was talking with him in my library, and I happened to quote fome passages from the facred books: He replied, his brows bent with displeasure, "Keep to yourself your doctors of the church; I know very well who ought to be followed." of You fpeak," faid I. "with the authority of the apostle Paul; I wish you thought as he did." Your St. Paul," he replied. "is a fool, and a fower of words." "It is true," faid I, "that the feed he has fown has had great fuccefs, cultivated by his fucceffors; and watered with the blood of the martyrs, it has produced an abundant harvest." With an air of compassion, and a contemptuous grin, he replied, 'Be a good Christian as long as you please: for my part, I believe nothing about it : your Paul, your Augustine, and all

the others you boast of, were only idle babblers. Oh! if you could read Averroes, you would fee how fuperior he is to them all!" I own that this blasphemy put me into such a passion, it was with difficulty I could contain. "Go." faid I to him, "hold elsewhere such discourses as these;" and, taking him by the cloak, I put him out of my house with more roughness than suited my character. There are a multitude of fuch people as thefe, whose insolence and ignorance nothing can suppress: neither the respect due to Jefus Christ, nor the fear of inquistors, prisons, or faggots, nothing can make any impression upon them. These are the people, my dear friend, with whom we live, and who take upon them the office of our judges. Not content with having lost the works of the ancients, they infult their manes: eager after novelties, they attach themselves to new guides, spread abroad new doctrines, and despife all that are ancient. We cannot hope for better judges in posterity: licentiousness increases every day, and the number of its philosophers; the schools, market-places, and streets, are full of them. 'group at a temperature to riprograph north

Soon after writing this letter, Petrarch went and passed the autumn at Pavia. Galeas Viscomti had built there the finest palace in the F

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world. At Easter he went always to Padua, to discharge at that holy time the office of his canonry. The Florentines, who asked him to refide in his own city, applied to the pope to grant him a canonry there: the pope had fomething better in view for him; but the rumour of his death being fpread over France, the pope disposed of that, and the benefices of Petrarch, many of which the latter, unknown to him, had given away to his friends. This caused a great disturbance in the Roman court. This false report had spread to Italy; and they wept for him at Milan, and even at Padua. which is fo near Venice, 'that I had been dead,' fays he, 'they might have heard my last figh there.' He had a fort of complaint which was very troublesome, and occasioned so great an itching, that he was unable to write, or employ himself in his usual affairs: this was the only ground of the report.

In 1365 Boccace went to Avignon on some public affair. He wrote to Petrarch, giving an account of his friends whom he saw at Avignon, and particularly Philip de Cabassole, now made Patriarch of Jerusalem. As soon as he saw Boccace, though he knew him not, he ran to embrace him in the presence of the pope

and the cardinals, asking with impatience for news of his dear Petrarch.

Petrarch fome months after this fent his Treatife on Solitude to Philip de Cabaffole, which he had long promifed, but could not before get copied. This prelate wrote to Petrarch to thank him for his book: he affured him the pope and the cardinal Gui of Bologna were defirous of it; that the archbishop of Embrun, and the bishop of Lisben, had read it with great pleasure. 'As to myself,' adds he, 'I delight in it so much, that I make them read it to me at my repasts.'

'You have the eyes of a lynx,' replies Petrarch: 'but your friendship for me has blinded you; it is always equally ardent. You will cause me at length to esteem my own works; for why should I suppose that so many great men are deceived in their judgments? Truly you will inspire me with considence and emulation!'

Donat, the friend of Petrarch, at Venice, came one morning to inform him of the tragical death of Leonce Pilate. When he was got to Greece, he wrote Petrarch a letter as long and as dirty as his hair and his beard, in which he praifed Italy to the skies, said every

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ill thing he could devise of Greece, and cursed Byzantium. He concluded by desiring from Petrarch a letter of recommendation to the emperor of Constantinople, by whom he affured him he was as well thought of as by the emperor of Rome. Petrarch made no answer to this letter. The Greek, who fighed after Italy, and wanted to be recalled there by Petrarch, wrote feveral times to acknowledge his error in returning to Greece, and to defire him to pardon it: but Petrarch, who knew his natural inconstancy of humour, and believed him too old to alter, agreed with Boccace to give him no answer. 'This Greek,' faid he, 'who would have been useful to our studies, if he were not a favage beaft, shall never be recalled by me. It is but just that a man who, though in mifery, trampled under foot the delights of Italy, should drag out a miserable life at Byzantium. Let him go, if he will, with his filthy beard, his ragged cloak, and his brutish manners, and keep the labyrinth of Crete, where I know he paffed feveral years, more and area

Notwithstanding Petrarch's continued silence, Leonce embarked for Venice in the first ship he could meet with, persuaded that Petrarch and Boccace would behold him again with pleasure, or at least that they would not shut

their doors against him. Having safely passed the Bosphorus, the Propontis, the Hellespont. the Egean and Ionic feas, he was entered happily into the Adriatic, when there arose on a fudden a dreadful ftorm. While every one was employed in the necessary business of the ship. the terrified Greek had bound himself to a mast, when a slath of lightning fetting fire to the cords of the fails, he was confumed in a moment. The people in the fhip were feized with terror; but no one perished except Leonce. The shapeless and half-roasted body of this miferable Greek was thrown into the fea. and devoured by the fish of Italy instead of the worms of Greece, to whom Petrarch had deftined it. He was touched, however, with this event, and wrote to Boccace to impart it to him. 'This unfortunate man,' faid he, 'is gone out of this world as mournfully as he came into it. I believe he never experienced one ferene day. His physiognomy feemed to announce his catastrophe. I cannot divine how any sparks of poetic fire could ever penetrate into a foul enveloped with fuch thick darkness. His clothes and his books are not lost; I will have them fought, for perhaps there may be an Euripides, and a Sophocles, and fome other books he promifed me.' Petrarch was

ever affiduous in his fearch after the best Greek authors. He begged Boccace to fend him the translation of Homer made by Leonce. It was written out fair by the hand of Boccace, who had worked at it with the Greek. The manufcript comprehended the whole Iliad, and a part of the Odyssey. Leonce had not finished the last. Petrarch had sighed for this Latin Homer many years. 'The Greek and Latin authors,' says he, 'which were in my library, received him with transports of joy.'

In February, 1366, there was great rejoicing in the house of Petrarch at Venice. Frances, his daughter, was brought to bed of a son, to whom Donat stood godfather, and to whom they gave the name of Francis. She had a daughter before this, born in 1363.

Every letter Petrarch received from Avignon, above all from Philip de Cabassole, whose
opinion weighed with him more than all the
rest, was filled with the praises of Urban. The
church resounded with his fame; nothing was
talked of but his wit, his eloquence, his piety,
his love of justice, his zeal for order, his bounty
to the good, and his aversion to the wicked.
He began his pontificate with the wifest regulations. He sent back the courtly prelates,
and repressed the greediness of the ecclesiastics,

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obliging most of them to be content with one benefice. He extended his care also to the reformation of luxury in the habits of the monks and clergy. The black monks had taken it into their heads to place upon their cowls high crooked bonnets, which they called horns. He forbade them to wear these bonnets; and the officers of his palace had orders to take them off by force, if they appeared there in them. Petrarch highly approved these regulations, and only wished this great pope would extend his reformation to the dress of all the world, but principally in Italy. 'Who can behold,' favs he, with patience, the shoes with pointed toes, fo long that they will reach the knee? head-dreffes with wings to them? the hair put into a tail? the foreheads of the men furrowed with the heads of those ivory needles with which the women fasten their hair, and their ftomachs fqueezed in by machines of iron? &c. 7 Sat of Expanded of the land of Salignary day

One of the best reforms of Urban was the suppression of asylums. A man guilty of the greatest crimes, had only to take refuge in the court of a cardinal's palace, and he could not be pursued by justice. The cardinal de Taillerand, who knew the characters of men, fore-saw this would be a great pontiff; for, a little

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who asked him his opinion of Urban, 'We have now indeed a pope.' Petrarch could not hear these things without shedding tears of joy, and was tempted to write to this great man. After some hesitation, he was encouraged to do it. The chief part of his letter is an ardent request that, after so many excellent works, he will put the sinishing hand to all, by removing the holy see to Rome; and he speaks with the utmost freedom, and even presumption, on the subjects he was led to examine by the hope of this great event.

The answer of Urban was agreeable to the benevolence of his character. I received your letter,' says he, 'with pleasure, and read it with attention. I find many things in it worthy of praise, for the beauty of the thoughts, and the elegance of the style. I admire your eloquence, your wisdom, and your zeal for the public good. I shall be charmed to see you, and to have it in my power to give you some tokens of my favour.'

Urban, who was more versed in the canon law than in history and the belles lettres, defired Francis Bruni to make some comment upon Petrarch's letter, that he might understand it with more ease. Every body at Avig-

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after he received this letter, the pope, whose inclination was in perfect accord with it, declared his resolution to depart for Rome the Easter of the following year, and ordered the apostolical palace to be repaired, which had been long neglected, and that they should prepare lodgings for him at Viterbo, where he would stop. The king of France, who found it advantageous to have the pope in his neighbourhood, sent Nicholas Oreme, who made a very flat oration in full consistory. The pope replied to it with gravity, and in a few words, and shewed the impression it had made, by hastening the preparations for his departure.

In 1366 Petrarch went to pass the hot months at Pavia. The court of Galeas Viscomti was in the midst of joy and festivity at the baptism of a daughter, whom Isabella of France lay in of in May. Petrarch found Galeas himself in a pitiable state with the gout, which tormented him more than ever: he had it in his feet, hands, and shoulders: the other parts of his body were without motion; and his nerves so shrunk that he could not hold himself upright. The pains he suffered were so terribly sharp and severe, that his friends could not behold him without tears. His courage and

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patience aftonished all the world. It was, indeed, wonderful to behold a man of his rank, still young, of a delicate constitution, brought up in softness and pleasure, deprived of all his limbs, and suffering such agonies without the least complaint. He looked upon his distempered body with as tranquil and serene an air as if it had been the body of another man. He sent to Florence for Thomas de Garbo, the greatest physician at this time in Italy. Thomas joined to a great knowledge in his profession a very extensive practice: he told Petrarch he had never seen so strong and so healthy a constitution as his in his life.

The 20th of July, 1366, Petrarch awaking at midnight, as was his custom, to fay matins, recollected that just at that time he entered into his fixty-third year, which is looked upon as the most critical period of human life. 'I was born,' says he to Boccace, 'at Arezzo, in 1304, on Monday, the 20th of July, at the break of day. Many princes, philosophers, and faints, have died at this period: observe what happens to me, and judge from my fate.'

As the end of October, 1366, Petrarch received a vifit from Stephen Colonna the younger, the only remaining branch of that illustrious family. He came from France, and was going

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to Rome, to wait the arrival of the pope. After many hours of conversation, not having met for fuch a number of years, Stephen, in hafte to depart, asked Petrarch if he should carry no message from him to the pope. Petrarch replied, 'After presenting my humble duty to the holy father, relate to him the following history, which is taken from Seneca. Alexander having acquired the name of Great by his victories in Asia, the Corinthians fent ambaffadors to him to offer him the freedom of their city, a thing ridiculous in itself, but which they had never done to any but Hercules. This determined Alexander not to despise the present they made him. There are things mean in themselves, which obtain value from their rarity. The example authorises me to offer my heart to the pope. Though I am only a worm of the earth before him, it may be acceptable, perhaps, because, of all the popes of this age, to him alone have I offered it. If he asks why fuch wife, eloquent, and generous men as have been among them, and whose kindness I have experienced, have never obtained this from me, you may answer, because, according to my judgment, he is the only one of them who has done his duty.' startet on a sb tanol system

The twenty-fifth of October this year Ni-

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cholas Acciajoli, the great friend and patron of Petrarch, died at Naples. His biographer relates that St. Bridget, coming to that city, lodged with dame Jaquette, fifter of the grand fenefchal, and that she said to her one day, 'Your brother will die shortly.' The sister, distressed at this prediction, went to seek her brother, and found him with the queen in good health; but he died a few days after of an abscess in his head. His body was carried, by his order, to that magnificent monastery of the Carthusians he had built near Florence, and to which he had fent a great number of precious manuscripts, intending to establish a library, and finish his days in that delightful spot.

In the beginning of the year 1367 Petrarch underwent a domestic chagrin, which (as it regarded a person of great consequence to the republic of letters after the death of Petrarch, and most writers of that person's life have mistaken many circumstances in it) shall be inserted here from Petrarch's letters: I speak of John Malphigi, known of some by the name of John of Ravenna. His father, though he had neither birth nor fortune, sent him when very young to study at Venice, where he was so fortunate as to have Donat de Prato for his master, who conceived a particular friendship for him. Petrarch

took him into his house in 1364. He describes him thus to Boccace : and a local with him has home

'A year after you went from me. I took to live with me a young man of good character; he has a lively and penetrating genius. and an extraordinary memory. He learned my twelve eclogues by heart in eleven days. and recited them without hefitation. Notwithstanding this strength of memory, he has fire and imagination, qualities rarely united. If he lives, I hope he will be fomething great. He hates and flies from money as much as others love and defire it: it is to no purpose to offer it, he will hardly receive the necessaries of life. As to the love of retirement, fastings, and watchings, he goes far beyond me. Shall I own it? By these dispositions he has infinuated himself into my heart to such a degree, that I love him as if he was my own fon, and even more; for my fon would be mafter, according to the fashion of the age; and this young man is all obedience, more occupied with pleafing me than himself. He acts from feeling, and not from interest: he seems to defire nothing but to improve by my affiftance. My Familiar Epiftles were in the utmost disorder: four of my friends had undertaken to arrange them, and were foon tired of the employment; but he

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accomplished this task: there are three hundred and fifty, including this I am writing you shall have them written by his hand, which, is clear and distinct, and not like that of most writers. He has a talent for poetry; and, if he cultivates it, he will succeed admirably. The timidity of his youth gives him an air of embarrassment; and his expression is not easy, but his fentiments are sublime and delicate. He loves to imitate at present, which is agreeable to his age; in time he will cease to copy, and from the styles of others form one of his own that shall excel them.

Malphigi seemed to be formed expressly for Petrarch: he took him with him every where in all his journies and amusements; and, to attach him still more, he caused him to take upon him the ecclesiastical state. The bishop of Ravenna, who conferred it on him, commanded him to love and honour Petrarch, never to leave him, and to look upon the happiness of falling into his hands as a particular favour of Providence. Petrarch procured for him the certain reversion of a benefice, which should enable him to buy books, clothes, and all he wanted, without recourse to any one, and intended to do much more for him.

This young man, amiable as he was, and the

delight of Petrarch, went into his study, and told him plainly he could not stay any longer with him, and that he designed to go away immediately. Petrarch, astonished beyond measure, dropped his pen; and looking attentively at him, and perceiving in his countenance the disorder of his soul, he asked him what all this meant, and whether he had any cause of complaint against him, his friends, or his servants? John declared he had not; and added, with tears, that he well knew he should never be situated so happily and honourably as with him.

faid Petrarch, 'if nothing is wanting, nothing displeases you with me, why should you leave me? Where do you propose to go?' John, with a voice interrupted by tears, replied, 'I only leave you because I can write no longer.' How then? Do your hands tremble? Does your eye-sight fail you?' 'Neither one nor the other; but I have taken such a disgust to writing, that I cannot bring myself to take up the pen again.' 'I told you so,' replied Petrarch; 'you wrote too much. It is excess that produces disgust. Leave off writing, repose yourself, and you will find that your taste for it will return.' 'No,' replied John, with a

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melancholy air, 'I shall never more write for you or any one.' So much the better; do not write; I did not take you for my secretary, but my fon. You shall read, you shall chat with me, you shall accompany me every where, and be the ornament of my little house. 'I inhabit a house where I do nothing? Eat bread I have not earned? I have too much heart for that. Your arguments are vain: let me go freely, or I shall depart without your permission.'

Petrarch, hurt by this answer, replied to him with fome sharpness, 'Wretched young man! And do you then think so poorly of yourself, that you cannot be useful to me unless you write? You have deceived me : I had conceived a better opinion of your understanding. But what will our friend Donat fay, who gave us to each other?' ... 'He may fay what he will: What have I to do with Donat? ' Ungrateful as you are, is it thus you respect your master. and the father of your foul? When he shall fee you without me, he will ask you where you have left your father; he will believe either that I am dead, or that your head is turned.' Petrarch then recalled to his remembrance the exhortations of the bishop, and tried to convince him of his comfortable fituation. It

is all in vain, faid John; fnothing can move my resolution.' Saying this, he went out immediately, and directed his steps to the gate: but he could not get off, because the city of Padua is furrounded with double walls and two rivers. He came back very melancholy. Petrarch begged he would acquaint him with the true cause of his departure, promising to let him go, and to give him money for his journey. and letters of recommendation. He ftill protested that he had no other reason for leaving him than that he named. 'For my own part,' fays Petrarch, 'I think he must have been tempted by fome other prospect, or that he is turned fool. His eyes wander, and are different from what they were. When he walks through the city, the people point at him, and fay, "Do you fee that young man? Learning has turned his head." I am just now informed it is his defign to go to Naples. Who knows? Perhaps from the cinders of Virgil of Mantua may rife up a new Virgil of Ravenna. He has been spoiled with praise: to give him emulation we have fed him with pride. This will be a lesson hereafter to praise none but persons of approved virtue, and not to depend on persons of his age.' memory and add the management

Petrarch hastened to put this young man

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again into the hands of Donat, hoping he might cure him of his folly. He appeared better at first, but it foon returned. There was nothing fixed or regular in his defigns: Sometimes he would go to Naples, to fee the tomb of Virgil; fometimes into Calabria, to feek the bower of Ennius; in fine, to Constantinople and Greece, to learn the Greek tongue. Petrarch in vain represented to him that he did not perfectly understand Latin; that the voyage was full of peril; that he had no money; and that he would find nothing but ruins at Athens, and ignorance in Greece. When he was thus opposed, he bent his brows, talked in a confused manner, and changed his intention. Every moment his body appeared to be agitated by many contending fouls. The conclusion of all was, he went away one day, faying, he would go and fee the Western Babylon of Wapies Wapies Who noticed

In croffing the Appennine, to go to Pifa, he suffered much from violent rains. When he found on his road any one who knew Petrarch, he told them he went to Avignon by his order. Several pitied him, and blamed Petrarch for sending so young a man without experience or a companion on so long a journey. When he came to Pifa, he waited some time for a ship;

there was none: he was tired of waiting, and repassed the Appennine amidst a thousand dangers. As he croffed the Taro he was near being drowned; but a person, who saw him finking, drew him out of the water by his feet, almost dead with famine, fatigue and misery. When he came back to Pavia, he had the air of those shadows that glided round Virgil on the banks of the Styx. Petrarch fays, on this occafion, 'I no longer confide in this young man: I expect every moment he will leave me again. He will find a little provision I have made him, and the door open. I shall not even attempt to retain him. I know what I ought to think; but you know me, and that there is nothing that I do not pardon and forget; no enemy, whoever he be, that I cannot love, if I find in him repentance and shame. This foftness of nature may fometimes be dangerous, but it will never Thele aperdotes concerning, Muld am sakm

John, as Petrarch forefaw, did not remain one year in peace: the rage of journeying came upon him again: he determined to go to Calabria; and Petrarch gave him a letter of recommendation for Hugues de St. Severin, whom he knew at Naples, and who held a distinguished rank in that province.

I recommend this young man to you,'

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faid he to he has genius, and an excellent disposition. Seized with the madness of running about the world, he is determined upon travelling for improvement. I cannot blame him for this choice, though I am very forry for his departure. Petrarch gave him also a letter for Bruni, the apostolic secretary, as he was to pass through Rome, who took him into his house; on which Petrarch selicitates him.

'You are now,' fays he, 'after many tempests, got into a fine port: If you cannot live with this amiable man, I know not with whom you can live. Learn to fix, and remember the proverb, "The rolling stone gathers no moss." Learn to live with men; you will find some every where. You must live with them, or with beasts. You can neither suffer solitude nor the world: this is a great disorder of the soul, which virtue alone can cure.'

These anecdotes concerning Malphigi have been dwelt on, as he was one of the most learned men of this century, and contributed very much to the establishment of letters. He went to teach at Padua after the death of Petrarch; and he had there for his disciple Sicco Polontin, who gives him the greatest praise. 'He was,' says he, 'the wises, most eloquent, and the best master in Italy, both for science and mo-

rals.' Collucio Salutati speaks of him in the same manner. The republic of Florence invited him to be a professor in that city in 1397. He passed the rest of his life there, and had for his disciples the most learned men of the sisteenth century, the Aretins, Pogges, &c. What he did for the Latin tongue, Emanuel Chrysoloras did for the Greek in that city: and this is the true period of the revival of letters; to which it must be owned Petrarch greatly contributed, if we only consider his forming the genius of Malphigi.

In 1367 Urban removed to Rome. Most of the cardinals were chagrined to leave the fine palaces they had built at Avignon. Five of them would not follow him, but remained at Avignon. The pope went in a Venetian galley; and was escorted by a fleet which the queen of Naples, the Venetians, the Genoefe, and Pifans, had fent to carry over the Roman court. When they had weighed anchor, the cardinals, who remained at Avignon, raifed horrid cries, and overwhelmed the pope with injuries. 'Vile pope!' faid they,' impious father! whither are you leading your children?' 'One would have supposed,' says Petrarch, 'he was leading them to Memphis among the Saracens.' The pope despised these impotent as-

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faults, and had a rapid course. He stopped some days at Genoa, and arrived in June at Viterbo, where he received the homage of all the Italian princes; and the ambassadors of Rome brought him the keys of the city and of the castle of St. Angelo. There was a commotion among the people at Viterbo, caused by a quarrel of the inhabitants with the servants of some of the cardinals: but the fedition was soon appealed, and the authors of it hung up.

Petrarch was delighted with this event; and wrote a long letter to the pope, which chiefly tends to prove the superiority of Italy to France. In it is the following remark on the French: 'As to what regards the social character, I own that the French have a gay and cheerful temper, and are easy in their manners and conversation: they play generously; they sing agreeably; they entertain freely; they are, in short, amiable hosts; but we must not seek among them for solid manners or true morality.'

Another of his remarks on the preceding popes is fingular. 'I rife always at midnight to fing the praifes of God; the filence of the night is best suited to this employment. It is the part of my life when I am most myself, and most delightfully employed. It is a custom I have observed, which has never been in-

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terrupted but by fickness, and which I shall ever adhere to. In the office for Lent there is a prayer for the pope, which is to be repeated three times: I declare to you, that formerly, when I came to that part, I could scarcely forbear fmiling, though I had more reason to weep and groan. What, faid I, shall I pray more frequently for a man who keeps the church in exile, and who leaves the chair of St. Peter empty, than for my relations and benefactors! However. I continued to pray; but it was not heartily. What a difference do I feel at present, fince the friend of God has rejoiced the triumphing church by his return! When I pronounce his name, I bow three times profoundly. I fay those three prayers with a louder and more distinct voice; and I seem even to wish for them before they come.'

Galeas Viscomti sent for Petrarch in 1368, to desire him to negociate a peace with the pope, who was in great displeasure at the conduct of Barnabas; and, in alliance with many of the great lords, he determined to exterminate the Viscomtis. He also sent for him to be present at the marriage of his daughter Violante, which was soon to be celebrated at Milan. This lord chose Lionel, duke of Clarence, second son to Edward, king of England, for her

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husband. Her dowry was two hundred thoufand florins, and several places in Piedmont.

This young prince croffed France, followed by all the English nobility, who were eager to attend a marriage where the charms of Italy, and the magnificence of the Viscomtis, led them to expect fo many pleasures. The duke was well received at Paris: the dukes of Berry and Burgundy walked before him, and he was lodged in the Louvre. His stay in that city was one continued fcene of joy and feafting. The king loaded him with prefents. He paffed from thence to Chamberri, where the count Amedie, uncle to Violante, treated him kindly, and conducted him to Milan. He made his entry there in May, at the Pavian gate. Galeas went out to meet him with a fuperb train. Blanche of Savoy, his wife, and Isabella of France, wife to the count of Vertus, his fon, appeared at the head of fourfcore chosen ladies, all dreffed with the greatest magnificence in the same kind of habit. After them came John Galeas, count of Vertus, followed by thirty cavaliers, and thirty equerries in a uniform, mounted upon fine palfreys for the tournaments. The marriage was celebrated in the portico of the temple of St. Mary Majeur, in the fight of a vast multitude. Galeas gave a splendid feast in

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the court of his palace. Petrarch was feated at the first table, where, except himself, there was none but princes and lords of the first rank. This was a mark of distinction which at once served to shew the friendship of Galeas, and that he knew what was due to genius, knowledge, and so great a character as Petrarch supported through the world.

John Froisfard, known by his history and poems came to Milan in the train of the duke of Clarence. He had been in England, and had paid his court there to Philippa of Hainault, wife of king Edward II. He was at this time about thirty, and feized this favourable opportunity of visiting Italy. It does not appear that he was known to Petrarch: he had not then arrived at the fame he afterwards. procured; fo that, having no rank in the republic of letters, and being hid, as it were, in the buftle of this agitated court, it is not wonderful that Petrarch should have no knowledge of him: but it feems furprifing he should not feek a union with Petrarch, who passed for the greatest genius of his age, so desirous as he was of feeing and knowing all great characters: but he tells us himself he was at that time absorbed in pleafure and in love.

In the midst of these rejoicings Petrarch was

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informed of an event which grieved him extremely; the death of his little grandfon. 'This child,' fays he, refembled me in fo firiking a manner, that he might have been taken for my own. This rendered him dearer to his parents, and to Galeas de Viscomti, my lord, who bore the death of his own child with calmness. but shed many tears for the loss of mine. For my own part I could have wept abundantly; but I suppressed a grief that did not become my age. I had erected to his memory at Pavia a little mausoleum of marble, on which I had engraved in golden characters twelve elegiac verses; in these were mentioned his age, two years and four months, and the tender forrow of his parents, '19' 1.03 muong any and dent more

At this time Petrarch had the following letter from Boccace:

'My dear master! I set out from Certaldo to come to you at Venice; but continual rains, and the badness of the roads, prevented my pursuing my journey while you were there. As soon as the weather had cleared up, I was desirous of seeing two persons dear to you, your Tullia and her husband, the only friends of yours I was not acquainted with. I met by accident upon the road Francis de Brossano, your son-in-law, who has doubtless told you how

and fome questions concerning you, my attention was fixed upon his fine figure, his tranquil countenance, and the sweetness of his manners and conversation. I admired your choice. But how should I not admire every thing you do?

When I came to Venice, I did not accept the offer of your house. I will tell you the truth: I would not lodge with Tullia in the absence of her husband. I doubt not you will do justice to my manner of thinking in this as in other respects: but others do not know me as well as you do. My age, my grey hairs, my fat, which render me of no consequence, ought to silence even suspicion. But I know the world: they often see evil where there is none, and find traces of its sootsteps where it has never been: on the minutest trisle you know a false rumour is often raised, which has as much effect as truth itself.

'After I had recovered my fatigue, I went to fee your Tullia. When she heard me named, she came with eagerness toward me; and, with a modest blush, and her eyes cast upon the ground, paid me the politest reverence; after which she embraced me with filial tenderness. I felt immediately that she was

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only fulfilling your wishes, and felicitated myfelf in being fo dear to you. After the conversation that is produced on a first acquaintance, we went and feated ourfelves in your garden with some friends who were with us. She then offered me your house, your books, and all that belonged to you, which she pressed me to accept of with as much eagerness as the delicacy of her character would permit. While the was making thefe offers, your beloved little girl walked into the garden with a ftep of dignity far beyond her age : The looked at me with a fweet finiling face, though she knew me not. I took her into my arms, quite overwhelmed with joy: I thought I faw my own grand-daughter whom I have loft; only the was fomething older and taller, and had chesnut instead of flaxen hair. Alas! how many involuntary tears, which I hid as much as possible, did the words, gestures, little queftions, and gay appearance, of your dear child coft me on the reflection!

'I should never end, was I to tell you how many instances of friendship your son-in-law shewed me on his return; the visits he made me when he could not prevail upon me to reside with him; the repasts he gave with a politeness and liberality like yourself. I will only mention one instance of his kindness. He knew that I was poor; I have never disguised it. When he found me just ready to leave Venice, which was late in the evening, he drew me aside, and, finding he could not make me accept the marks of liberality he offered, he stretched out his gigantic arm to slip money into my hand, and bidding me adicu, ran away, leaving me confused at his generosity, and distressed by the obliging violence with which he enforced it at Heaven grant I may be able to make some return? Yet ame and desired to make some

Boccace concludes this letter, written in the easy and familiar manner of his Decameron, with a thousand expressions of friendship and veneration for his master.

on with warmth on all fides. Petrarch could not, therefore, return to Venice by land; but he engaged the master of a vessel for a great sum to embark with him on the Po. All the great lords were his friends, so that he had nothing to apprehend from their soldiers. The banditti who infested the highways were his only terror. His friends, however, dreaded his embarkation; and his fervants, and the rowers, tremhled at every vessel they beheld approach them. Petrarch alone selt in uneasiness; and

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in reality he received the greatest civilities from all he met with. Every one faid, none but Petrarch could have paffed without accident in fuch a conjuncture; every other veffel would have been pillaged; but they loaded his with game, fruits, and all kinds of provisions, and stopped him on his route only to shew him every mark of respect. His modely made him attribute the fuccess of his navigation to the infignificance of his condition, and to his known love of peace, which is, fays he, tamped upon my face.' When he came to Padua, Francis de Corrare went out to meet him : but the rain, and the approach of evening, obliging him to return, he left some of his people with orders to accompany Petrarch to his house, where he fent him provisions for his supper, and after supper went to him, and spent the greatest part of the night in conversation with suppaged the masher is a reflet finde, court mid

When Petrarch returned home, he was informed by some letters from Rome, particularly one from Francis Bruni, that the pope desired very much to see him there. Petrarch replied, he hoped soon to have that satisfaction; but the season, and a disorder in his leg, which he had hurt, prevented it at present. Bruni, in his letter, informed him, he had adopted and

joined Collucio Salutati in his office of apostolic secretary with himself, and that Collucio
earnessly desired to be acquainted with Pertrarch. He had devoted himself to eloquence,
letters, and poetry, and studied sacred and profane history under the most learned men of hisage: he loved men of letters, and attached
himself in a singular manner to Petrarch during the remainder of his life, and expressed
every sentiment of zeal and affection for his
memory after his death; and, though they never met, Petrarch cherished his affection with
paternal love and attention. His answer to the
first letter of Salutati is as follows:

Old age, which renders others talkative, imposes silence upon me. In my youth I wrote many and very long letters, at present I write very short ones, and these only to particular friends. With respect to you, whom I have never seen, whom I know a little, but love very much, I shall write only a line in answer to your amiable letter.

by your kind opinion. I know I am flattered by your kind opinion. I know I am worthy of your praifes, and the homage you pay me but its turns to your glory; for how highly must you love virtue, who run after its very shadow wife, deceived by same, you treat me

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with fuch generolity, who can bealt only an empty name; what would you not do for the man in whom you hould behold a real and folid virtue!

In the letter of Salutati, not inferted, there is a great eulogy on the pope, and an account of many noble actions done by him fince he came to Rome. In October, 1638, the emperor came to the castle of St. Angelo, and waited there for the pope as soon as he saw him, he dismounted from his own horse, and, taking the reins of that the pope was upon, led the holy sather to the church of St. Peter. Salutati speaks of this condescention of the emperor in the following lines to Boccace:

The Roman prelates who followed the pope were charmed with the honour done him by the emperor. The people ran in crowds, transported to see this union of the two greatest monarchs upon earth. The lovers of peace could hardly satisfy themselves with a sight which excited such pious emotions: but these who interpret every thing wrong, attributed to the pusillanimity of the emperor, and a seigned humility, his submission to the pope. The enemies of the church either turned this affair into ridicule, or openly condemned it. For my own part, I was intoxicated with joy

to behold what our fathers had never feen, and which we dared not even to hope; the pontificate in union with the empire, the flesh obedient to the spirit, and the monarchy of the world submissive to the monarchy of heaven!'

The emperor performed also the office of deacon at the mass, where Elizabeth, his fourth wife, was crowned the day of All Saints. He made a shameful peace with the Viscomtis, and in every action expressed the covetous mind for which he was famed; after which he went out of Italy weighed down with gold leaving in exchange for it a great number of parchments, and the fublime and imperial dignity prostituted. His conduct was such, that Petrarch renewed not his connection with him on this visit to Italy. The pope's entering Rome, followed by two thousand soldiers, was also disapproved by Petrarch; and, though he thought highly of his conduct on the whole, he speaks with his usual freedom of this acwho interpret oury three arrows, attribunds

'It does not,' fays he, 'become the Roman pontiff to enter into Rome at the head of an army: his dignity, his fanctity, is a stronger defence than swords and staves. The arms of priests are prayers, tears, fasts, virtue, and so-

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briety of manners: the cross of Jesus Christ is the only standard they should set up; it is dreaded by devils, and reverenced by men: and, instead of drums and trumpets, they should make the air resound with the song of Hallelujah!

The pope at this time conferred the hat on Philip de Cabassole, the friend of Petrarch. Urban,' says he, 'is the only one who knew his merit. I rejoiced at first; but afterwards I pitied my friend, and said, What has he done to the pope, that he should bind him with a chain of gold, when he has most need of liberty and repose?' The pope was fond of Philip; he had left him governor of Avignon, and ordered him to see the walls of that city completed, and that, if any cardinals opposed, he should order their houses to be pulled down.

In the month of May, 1369, the cardinal de Cabassole went to Montesiascone to the pope, who was gone there to pass the summer. In a conversation they had together, much was said about Petrarch. Urban expressed a great defire to see him, and begged the cardinal to join his endeavours to bring him to Rome. The cardinal wrote him a very pressing letter, which Petrarch was thus obliged to answer:

I have had my fever forty days; and it has weakened me to that degree, that I am obliged to be carried to my church, though it joins my house. I feel that I shall never be well again: I am quite worn out. The holy father does me more honour than I merit. I owe it all to you. Return him a thousand thanks in your name and in mine.'

The pope, thinking this was an excuse, wrote himself to Petrarch. 'It is long,' says he, 'I have desired to see a person endowed with all the virtues, ornamented with all the sciences: you cannot be ignorant of this, and yet you do not come. You make your health your apology. Come as soon as you can without danger or inconvenience. You will find me always eager to behold you, and to procure you that repose of soul after which you have long sighed.'

'Holy father,' replied Petrarch, 'is it posfible I should not ardently desire to behold the man whom God has raised to the church, to draw it out of the infamous dungeon it was fixed in? I should not think myself a Christian if I did not love, (but what do I say?) if I did not adore, the pontiff who has rendered so great a service to the church and to myself. If the Po joined the fea of Tufcany, as it does the Adriatic, I would embark immediately: the calm motion of its waters would agree with my weakness, and you would fee me fail into your port, feated in the midst of my books. The physicians fay the spring will re-establish my health; in this hope I am feeking out horses for my journey. I know that Cato the Cenfor had but one horse and three servants: but our depraved manners will not allow that fimple train: we cannot take a step now without being furrounded with horses and grooms. I refift, as much as possible, the torrent of so perverse a custom: 'two horses suffice me when I am at home, but on a journey I am obliged to have many more for use, and to avoid murmurs. I am more known than I would be. and must sometimes bend a little to the customs of a luxurious age. I shall avail myself of the first gleam of health to obey your orders: but I am perfuaded, when you shall fee at your feet a weak old man, useless to all but himfelf, and who only fighs after leifure and repofe, you will quickly fend him back again to his humble dwelling. My friends write me word you wish to serve me; I doubt not your good will. You have promifed to procure me. repose of foul; I can receive nothing from you

I should esteem so great a treasure: I should prefer it to the wealth of Croesus.

Riches take peace from the foul; but rarely, if ever, bestow it. I would not set a foot out of my house to gain an empire: I neither desire nor wish for any thing beyond what I have. Love, duty, piety, and gratitude, these are the only springs which can put me in motion. I ask your benediction and favour; and if to that you can add repose, you will fill up the wishes of a poor old man.

Petrarch passed all the winter in preparing for this voyage; and made his will, in which were the following dispositions:

He forbids any one to weep for his death; 'because,' says he, 'tears benefit not the dead, and they may injure the living.' He asks their prayers only, and that alms should be given to the poor to pray for him. 'As to what regards my burial,' adds he, 'let them do as they will; it is of little consequence to me where they place my body.' He makes after this some pious legacies in favour of the religious orders, according to the custom of that age; and he sounds an anniversary in the church of Padua, which is celebrated every year to this day on the 9th of July.

He bequeaths to the lord of Padua his pic-

ture of the Virgin, painted by Giotto, 'which ignorant people,' fays he, 'difcern not the beauty of, but which masters in the art cannot behold without admiration.'

To Donat, the grammar-master at Venice, he gives all the money he had lent him.

He bequeaths the horses he may have at his death to two of the citizens of Padua he was acquainted with, and that they should draw lots for them. To one of them, called Lombard de Serico, he owns the debt of one hundred and thirty-four gold ducats, advanced for the expence of his house, which he charged himself with on a particular occasion, to the neglect of his own affairs. He bequeaths to him a goblet filver gilt, which he made use of to drink water in, more agreeable to me, fays he, than wine. He bequeaths to John Abocheta, warden of his church, his great breviary that he gave a hundred francs for at Venice, on condition that, after his death, this breviary should remain in the facrifty, for the use of the priests belonging to that church.

To John Boccace five hundred florins of the gold of Florence, to buy him a winter habit for his evening studies. 'I am ashamed,' says he, 'to leave so small a sum to so great a man;' and he begs all his friends to impute to his for-

tune alone the infignificance of his gifts. To Thomas Barbofi, of Ferrara, he makes a prefent of his good lute, for him to make use of in singing the praises of God. To John Dondi, physician of Padua, he gives sifty gold ducats for a gold ring to wear in remembrance of him.

He appoints Francis de Brossano, citizen of Milan, his heir; and desires him, not only as his heir, but likewise as his very dear son, to divide in two parts the money he should find; one for himself, and the other for the person he had assigned him. It should seem by this he would not mention his daughter by name in a public will, as she was not born in marriage. This daughter died in child-bed sixteen years after this, in the year 1384.

With respect to his little estate at Vaucluse, he gives it to the hospital in that diocese.

If Francis de Brossano should happen to die before him, in his place he makes Lombard de Serico his heir, who knows his sentiments; and as he has always found him faithful during his life, he hopes he shall find him so after his death. This appears likewise to be a codicil in favour of his daughter.

His last bequest is to his brother Gerard, a Carthusian of Montrieu: he desires his heir to

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write to him immediately after his decease, to give him the option of a hundred florins of gold, payable at once, or by five and ten florins every year.

1370. A few days after he had made his will, Petrarch fet out on his route. The pleafure with which he undertook this journey to Rome, made him believe he was in a condition to support it; but he soon found he had presumed too much upon his strength. When he got to Ferrara he fell down in a fit, in which he continued thirty hours without sense or motion, and it was supposed he was dead: however, they tried the most violent remedies, in hopes these might recall his senses; but I felt them no more (says he, speaking of this afterwards) than a statue of Polycetes or Phidias.

Nicholas II. of Est, son of Obizzon, was then lord of Ferrara, and the friend and admirer of Petrarch; he was extremely touched with his situation, had him brought to his house, and took the greatest care of him. The physicians, as well as others, thought he was dead, and the whole city was in grief. The news spread to Padua, Venice, Milan, and Pavia: crowds came from all parts of Italy to his burial. Hugues de Est, the brother of Nicho-

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las, a young man of great merit, who had a fingular taste for the conversation of Petrarch, shewed him the most tender attention and care during his whole illness: he went to see him several times in the day, sent every moment to inquire after him, and had every thing carried to him he thought might contribute to the re-establishment of his health. Petrarch acknowledged he owed his surprising recovery, from death itself, as it were, to the bounty and affection of these two lords; and expressed the most lively gratitude for their friendship. Hugues de Est was fond of tournaments to distraction.

These tournaments were tiltings, or combats with lances; equestrian games, which presented an image of war, and helped to form warriors, and keep up among them military ardour. There were some traces of them in France in the ninth and tenth centuries, mentioned in the chronicle of Taus, and strangers called them the combats of the French.

These warlike exercises passed from France to Germany and England; and the authors of the Byzantian history agree that the people of the east learned these games from the French. Whatever precautions were, however, used in these games, and though edged and pointed

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weapons were forbidden, they were always dangerous, and fometimes they proved mortal; which induced feveral popes, and fome councils, to prohibit them: and this was probably the reason why they were established in Italy later than elsewhere, from the respect paid to the ecclefiaftical authority. A Milanese historian favs, that Barnabas Viscomti was the first who ordered in that city, in the year 1350, tiltings on high faddles, and tournaments according to the custom of France and Germany. After which they foon became the fashion in all the courts of Italy. Hugues de Est was the lord in this country who distinguished himself the most in them, and acquired the highest glory. As his life had been often endangered by this practice, his relations defired Petrarch to try if he could not moderate this passion for glory, which he indulged beyond bounds. Petrarch wrote this young lord the following epiftle: Harman Harman And Control of the Control of the

il learn with pleasure that you march rapidly on in the path of glory. It is difficult, and it is short. Far from stopping, I would affist, I would accelerate you, in so noble a career. Go; let nothing detain you: confront, if necessary, perils and death: fight for your honour, for your country, for your safety! It

is for these you ought to display your valour, and facrifice your life; but it is a madness to expose it in such useless and dangerous games as the equestrian; there is more rashness in this than true courage. Renounce thefe phantoms of war, I conjure you. My age, rather than my judgment, authorifes me to speak to you in this manner: you will pardon my temerity, in confideration of my zeal. You have shewn fufficiently of what you are capable in these exercifes; it is time to ftop: and it would be folly to purfue a course where the peril you run is greater than the glory you can acquire. Leave these games to those men who can do nothing more, who know nothing better, and whose life or whose death are of no consequence. Your welfare is precious to your brothers and your friends, and dear to the republic. A foul like yours ought to be occupied with more noble objects. We no where read that Cæfar or Scipio amused themselves with any games of this kind decondence to foliar about all and are a po-

Hugues de Est died soon after receiving this letter, in August, 1370. Tournaments, though so destructive to the nobility of France, were not put a stop to till Henry II. was killed in one of them.

When Petrarch was thus recovered by the

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hospitality and affectionate care of the lords of Ferrara, he would have purfued his route, but the physicians assured him he could not get to Rome alive. Their threats would not, however, have prevented his attempting it, if his ftrength had feconded his defires; but he was unable to fit his horfe. They brought him back to Padua, laid down on a foft feat in a boat. His unhoped-for return caused as much furprife as joy in that city, where he was received by his lord and the citizens as a man come back again from the other world. To re-establish his health, he went into the country, to a place called Arqua, a large village fituated on the edge of a hill, which shelters it from the north, famous for its beautiful vines, and the excellent wines they produce. An everlasting spring reigns here; and there are little villas fcattered in a most agreeable manner over this delightful place. Petrarch built him a house at the top of the village, and he added to the vines of the country a great number of fruit-trees.

Petrarch had quitted Venice for Padua, difgusted with that licentiousness of conversation which reigned universally there; and the philosophy of Aristotle, so disfigured by former commentators, and not much enlightened by Averroes, whose disciples at Venice believed the world co-eternal with God, and made a joke of Moses and his book of Genesis; 'Would the architect of the world,' fay they, ' remain fo long doing nothing? Certainly no. Its youthful appearance is owing to its revolutions. and the changes it has undergone by its deluges and conflagrations.' They had a great contempt for Christ and his apostles, whom they treated as idiots; the greatest fathers of the church, as enthusiasts; as well as all those who did not bow the knee to Aristotle and Averroes. They called the doctrines of Chriftianity fables, and hell and heaven the tales of an ass; and finally, they believed that Providence took no care of any thing under the region of the moon. Four young Venetians of this fect had attached themselves to Petrarch, who loved them, but opposed their opinions: this liberty aftonished them; and in consequence of it Petrarch was examined in a fort of juridical manner, and pronounced by these judges to be a good man without letters: upon which occasion Petrarch wrote a treatise, entitled His Own Ignorance, and that of many Others; in which he fays, 'I care little for what they deny me, if I really possess the good part they allow me to claim.'

Averroes was a Spaniard by birth, who lived in the twelfth century: he was a judge, a physician, a philosopher, and theologist. He knew neither Greek nor Latin history, nor ancient philosophy. He took the sentiments of Aristotle from an Arabian translation; and men of learning agree that the Arabian language is very ill calculated to express the turns of the Greek, and the philosophical ideas in this work.

Petrarch had himself formed the design of consuting the doctrines of this book; but he engaged father Lewis Marsili, an Augustine monk of Florence, to undertake it. He was a man of great natural genius, to which was joined indefatigable study. 'When your leisure will permit, I conjure you,' says he, 'to write against Averroes, that enraged animal, who barks with so much sury against Jesus Christ and his apostles. I have neither time nor knowledge equal to such a work; you have both; employ all your powers in it. Christ himself will assist the champion of his cause: it is impious for those to be silent who are so able to face this enemy of true religion.'

There was great reason for this pious zeal of Petrarch. These unfriendly doctrines to the peace and salvation of men spread fast, inso-

much that Leo X. two centuries after this, published a bull, in which he forbade any, under grievous penalties, to write or teach that the foul was mortal.

Petrarch languished all the summer. John de Dondi, his physician, or rather his friend. (for he would have no physician,) wrote to him that he had discovered the true cause of his diseafe, and that it arose from eating fruit, drinking water, and from his frequent fastings. He belought him to alter his diet if he wished to live, and to abstain from all falted things, and raw fruits or herbs. 'If you will not believe the physicians,' fays he, 'believe experience, and reflect how much you have fuffered this year for not following their advice.' Petrarch eafily renounced falt provisions; 'but as to fruit,' fays he, 'which all the physicians look upon as they do hemlock and aconite, nature must have been a very unnatural mother to give us fuch agreeable food, of fuch delightful hue and fragrance, only to feduce her children, by presenting them with poison covered over with honey.'

John de Dondi, who has been often mentioned as the friend of Petrarch, 'had a genius,' fays the latter, 'that would have raifed him to heaven, if physic had not tied him to

the earth.' He was the greatest physician in all Italy, and attached to Galeas Viscomti, who allowed him yearly two thousand florins. He was also a skilful astronomer, and the inventor of the famous clock placed on the tower of the palace at Padua, which was confidered as the wonder of the age: besides the hours, it shewed the annual course of the fun according to the twelve figns of the zodiac, the motion of the planets, the phases of the moon, the months, and even the holidays, of the year. Philip de Maiziere fays, 'It was a fphere all of brafs; and that, notwithstanding the number of wheels, which could not be reckoned without pulling the instrument to pieces, the whole of its motion was governed by one fingle weight.' John wrote a treatife on the baths of Padua, and the cause of the heat of the waters at Albano; and he mentions in it that his father made falt. without fun and without fire, by a fort of evaporation with Balneum Maris. He also wrote a treatife on the manner of living in the time of the plague. He loved the coversation and the works of Petrarch, and often went to fee him. They had continual disputes about phyfic, and each remained at the end of them in his own opinion. Petrarch permitted him to visit him as a friend, but not as a physician:

When a physician comes in,' fays he, 'I know what he will fay; Eat young chicken, and drink warm water."

While Petrarch was thus ftruggling with his diforder and his physician, he learned a piece of news not very likely to forward his cure. The pope took it into his head on a fudden to return to Avignon. That city, in concert with the king of Naples, and the kings of France and Arragon, had fent him veffels to convey him thither. Urban gave this reafon for his conduct; the necessity of making peace between the kings of France and England: but no one doubted that the love of his country, the difficulty of inuring himself to the climate of Rome, the uneasy and rebellious character of the Italians, and the importunate folicitation of the cardinals, were the causes of it. He was received at Avignon with the greatest demonstrations of joy. St. Bridget told him, 'If you go to Avignon, you will die foon after; the holy virgin has revealed this to me.' This pretended revelation happened to be accomplished. Not long after his arrival there he was feized with a mortal difease, and died in public the 19th of December, 1370, having ordered the doors of his house to to be fet open, that all the world might be more

impressed by witnessing his death. 'It must have been a very touching and edifying sight,' says a writer of that time, 'to behold a pope extended like a poor man on a sorry bed, with the habit of St. Bennet, which he always wore, his crucifix in his hand, shewing such marks of piety, penance, and perfect resignation.' In the course of his pontificate he received two singular honours, which might have discomposed the most philosophic head; and yet he was always the most humble and most modest of men. The emperor of the west performed the office of his equerry; and the emperor of the east abjured schism, and acknowledged him as primate of the church.

Petrarch was extremely grieved when he was informed of the return of this pope to Avignon, and was preparing to write to him on the subject, when he was informed of his death. He made this short prayer on the occasion: 'Lord have mercy on this good pope, and pardon his weakness: pass over the faults of his youth, and this fault he has committed in his old age; since, considering the corruption of the times, he may be justly called a good man.' Petrarch speaks afterwards of his wifdom and sanctity, and that he erred through an excess of kindness to those around him;

and he adds, that he was famous for the miracles he performed.

When this news came to Bologna, to cardinal Anglic, his brother, who was legate there. it spread over that city a general grief. They resolved to celebrate a solemn service, with a magnificence beyond example, for a pope who had bestowed such services on their city. All the princes and neighbouring lords were invited to it, and the ambaffadors of the principal cities; they reckoned up eight hundred noble persons, all drest in black. The shops were shut up for eight days. Among the princes there was Francis de Corrare, who took Petrarch along with him; his health was more established; he found several friends who were delighted to fee him fo much better, and who shewed him every mark of distinction.

Cardinal Anglic was adored at Bologna, and through all Italy; there was no lord more beloved, or who governed with greater wisdom and prudence; his temper was perfectly amiable. He was recalled to Avignon by his brother's successor, and died in 1388. One of his executors was Audibert de Sade, the son of Laura, for whom he had always had a great affection.

1371. The cardinals chose Peter Roger,

nephew of Clement VI. to fill up the place of Urban: he took the name of Gregory XI. he had great virtues and great modesty. Soon after his exaltation, he wrote a letter to Petrarch, whom he had long known and loved, in the most polite and flattering manner; in which he expressed a great desire to see him, and do him fome fervice. In Petrarch's answer to cardinal Bruni, he fays, 'I will receive no benefice with the charge of fouls, however great the revenue: the charge of my own is sufficient for me. As to the rest, let the holy father do as he pleases: I shall be always his fervant; useless, indeed, but faithful and fubmissive. His generofity may inspire me with gratitude, but it will never augment my zeal and attachment. If he bestow any office on me, it will be a very short deposit, for I feel myself as a shadow vanishing away. If it will enable me to expiate my fins, the fooner the better. I pray God my purgatory may be completed in this world.'

In a letter to the cardinal de Cabassole he fays,

'I had projected to visit the pope in the spring; my design was to go by water as far as I could, and the rest of the way in short journies by land; but there has been no spring this year: a burning summer has all at once

fucceeded a very cold winter. Notwithstanding this, I had packed up my goods, when I was attacked in May with a violent fever, which has disappointed my projects. I have been very ill, the physicians believed me dead; they said I should not live the night over, and the next day they found me cured. This has happened to me ten times in the last ten years.' When these violent returns of the fever came upon Petrarch, the physicians came to him from all the cities in Italy, either fent by the princes, or attending him from affection. After many altercations, they agreed he could not live over midnight, unless he was prevented sleeping; and that by taking fomething for that purpose he might hold out till morning. No regard was paid to what the phyficians faid, for he had expressly commanded his friends and fervants to do nothing they defired, but rather the contrary: this faved his life, and he flept in the most tranquil manner. The next morning, when the physicians appeared to behold the accomplishment of their predictions, what was their aftonishment, when they found the man who should have died at midnight, not only alive, but even writing! They contented themselves with saying, 'Petrarch is not like other men!' Man at the state of the state of

In 1371 the pope fent the cardinal de Ca-baffole as legate to Perufia: When he took leave of the pope, he faid to him, 'Holy father! allow me to recommend to you Petrarch, for the love I bear him, which is not to be expressed: In truth, he is a phænix of a man.' He went out repeating this with the warmth of a true friend.

The cardinal of Bologna, after his departure. turned both him and Petrarch into ridicule. whom he was disgusted with for the freedom with which he declaimed against the vices of the court. This prelate was intoxicated with great prosperity, and no longer supported the character he bore at the time he expressed fo great a friendship for Petrarch, who heard of this not by the cardinal de Cabassole, but by accident. 'I am not astonished,' says he, 'at this change. Would you know the reason of it? He is the enemy of truth, and I am the enemy of lies. He dreads the liberty with which I am animated, and I detest the pride with which he is swelled. If our fortunes were equal, and we were together in a place of freedom, I fay not that I should be a phænix, that eulogy would not become me; but he would certainly appear an owl. Such people imagine their wealth, ill acquired, and worse employed, permits them to

fay every thing: but there are people who are made eloquent by poverty; and others who are ftruck dumb by riches.'

When the cardinal de Cabassole arrived at Perusia, he wrote to Petrarch, to congratulate him on the restoration of his health, and the fortitude he had expressed in sickness

Petrarch was uneafy for him, as he had been ill, that he should undergo the fatigues of a journey, fo that his letter gave him double joy. In his answer he expresses a great desire to see him once more before he dies: 'I have loved you,' fays he, 'from my youth; you are almost the only friend left me on earth. I have been twenty-four years deprived of your fociety: now that you are in my neighbourhood, if my ill fate does not pursue me through life, I shall kifs that hand from whence I have received fuch affectionate letters, filled with falutary advice and holy confolations; and, agreeable to the indulgence you have long granted me, embrace my dear father with tender affection and ardent zeal. I would recall to him our happy village days, when we paffed our hours in the woods, fo abforbed that we forgot our repasts; and whole nights in delightful difcourfe, furrounded by our books, till we were furprifed by the appearance of Aurora. You praise my courage in sickness. It is true, my physicians and my friends were astonished to see me gay and tranquil in the midst of pain, without a sigh or a tear; but this was the gift of Heaven; to Heaven, therefore, be the praise!

1372. In the beginning of the spring Petrarch tried to sit his horse, that he might go to see his dear friend the cardinal; but his strength sailed, and he sound he could not bear the least motion. He wrote again to him to express his

regret.

'You are not,' fays he, 'like most of your brethren, whose heads are turned by a bit of red cloth, and who forget that they are men, and mortal. On the contrary, these honours only make you the more humble; and do I not believe you would change your manner of thinking, was you to be adorned with the imperial diadem.'

This good cardinal, fo worthy the description Petrarch gave of him, could not bear the air of Italy; he was fick all the time he was there, and died the 26th of August, 1372. His body was transported to the Carthusians of Bonpas, where his monument still remains

Petrarch, in a letter to one of his friends, speaks thus of his present condition:

'I pass the greatest part of the year in the country, which I have always preferred to cities: I read, I write, I think: Thus my life and my pleasures are like those of youth. Having studied fo long, it is aftonishing that I have learned fo little. I hate no one; I envy no one. In that first season of life, which is full of error and prefumption, I despised every one but myfelf: in manhood, I despised none but myfelf: in old age, I despise all the world, and myself more than all. I reverence none but those I love; and I desire nothing ardently, but to die with piety and honour. I dread a multitude of fervants as I should a troop of thieves: I would have none, if my age and my weakness did not oblige me. I take pains to hide myself, but I cannot escape visits; it is an honour that displeases and wearies me. In my little house on the hills of Euganee I hope to pass my few remaining days in tranquillity, and to have always before my eyes my dead or my absent friends.'

In 1372 war was again lighted up between Venice and Padua. The country round the latter being ravaged by the enemy, Petrarch went with his books, which he considered as his most precious treasure, to shelter himself at Padua. A friend advised him to put his name upon his door, and to fear nothing, for it would be a sufficient protection. Petrarch replied, 'I would not trust to that: Mars is not a favourer of the Muses: I have not so exalted an idea of myself, as to suppose this could shelter me from the sury of war; I even doubt its advantage to me in peace.' He was advised to quit Padua; but the bad state of his health, the rigour of the season, and the danger of travelling, prevented him.

Petrarch was folicited at this time for his Italian works: he fent them, and these lines with them: 'I have sent the trisles you ask for; they were the amusement of my youth; but they require all your indulgence. My age must excuse the faults of the style, the intoxications of love, and the variations of my soul. It is a shame for an old man to send you such frivolous productions: but with what sace could I resuse you verses which are in the hands of every one, are even sung about the streets, and which the world prefers to those solid compositions I have made in riper age?'

Francis de Corrare, lord of Padua, perceiving the strength of the Venetians, signed a peace on the terms they prescribed, which were very humbling. One of the articles was, that he should come himself, or fend his son, to ask

pardon for the infults he had been guilty of, and to fwear an inviolable fidelity. Francis fent his fon, and begged Petrarch to accompany him; and, though he wished to decline it, he would not, having fo many obligations to this lord. Accompanied with a great train. they arrived at Venice in September, 1373, where Petrarch was received with the greatest honour. Whether the majesty of the senate awed him, or his memory was loft, Petrarch could not pronounce the discourse he had prepared; but fo great was the defire to hear him, that they difmiffed the affembly till the next day. He was then more fortunate; he spoke with grace and energy, and was highly applauded. The fon of Francis Corrare asked pardon on one knee: The doge raifed him, faying, 'Go, and fin no more; neither you nor your father!'

Francis said one day to Petrarch, 'I am astonished, and I am not astonished, at the good and evil that happens in the world: explain to me this enigma.' Petrarch replied, 'It is not impossible to reconcile the contradiction your genius has proposed. When you meditate on the corruption of mens' hearts, you are surprised at the good they do; but it is the rarity of this virtue causes your assonishment, and that ceases

when you reflect that it is God who is the author of all good. With respect to evil, it is wonderful to behold the fon conspire against the father, the brother against the brother, the wife against her husband, and the ungrateful man against his benefactor; but this wonder ceases when we review the history of the world, and observe what passes every day in it. If I have explained your enigma, I shall be glad; if I have not, I shall learn it most willingly from you.' This lord loved Petrarch in the tenderest manner; his greatest pleasure was to converse with him, and he went often to see him in his little house at Arqua. He said to him one day, 'You have written fomething for all your friends but me.'

Petrarch had thought some time of composing something for this lord; but he was doubtful on what subject to fix. At last he composed a treatise on government, in which he might indirectly praise his virtues, and warn him of some faults he had remarked in his conduct. The sentiments of this work would not be at all new to this age, though they were very great for that in which he lived; and he gives a high idea of the talents and virtues of Francis Corrare, in which he agrees with the best authors of that time.

he had not an hour's ease; his fever undermined him very sensibly, and he languished through a tedious disorder, expiring by inches. Nevertheless, he made no change in his manner of living: he passed the greatest part of the day in reading and writing. He happened at this time to meet with the Decameron of Boccace, which he had never seen before, though they had been united twenty-four years. He had not time to read it attentively, but he speaks of it in the following manner in a letter to Boccace.

'I have only run over your Decameron, and therefore am not capable of forming a true judgment of its merit; but, upon the whole, it has given me a great deal of pleafure: the freedoms in it are excufable, from having been written in youth, from the fubjects it treats of, and the perfons for whom it was defigned. Among a great number of gay and witty jokes, there are, however, many grave and pious fentiments. I did as most people do; I payed most attention to the beginning and the end. Your description of the people is very true and pathetic; and the touching story of Grisildis has been ever fince laid up in my memory, that I may relate it in my conversations with my

friends. A friend of mine at Padua, a man of wit and knowledge, undertook to read it aloud; but he was scarcely got through half of it, when his tears prevented his going on: He attempted it a second time, but his sighs and sobs obliged him to defist. Another of my friends determined on the same adventure, and, after having read from the beginning to the end, without the least alteration of voice or gesture, he said, returning the book, It must be owned this is a touching history; and I should have cried, could I have believed it true; but there never was, nor never will be, a woman like Grifsleis.

This was Petrarch's last letter: he closes it by faying, 'Adieu my friends, adieu my letters!'

Soon after this he was found dead in his library, July 18, 1374, with one arm leaning on a book. As he had been often feen to pass whole days in this attitude, those who beheld him were not at first alarmed; but on a nearer view, finding in him no signs of life, they gave themselves up to the most bitter grief. It was supposed he was taken off at last by an apoplexy; but as no one was with him, this could not be known. His death caused a general grief and consternation. They came from all

parts in crowds to pay their last duty to a man who had been the greatest ornament of their country, and had raifed its fame on all occafions. Francis de Corrare, with the bishop and clergy, and all the nobility of Padua, came to Argua to attend his obsequies. The body of Petrarch, dreffed in a flame-coloured caffock. which was the habit of the canons of Padua. was carried by fixteen doctors on a bier, covered with a cloth of gold, lined with ermin, to the parish church of Arqua, which was hung in a manner suitable to this solemn ceremony. After the funeral oration, which was pronounced by Bonaventure de Peraga, of the order of the hermits of St. Augustin, the body was interred in a chapel of the Virgin, which Petrarch had built in this church. Some time after Francis de Broffano, having raifed a marble tomb on four columns, opposite the same church, had his body removed thither, and engraved three Latin verses to his memory: the rhime is their only merit.

Frigida Franscisci tegit hic lapis ossa Petrarcæ Suscipe, Virgo parens, animam: sate Virgine parce; Fessaque jam terris cœli requiescat in arce.

real, this mount of the mark where

In 1667 Paul de Valdezucchi, proprietor of

Petrarch's house at Arqua, had his bust in bronze placed on this mausoleum.

In 1630 some persons broke into this tomb, and took away some of Petrarch's bones to sell them. The senate of Venice, enraged at this sacrilege, punished those who were guilty of it with great severity, and in the decree against them expressed the highest respect for the ashes of this great man.

Through all Italy there was a general weeping and lamentation. They all cried out, 'The father of letters is no more; the light of our age is extinguished!' Funeral fongs were composed in every city to his memory; and Aretin gives him a diftinguished place in the great work he composed; and Francis Soccheti, one of the best Italian poets of that age, composed a canzone, at the beginning of which he represents heaven rejoicing, earth lamenting, purgatory weeping, and hell howling, at his death. It was at Florence, his native country, they felt his death most sensibly; for it was there his zeal, his merit, was most known; and where the most intimate friends he had left resided, Boccace, Collucio Salutati, and father Marfili.

As foon as Petrarch's will was opened, Francis Brossano, his heir, sent to all his friends the

small legacies he bequeathed them. When Boccace received his, and the letter wrote with it, he made the following reply:

When I faw your name, I felt immediately the contents of your letter. I had already heard, from public report, the happy translation of our master from this earthly Babylon to the heavenly Jerusalem. My first intention was to have visited the tomb of my father, and to bid him my last adieu, and to mix my tears with yours: but it is now ten months I have been attacked with a languishing diforder, which has weakened and altered me fo much you would not know me. I am no longer fat nor fresh-coloured, as when you faw me at Venice: my fides are shrunk, my eyes become dim, my hands tremble, and my knees knock against one another. After having read your letter, I wept all night for my dear mafter: not, indeed, for him; his prayers, his fasts, his life, permit me not to doubt his happiness; but I wept for myself, and for his friends, whom he has left in this world, as a veffel without a pilot in a stormy sea. I judge by my grief of yours, and that of Tullia, my dear fifter and your amiable wife, whom I beg you will reason with, as well as confole for her great lofs, which she ought long ago to have expected. Women are weaker than men on these occasions, and therefore require their utmost assistance and consolation.

"I envy Arqua the happiness it enjoys in receiving into its boson the ashes of a man whose heart was the residence of the Muses, the fanctuary of philosophy, of eloquence and the fine arts. This village, hardly known even at Padua, will become famous through the world: it will be respected as we respect Mount Paufilippo, because it contains the cinders of Virgil; Ternas, and the banks of the Euxine, for the tomb of Ovid; and Smyrna, because Homer died and was buried there. The failor who returns from the ocean, and who, charged with riches, fails along the Adriatic Sea, shall fall proftrate when he discovers the hills of Euganee! "They inclose," will he cry out, "that great poet, who was the glory of the world!" Ah! unhappy country! thou didft not merit fuch an honour! Thou has neglected to cherish the most illustrious of thy children! Thou wouldst have careffed him if he had been capable of treason, avarice, envy, and ingratitude: fo truly is that old proverb verified, "No one is a prophet in his own country."

' You propose, you say, to erect him a mau-

foleum: I approve your defign; but permit me to hint to you one reflection; it is, that the tombs of great men ought never to be raifed at all, or answer in magnificence to the renown of their heroes! This was what Fortune did for Pompey: she thought it not proper to enclose his ashes in an urn, or to cover his body with the finest marble; but she gave him for a fepulchre all that region which is watered by the fea, from Pelufium to Canope; and the heaven for his monument, that the passing traveller might tread lightly, and dread to trample under foot the body of that great man, who had marched over the heads of those kings he had fubdued by his arms. If he had died with glory in Rome, I doubt whether the maufoleum of Artemisia had been equal to his defert.

'My master has given me at his death a new proof of his friendship and generosity, of which I have received so many proofs during his life: I accept it with gratitude; I wish I was not in a situation to receive it. I beg of you to inform me what is become of the precious library of this illustrious man. They say there are persons commissioned to examine his works, and decide their sate: I dread less this office should be given to lawyers, who think

they know all things, when they have confused their heads with the chicaneries of law. God preferve the works of my master from falling into fuch hands as thefe! Science has no enemies fo powerful as ignorant persons: they are always envious, hide the best parts of an author, condemn what they do not understand, and corrupt the whole of his works. Be upon your guard; for if things were to go thus, how irreparable would the loss be to letters in Italy! I heard he had written me a long letter, with a translation he made of the last novel of my Decameron, as a compliance with my advice, that he would fave himself as much as possible from the fatigue of writing: I have not received these kind marks of his attention. I am concerned for the trouble I give you, and beg of you, my dear brother, to consider me as a friend, and entirely yours.

'My weakness is so great, that I have been

three whole days in writing this letter.'

Boccace did not long furvive his master; he died the twenty-first of December, 1375. Collucio Salutati wrote to acquaint Francis Brosfano with this mournful event, and, after giving the greatest praise to Boccace, begs Petrarch's poem called Africa. 'I will,' says he, 'defray all the charges of copying it. I know

I do not deserve this honour; but I will venture to fay, your putting it into my hands shall not tarnish the glory of Petrarch.' Francis sent it him, defiring him to correct and not to publish it. Salutati's defign was to have made feveral well collected copies of it, to fend to Bologna, Paris, and England; and to place one in a celebrated house in Florence for the use of the public. He was prevented by this prohibition, and by finding a chasm in the poem. either placed apart accidentally by Petrarch, or omitted by the copiers. It feems extraordinary that Petrarch should never have shewn Boccace a poem he had fpent fo much time in composing, and that he should have been so long ignorant of the Decameron, undoubtedly the best work of Boccace, and an admirable fatire on the monks. The latter was probably owing to the reverence of Boccace for Petrarch, who could not think of prefenting him with a work which, being meant to expose vice, might probably in some parts offend the delicacy and sublimity of his fentiments; and Petrarch would not read his poem to Boccace, because he was not fatisfied with it himfelf.

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CONCLUSION.

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WE have now finished the account of Petrarch: and when a life (if I may fo fpeak) paints itself, it would be a reproach to the reflection of the writer, and a very ill compliment to the penetration of the reader, to attempt to draw it over again by a fummary of infipid affertions. I shall therefore only remark one particular, which, with all feeling hearts, will apologize for that unfixed and variable temper so justly ascribed to Petrarch, and this was his tender and ardent passion for Laura, which entirely unfettled him for twenty years, and produced a reftleffness in his mind (not formed, perhaps, by nature, in the calmest mould) through every fucceeding period of life. Had his profession and happy lot permitted him to have filled up the facred and delightful relations of a husband and father; could he have brought up with tender and virtuous care the pledges of an honourable affection, (as, from the principles of humanity and justice, he did the

innocent offspring of a dishonourable one.) and thus given a public example of paternal virtue: could he have rewarded with his esteem. and foothed with his attention, the cares of a tender mother and a faithful wife; how much would it have promoted his happiness, and heightened his worth! As it was, he frequently led the life of a wanderer, to whom the fweets of a kind and cheerful home are unknown and unhoped for, to alleviate the toils of life and the diffresses of humanity; and with the finest tafte for knowledge, the most perfect sympathy with nature, and the most lively and picturefique imagination, he often felt all the languor of discontent. His heart was formed for tenderness; but, alas! it fixed where its affections could not be facredly confirmed. This uncertain spring of joy at last entirely failed; and his friends, one after another, followed the fame beaten track.

From youth to manhood he was a prey to the keenest sensibility: from manhood to old age he was struggling to recover a calm and virtuous state of soul; but, often pierced with regret for the hours he had lost in the early part of his life, and with sorrow for the death of those he tenderly loved, he was continually interrupted in this great and noble pursuit. What a striking lesson for youth, what an awful lesson for all human beings, to engage them to seize with ardour those fair and unrussed moments that may fix the most pure and sacred principles in their hearts, and lay the foundation of that solid peace through life, which, once lost, we have seen is never perfectly regained; not even under the influence and direction of the brightest understanding, and the most fervent piety.

Those readers who have been interested in the fortune of Petrarch, will pity his fate, admire his sublime and exalted genius, and revere his humble piety, which their candour, penetration, and sensibility, will draw out to life from this faint and impersect representation.

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